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SOUTHERN

Historical Society Papers.

VOLUME XXXIII.

EDITED BY

R. A. BROCK,

SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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ERRATA.

Mistakes in publications of the gravest import have been the cause of poignant lament ever since the use of moveable type. The Bible even has been misrendered. Some palliation for the errors in this volume is the existing general disorganization of printing offices, due to the demands of the Typographical Union. Such corrections as are practicable are essayed herewith, and in the index.

Page 4. For mounding, 19th line of text, read *w*ounding.

Page 19. For in doubt, 3d line of text, read *to* doubt.

Page 19. For aginst, 24th line of text, read ag*a*inst.

Page 19. For knew, 34th line of text, read *know*.

Page 20. For hand, 32d line of text, read hand*s*.

Page 20. For off, 34th line of text, read *of*.

Page 21. For brigade, 22d line of text, read brigade*s*.

Page 22. For were, 5th line of text, read *was*.

Page 22. For in the, 10th line of text, read *on* the.

Page 65. For to the memory, end of 9th and beginning of 10th line of the text, read *of* the *members*.

Page 66. For on my public, 9th line of text, read *m*y public.

Page 66. For paralysis or, 34th line of text, read paralysis *of*.

Page 79. For Edward C. Wells, 6th line of text, read Edward *L*. Wells.

Page 85. For Chief Cavalry, 4th line of text, read Chief *of* Cavalry.

Page 112. For James Thomas, 9th line of text, read *Samuel* Thomas.

Page 112. For reminiscenses of, 15th line of text from the bottom, read *some* reminiscenses of.

Page 114. For weighed, 13th line of text, read weigh*t*ed.

Page 116. For clear ring, 24th line of text, read clear*er* ring.

Page 131. For Stuart, 30th line of text, read St*e*wart.

Page 263. For Independece day, 29th line of text, read Independe*n*ce day.

Page 329. For Thomas S. Smyth, 2d line of text, read Thomas *A*. Smyth.

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Southern Historical Society Papers.

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From the *Sunday News*, Charleston, S. C., Nov. 12, 1905.

STORY OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMORED RAM ARKANSAS.

Her Achievements Unmatched in Naval Warfare.

By Rev. John Johnson D. D., Major of Engineers C. S. Army.

The recent appearance of Volume 19, Series 1, of "The Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies," has given fresh impulse to the study of the short but brilliant career of the Confederate armored ram, "Arkansas." The scene of her engagements was on the Yazoo and Mississippi rivers, near and at Vicksburg, and in the vicinity of Baton Rouge. The heroic fighting of four distinct actions within a week, viz: from the 15th to the 22nd of July, 1862, inclusive, by this single vessel, against the heaviest odds recorded in naval history, places her name in the same class as that occupied by the "Virginia" (Merrimac) in Hampton Roads, March, 1862, and by the "Tennessee" in Mobile Bay, August, 1864. But it is no disparagement of the gallant fighting on board of those last boats to say that the record of the "Arkansas" is sufficient to put her first of all, among the three armored rams. It is not too much to say that the "Arkansas" was the dread of the Union fleet on the Mississippi River; and that it was feared she might clear the river between Vicksburg and New Orleans, recapturing the latter city for the Confederate cause. This she might have done, but for the hopeless breaking down of her engines and the destruction of the vessel by her own crew. It is easy now to see that she should not have been ordered to leave Vicksburg in the condition she was in at that time.

THE NAVAL SITUATION AT VICKSBURG.

It was July, when the heat and malaria of midsummer had begun

to reduce the forces of both beligerents, afloat and ashore, prostrating hundreds and thousands of combatants, with tedious, often fatal fever. The Mississippi River and its chief tributaries, were falling every week, and the navigation becoming difficult. One post after another had been captured by the Union fleets or armies; Fort Columbus, Island No. 10, Fort Pillow and Memphis were lost by the Confederates. One of the Union captains reported truly: "We are now in possession of the Mississippi from its source to its mouth, with the exception of the short interval that separates our two fleets." (At Vicksburg.) Even communication between them is reported to be uninterrupted.

There were, in fact, as many as four fleets under command of Flag Officer D. G. Farragut, soon to be made an admiral. To give, in this limited sketch, full particulars of ships, armored rams, mortar boats, etc., and their several armanents, is out of the question. The total number of fighting crafts of all kinds before Vicksburg, flying the Union flag, may be estimated at fifty or more. Against these formidable foes the Confederate navy was represented by the armored ram "Arkansas" alone. The shore batteries of Vicksburg were, of course, on her side, as long as she was within range or needed their protection. The sight of the town is a high bluff, on the left bank of the river, and in the re-entrant of a sharp turn in the Mississippi.

BUILDING AND COMMISSIONING OF THE ARKANSAS.

The construction of the ram was begun at Memphis; but seeing the risk of exposing her to capture there, General Beaurgard ordered her sent down to the Yazoo River, about the middle of May, with directions to have her properly guarded, and every exertion made to finish her forthwith. These orders came to Brig. Gen. M. L. Smith, but the command of the post soon after passed to Major General Earl Van Dorn. From the navy department orders were sent to First Lieut Isaac N. Brown, C. S. N., to assume command of the "Arkansas" and finish the vessel without regard to expenditure of men or money. It was provided by President Davis that complete co-operation should be maintained by the Confederate army and navy in defence of Vicksburg, under Major General Van Dorn. The mouth of the Zazoo River was obstructed and guarded, while the armored ram was undergoing, for six weeks, the necessary work of preparation in safety, high up on the stream. The delays and difficulties of completing the vessel for service, un-

der all the circumstances of the case, taxed to the severest degree of energy, perseverance and hard labor, the ability of her commander, officers, crew and workmen. No one can appreciate the history of the "Arkansas" without doing full justice to the arduous work of those six weeks of preparation up the Yazoo. Besides the construction and armament, the training of a crew, mostly landmen, for practice with the larger guns, was a labor of the heaviest sort, in the exhausting heat of the season.

"On June 20, 1862, the Confederate steamer 'Arkansas,' having been completed according to the material at the disposal of her commander, Isaac N. Brown, left Yazoo City and descended the Yazoo River to Liverpool Landing, where an earthwork and raft of logs were in position to prevent the Federal fleet from ascending the river. The officers of the 'Arkansas' were: Lieut. I. N. Brown, commanding; First Lieut. Henry K. Stevens, executive officer; Lieuts. John Grimball, A. D. Wharton, G. W. Read, Alphonse Barbot, George W. Gift; Surgeon H. W. M. Washington; Assistant Surgeon Charles M. Morfit; Assistant Paymaster Richard Taylor; First Assistant Engineer George W. City; Second Assistant Engineer E. Covert; Third Assistant Engineers William H. Jackson, E. H. Brown, James T. Donald, John S. Dupuy, James S. Gettis; Acting Masters Samuel Milliken, John L. Phillips; Midshipmen R. H. Bacot, D. M. Scales, H. S. Cooke, C. W. Tyler, D. B. Talbott; Master's Mate John A. Wilson; Paymaster's Clerk, Wilson; Gunner T. B. Travers; Pilots John Hodges, James Brady, William Gilmore, J. H. Shacklett, —— Montgomery. Her crew consisted of 200 seamen, landsmen, firemen, soldiers and boys. She mounted 10 guns, viz, two 8-inch columbiads forward, two 6-inch astern and two 9-inch, two 6-inch and two 32-pounder guns in broadside. She was 165 feet in length, with 35 feet of beam, and drew 11½ feet of water. Her plating was of railroad iron, 4½ inches in thickness, and her general appearance was long and rakish."—*Wilson.*

While her shields, fore and aft, were slanted, her sides were not, but stood perpendicular to the water, unlike most of the other rams. An excellent drawing by one of her officers at the time, and now in possession of Lieut. John Grimball, of Charleston, shows this to have been her build, and in this particular differs from the frontispiece illustration in Vol 19, Official Records, above mentioned.

"Her engines were low pressure, and her two propellers acted independently. It is said she also had a steam hose apparatus, by

which she could repel boarders—a novelty first introduced in naval warfare." * * Gen. Van Dorn reported thirty-seven vessels of the enemy were in sight from Vicksburg. * * * He therefore commanded Lieut Brown to take his vessel through the raft at Haine's Bluff, * * * and attack the upper fleet of the enemy to the cover of the Vicksburg batteries. The Yazoo empties into an old channel of the Mississippi, twelve miles above the city of Vicksburg; and this old channel runs into the main river three miles below the mouth of the Yazoo. In order to reach the landing at Vicksburgh it was necessary for Lieut Commander Brown to pass his vessel by no less than forty of the most formidable sloops, gun, boats, rams and transports then in the service of the United States navy."—*Scharf.*

THE FIRST ACTION OF THE ARKANSAS.

"On the morning of July 15, 1862, the 'Arkansas' arrived at the mouth of Old River, and seeing three Federal gunboats lying off a point below, she was headed for them, and opened fire with her bow guns. (7 A. M.) They replied, one shot shattering the pilot house of the 'Arkansas,' mortally mounding Pilot John Hodges and slightly injuring by splinters Commander Brown and Pilot Shacklett; Midshipman Tyler, acting aid, was also shot in the forearm. Throughout the engagement of this day Commander Brown occupied a position on the wheel platform, (with his pilots,) situated forward on the gun deck, from whence he directed the movements of the vessel. Lieuts. Grimball and Gift commanded the two bow guns, and Lieut. Read the two stern 6-inch rifles, whilst the broadside guns were in charge, respectively, of Lieuts. Wharton and Barbot, Midshipmen Bacot, Scales and Talbott and Master's Mate Wilson. Two of the enemy, consisting of the wooden gunboat 'Tyler' and iron-clad ram 'Queen of the West,' wore round and steamed down for the main fleet below, fighting their stern guns as they retreated. The third the iron-clad 'Carondelet,' fought her bow guns until the 'Arkansas' approached her at close quarters, when she also turned to follow her consorts. The 'Arkansas' ranged up alongside her and, pouring a broadside into her with her port guns, compelled the 'Carondelet' to strike her colors and run ashore in a sinking and crippled condition."—*John A. Wilson.*

Lieut Gift (in his interesting "story of the Arkansas"), furnishes

many more particulars of this fight than we have space to quote. "Talk about yelling and cheering," he writes, "You should have heard it at the moment on the deck of the 'Arkansas' to have appreciated it. In fifteen (thirty) minutes, without being checked in our progress, we had thrashed three of the enemy's vessels—one carrying arms as good as ours and two more guns than we; and one of the others was a famous ram, whilst the third, though of but little account, gave moral support to the others. * * * We now had no time to secure our prize, (the iron-clad 'Carondelet'), as the enemy would learn of our coming and swarm in the river like bees if we did not hurry. These fellows we have beaten were but skirmishers of a main army. Consequently we pushed down the river." Lieut. Commander Brown was twice wounded, though not disabled, in this action. Lieut. Gift also was wounded.

THE SECOND ACTION OF THE ARKANSAS.

Retreating down the Yazoo before the victorious Confederate ram, the gunboat "Tyler" and the ram, "Queen of the West" rejoined the combined Union fleets in the Mississippi above Vicksburg. By 8:45 A. M. they were all engaged with the "Arkansas" standing down past the fleet. As before, the narrative from the papers of Active Master's Mate John A. Wilson tells the story of the ram's second action—her great action.

"Continuing down the river we soon came in sight of the whole fleet, thirty-three vessels in all, (the mortar fleet below the city is not included), consisting of sloops of war, iron-clads, gun-boats, rams, etc.

"In passing them we underwent a terrific fire at close range, which we answered actively, bringing every gun into action that would bear upon the enemy. The Federal ram 'Lancaster,' running out to strike us, received a shot in her drum from one of our bow guns, which caused an escape of steam. Many of her crew leaped overboard and perished in full sight of the fleet. A shell penetrated the broken armor on our port side and exploded, wound-Lieut Gift in the right shoulder and killing most of his gun's crew. I was at the same time cut in the arm and leg by fragments of wood and iron. The heat on the gun deck from rapid firing and the concussions from shot and shell on all sides was terrific. Men and officers fought their guns, clad only in pantaloons and undershirts. Another shell exploded in front of my gun port, killing my sponger

and knocking down the other men. An 11-inch solid shot entered the ship's side above my gun, smashing in the bulkhead, killing two men and the powder boy, wounding three others and knocking me senseless, cutting my head and nose. I was taken below, wounds were dressed and returned to my gun shortly afterwards. The same shot continued on across the deck, passing through the lower part of the smoke stack, killing eight of Midshipman's Scale's men and wounding three others, (as they were running out their gun). It finally struck the opposite bulkhead, broke in half and fell on deck.

"The smoke stack was so perforated by every kind of missile that it was almost impossible to keep up sufficient steam to give the ship enough motive power to steer her, but we finally cleared the enemy's line of vessels and ran in alongside the wharf, under the guns of the batteries at Vicksburg.

"The enemies lower mortar fleet, thinking we were about to attack them, burned one of their vessels, which was around below the city, whilst the others hastily got under way and proceeded down the river. Our loss after such a severe ordeal was 16 men killed and 17 wounded, besides the officers injured, already mentioned.

"The scene around the gun deck upon our arrival at Vicksburg was ghastly in the extreme. Blood and brains bespattered everything, whilst arms, legs and several headless trunks were strewn about. The citizens and soldiers of the town crowded eagerly aboard, but a passing look at the gun deck was sufficient to cause them to retreat hastily from the sickening spectacle within. In this engagement it would be invidious to mention any particular man or officer for acts of bravery; all hands did their duty well, honestly and courageously. The enemy's loss was severe, being over 120 men killed and wounded, (according to statements published in Northern papers,) besides the damages sustained by their vessels. The day was passed in burying the dead, sending the wounded ashore, cleaning ship and making all possible repairs."

The escape of the Confederate ram, from what threatened to be certain destruction, was due to her daring, her build and largely to the unpreparedness of the combined Federal fleets above Vicksburg. Why the "Arkansas" took her foes so much by surprise is almost unaccountable. Flag Officer Farragut reports to the Secretary of the Navy: "It is with deep mortification that I announce to the department that, notwithstanding my prediction to the contrary, the iron-clad ram 'Arkansas' has at length made her

appearance and taken us by surprise. * * * Although we were all lying with low fires, none of us had steam or could get it up in time to pursue her, but she took the broadsides of the whole fleet. It was a bold thing, and she was only saved by our feeling of security." The Secretary replies in terms approaching censure, as well as surprise and mortification, at the result. He says: "It is an absolute necessity that the neglect, or apparent neglect, of the squadron should be wiped out by the capture or destruction of the 'Arkansas.'"

The achievement of passing through the fire of such a fleet, at close quarters, will always remain the most creditable exploit in the history of the Confederate navy. Has it ever been matched in the history of any other navy?

In General Orders, No. 51, from the war department, in Richmond, the following compliment was issued to the officers and crew of the "Arkansas:"

"Lieut Brown and the officers and crew of the Confederate steamer 'Arkansas,' by their heroic attack upon the Federal fleet before Vicksburg, equalled the highest recorded examples of courage and skill. They prove that the navy, when it regains its proper element, will be one of the chief bulwarks of national defence, and that it is entitled to a high place in the confidence and affection of the country."

Congress also passed the following joint resolution of thanks to Lieut. I. N. Brown and all under his command:

"Resolved, by the Congress of the Confederate States of America, that the thanks of Congress are hereby cordially tendered to Lieut. Isaac N. Brown, and all under his command, for their signal exhibition of skill and gallantry on the 15th day of July last, on the Mississippi River, near Vicksburg, in the brilliant and successful engagement of the sloop of war 'Arkansas' with the enemy's fleet."

"Approved October 2, 1862."

THE THIRD ACTION OF THE ARKANSAS.

The chagrin of the baffled commanders of the combined fleets can be readily appreciated. It was determined by Flag Officer Farragut during the day (15th) to draw the fire of the land batteries about dusk by means of one of his fleets, and to pass the other (his own) close under the bluff at Vicksburg, down to the lower fleet and mortar flotilla.

Accordingly, at "9 P. M. fourteen of the upper fleet, with the sloops of war of the lower fleet, rounded the point above Vicksburg, with the intention of passing below the town, and at the same time endeavoring to destroy the 'Arkansas,' if possible. She lay under the bluff in the darkness, and being painted a dark brown color could not be seen at a distance. Our engineers had gotten up steam, but were unable to generate much, owing to the riddled condition of our smoke stack. With so many men disabled and our armor badly shattered, we were not in trim condition for another engagement. A few volunteers from a Missouri regiment ashore came aboard in the afternoon to assist in working our guns. The batteries above us opened fire on the fleet as soon as they got within range, and the 'Arkansas' joined in the duel when they began passing her line of fire. The enemy's gunners were guided solely by the flash of our guns, as we were almost invisible in the darkness. They fired well, however, and their shot and shell fell thickly all around. One heavy shot entered our port side. * * We inflicted much damage on the passing fleet, as their vessels passed very close to us and offered fair targets. The engagement lasted about an hour, during which we lost eight men killed at the guns and eleven wounded."—*Wilson*

From an eye witness on the other side, the following testimony is appended: "The fleet of Commodore Davis took up a station at about dark and opened on the batteries, to draw their fire. They succeeded admirably, and at an unexpected moment the fleet of large vessels struck into the channel and descended the river. As each boat arrived opposite the 'Arkansas,' she slakened and poured her broadside into her. She answered as well as she could in such a storm of missiles, and put one or two balls into our vessels, but her main occupation was to be still and take it. Upwards of a a hundred guns, some of them throwing 10-inch (or 11-inch?) shots, poured their deadly charges into her. Seven-inch steel-pointed shot were fired into her. The firing was tremendous. The 'Sumter' also ran into her and tried to knock a hole in her hull, but seemingly might as well have run into a rock. The batteries, of course, joined the engagement, and poured shot into our vessels as well as they could in the darkness. The roar of guns was like an earthquake, and nothing more terrific ever was conceived that this grand artillery duel by night. It lasted an hour, and then our vessels passed below and took up their old anchorage. In the morning messengers were dispatched to see what damage the 'Arkansas'

had sustained. By going up the opposite bank of the river, she could be plainly seen. Two battles such as not a boat in the world ever went through before had failed to demolish her."

With a Union fleet, thus, above and below her, the "Arkansas" continued to be exposed to a daily and nightly shelling by 13-inch mortars from the 16th to the 22nd of July. To be fairly struck by one of these mortar shells was to ensue destruction — only fragments came on board, and no severe damage was suffered; but the danger was great, and her moorings were frequently changed.

THE FOURTH ACTION OF THE ARKANSAS.

In a few days after the last action the Confederate armored ram was ready to assume the offensive. Steaming up the river, she had the satisfaction of putting to flight the mortar boats under tow of the Eads iron-clads, all escaping by their superior speed.

"On the 21st of July, Flag Officers Farragut, Davis and W. D. Porter held a council of war on board the 'Benton,' at which Commander Porter volunteered the service of the 'Essex' to make an effort to destroy the 'Arkansas;'" and the following programme was agreed on: "That on the morning of the 22d, precisely at 4 o'clock the whole available fleet, under command of Flag Officer Davis, was to get under way, and when within range, to bombard the upper batteries at Vicksburg; the lower fleet, under Flag Officer Farragut, was to do the same, and attack the lower batteries; the 'Essex' was to push on, strike the rebel ram, deliver her fire, and then fall behind the lower fleet.

This armored ram, the "Essex" was held to be the strongest vessel of war in the Federal fleet. She was, in appearance, unlike the "Arkansas," having sloping sides and shields fore and aft, pierced and carrying three heavy guns each. The Confederates rated her (from their knowledge) superior to their own vessel, but she never proved herself to be so. Designed to operate with the "Essex" in the approaching action was one of Lieut. Col. Ellet's rams, the "Queen of the West," already met and put to flight by the "Arkansas" in the early morning fight on the Yazoo River.

W. D. Porter, commanding the "Esssex," reports: "On the morning of the 22d, I got under way and passed the 'Benton,' * * I arrived at the ram, delivered my fire and struck her; the blow glanced and I went high on the river bank with the bows of the ship, where I lay ten minutes, under three batteries of heavy guns, I backed off and loaded up. The enemy had drawn up up three regiments

of sharpshooters and several batteries of field pieces, ranging from six-pounders to 24-pounders. I found it impossible, under these circumstances, to board the rebel boat, though such was my original intention. * * Seeing no hope of relief or assistance, I now concluded to run the gauntlet of the enemy's lower forts and seek an anchorage below the fleet."

This charge of having no "releif or assistance" was sharply resented by Porter's superiors. Flag Officer Farragut writes to Davis: "I regret to say to you how much I was disappointed and chagrined at the results of Porter's fight this morning. It appears that in the first place he missed striking the ram by their skilful management of her in loosening their shorefast, whereby Porter slipped by her and ran ashore." Then Flag Officer Davis writes Farragut: I am also entirely dissapointed in the result of the morning's work, which last night seemed to me to promise very fair. I do not understand where the 'Sumter' was this morning. Col. Ellet went down according to the plan and struck the ram in such a manner as to injure her, to what extent my observers cannot form an opinion until the sun falls upon her. Col. Ellet's ram ('Queen of the West') is cut to pieces with round shot and grape, but, strange to say, though many persons in her small crew were struck, no one was killed and no one even seriously wounded." * * "I charge Commodore Porter, in his statement of the conduct of the 'Benton,' and other vessels of the squadron on that day, with a misstatement of facts, so well-known, so directly observed and actively participated in by hundreds of people, that this statement cannot be regarded as otherwise than deliberate; and I also charge him with calumniating his commander-in-chief.

A Confederate account of the action is as follows: "A more opportune moment to destroy the 'Arkansas' could not have been chosen, as many of her officers and all but twenty-eight of her crew were ashore in the hospitals, and she lay helpless at anchor with a disabled engine. * * * In about half an hour after the firing had begun (the upper fleet engaging the land batteries) the large and formidable iron-clad ram, the 'Essex' emerged from the smoke above and made directly for the 'Arkansas.' Commander Brown received the attack at anchor, with a crew sufficient to work two guns, but with the aid of his officers he was able to man all the guns which could be brought to bear. When the muzzles of the guns were nearly touching each other, the broadside of the 'Arkansas' was exchanged for the bow guns of the 'Essex.' As the latter

struck the 'Arkansas,' one of her 10-inch solid shorts struck the armor of the 'Arkansas' * * * killing eight men and wounding six, half of the crew. The 'Essex' swung alongside of the 'Arkansas,' when the latter gave her a port broadside with guns depressed, apparently disabling her, for she ceased firing and drifted down the river."

The "Essex" fired only three shots; and, but for the short-handed crew of the "Arkansas," would not have escaped capture.

"The Queen of the West" was now close to us, evidently determined to ram us. The guns had been fired and were now empty and inboard. Somehow we got them loaded and run out; and by the time she commenced to round to, the columbiads were ready, as also the broadside guns. Captain Brown adopted the plan of turning his head to her also, and thus received her blow glancing. She came into us at an enormous speed, probably fifteen miles an hour. * * * Her blow, though glancing was a heavy one; the prow or beak making a hole in our side and causing the ship to carreen and roll heavily. * * As did the 'Essex,' so the 'Queen' ran into the bank astern of us, and got the contents of our stern battery. More nimble than the 'Essex,' the 'Queen' soon backed away, returning up-stream and, getting our broadside guns ready again, she evinced no disposition to engage us further. * * "Beating off these two vessels, under the circumstances, was the best achievement of the 'Arkansas.' "—*Lieut. Gift.*

Notwithstanding her severe experiences at Vicksburg, and the fiery ordeal of those two great battles, the "Arkansas" could be seen, almost daily, steaming up and down the river in front of the batteries, as if in contempt of all the efforts made to destroy her. The Federal fleet had given up the siege of Vicksburg, and gone down the river towards New Orleans, or Baton Rouge.

THE END OF THE ARKANSAS.

While his vessel was repairing damages under the bluff at Vicksburg, Lieutenant, now Commander, Isaac N. Brown now obtained leave of absence, and was soon after taken down with fever at Grenada, Miss. While thus disabled, he learned from his executive office, Lieut. H. K. Stevens, left in command, that peremptory orders had been sent him by Gen. Van Dorn to co-operate with Gen. Breckinridge in the attack on Baton Rouge. "Commander Brown sent positive orders to Lieut. Stevens not to move his vessel until he

could join it, as the "Arkansas" was not ready for action. * * Lieut. Stevens referred the matter for his decision to Capt. William F. Lynch, the senior officer of the Confederate States navy in the West. Ignorant or regardless of the condition of the 'Arkansas,' Capt. Lynch ordered Lieut. Stevens to disobey the instructions of commander Brown and comply with the request of Van Dorn. It this way the 'Arkansas' was placed under the command of Lieut. Stevens, with orders to run 300 miles against time." (*Note in Scharf's History.*)

A long run with engines, that had already been broken down off Vicksburg, imposed a great responsibility on the new commander. But with unflinching spirit and utmost confidence in his officers and crew, if he could not have the same in his engines and machinery, Lieut. Commander Stevens left Vicksburg on the 3rd of August, at 2 A. M.

Quoting from Wilson's narrative (Official Records Vol. 19, p. 135.) "The 'Arkansas' proceeded down the river until within 22 miles off Baton Rouge, when, near midnight, her starboard engine broke down. She was made fast to the bank and repairs begun, which were finished about 8 A. M. the next morning under the superintendence of Third Assistant Engineer E. H. Brown, of Norfork, Va., the senior naval engineer at that time aboard. We again started, and coming in sight of the enemy's fleet, consisting of the iron-clad 'Essex,' three gunboats, and some transports, all hands were beat to quarters and the guns cleared for action. Almost immediately afterwards the engine broke down and the ship drifted ashore, where she was secured and repairs again commenced. By night the ship was afloat and the engine arranged. We started a short distance up the river to secure some coal lying on the river bank, and had scarcely reached the place when the unfortunate engine became disabled a third time. Another night was spent in making repairs and taking coal aboard.

"Gen Breckinridge, having awaited our coming until long after the appointed time, attacked the enemy on the morning of the 4th, drove him from Baton Rouge to the shelter of the lower fleet. On the morning of the 5th, Engineer Brown reported the engine repaired, but unreliable. A consultation was held between Lieut. Stevens and his officers, and at 9 A. M., 6th August, we started from the bank to attack the enemy's fleet, which now had been

reinforced to fourteen vessels, and, headed by the 'Essex,' was slowly advancing up the river. We had not steamed any distance when the port engine broke. The ship was then headed for the shore, and in a few moments her starboard engine suddenly gave way and she drifted toward the enemy in a helpless condition, they opened fire upon us. Finally, however, she grounded near the river bank, stern down stream and Lieut. Read answered their fire with his stern rifles but the enemy having halted, the fire of our guns was ineffective.

"The 'Essex' continued to shell us at long range, but with no effect, her missiles falling short and out of range. Our engines were now beyond repair. In our present condition the ship was immovable and her guns could not be brought to bear upon the Federal fleet. Under the circumstances there was no alternative left Lieut. Stevens but to destroy the 'Arkansas' to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. The officers and crew were sent ashore with small arms and ammunition, and as one of our lookouts reported a force landing below us, our ship's company was marched off toward the interior of the country, only two men deserting, both mess room men from New Orleans. Lieut. Read, Midshipmen Bacot, Scales and Talbott, Gunner Travers and myself (acting as aid to Lieut. Commanding Stevens) were ordered to remain aboard, to assist in destroying the vessel. The machinery of the engine was broken up with axes and the ward room bedding fired in several places; the cotton in the inside bulkheads between the guns was cut open and fired; the magazines opened, cartridges scattered about, and loaded shell placed on the gun deck between the guns. In this condition, with the ward room in a blaze, we abandoned the ship, assisting Lieut. Stevens ashore, he having had his hands badly burned by the premature explosion of a hand grenade whilst occupied in desroying the engine. We landed with our side arms and no other clothing than what we had on, which, being our fighting rig, was rather scanty."

The reports made by the commander of the "Essex," W. D. Porter, were found to be so little supported by the facts of the case (See Official Records, Vol. 19, pp 117-127,) that they called for contradiction by Rear Admiral Farragut and Lieut. Commander F. A. Roe. The language used by the latter is: "Any virtuous and brave man cannot fail to be shocked at the extraordinary assertions of Commander Porter in relation to the part both the 'Essex' and

'Cayuga' took in the affair." * * "It was precisely no fight at all. * * "As I was turning around to return down-stream I observed that the 'Arkansas' seemed to be on fire. During this time the 'Essex' did not advance more than one-quarter of a mile nearer the enemy, and her fire was only occasional at that great distance." * * * Subsequently Captain Porter explained to me that he had intended to have the honor of destroying the 'Arkansas' all to himself, but that on his approach to her she looked so formidable that he said he found that he had more than he could do, and required all the help he could get, and more, too." Rear Admiral Farragut writes: "The Court on Fairfax did not elicit as much in the cross-examination as I hoped they would, but sufficient to satisfy themselves that there was no justification for the report of Commander Porter. * * They fully proved that he had determined to attack her alone, and only wanted Fairfax to be in supporting distance, but that he subsequently changed his mind and made signal 'for close action,' while he was a mile and a half off, and by the time Fairfax got up with the 'Essex,' the 'Arkansas' was discovered to be on fire, and he then told them to return to Baton Rouge as he did not want them."

In his official report of the operations at Vicksburg and Baton Rouge, dated September 9, 1862, Maj. Gen. Van Dorn says: "I think it due to the truth of history to correct the error, industriously spread by the official reports of the enemy, touching the destruction of the 'Arkansas.' She was no trophy won by the 'Essex' nor did she receive any injury at Baton Rouge from the hands of any of her adversaries. * * * "With every gun shotted, our flag floating, and not a man on board, the 'Arkansas' bore down upon the enemy and gave him battle" * * "It was beautiful"— said Lieut. Stevens while the tears stood in his eyes—"to see her, when abandoned by commander and crew, and dedicated to sacrifice, fighting the battle alone."

Had her former commander been present that day on deck he would have done the same thing as did Stevens. Indeed while convalescing, he wrote approvingly of his Lieutenant's conduct, adding generously that he "would always speak as highly of Lieut. Stevens as if he had captured the 'Essex' and all the rest of them."

SUMMARY.

15th July, 1862, 7 to 8 A. M., the "Arkansas" disabled the

"Carondalet" and chased two other boats down the Yazoo to the fleet; 8 to 9 A. M., ran through fleet of nearly forty armored vessels of safety to Vicksburg; caused burning of a mortar boat; 9 to 10 P. M., received fire of fleet passing from above to combine with lower fleet, and repelled attack by the ram "Sumter."

22d July, repelled attacks by rams, the "Essex" retreating down the river, and "Queen of the West" retreating up the river.

Before the end of July, the seige of Vicksburg had been raised by the departure of one fleet up the river, and of the other down the river.

The "Arkansas" was master of the situation.

TREES WHITTLED DOWN AT HORSESHOE.

Captain W. W. Old Gives a Graphic Account of This Memorable Engagement.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

Senator Daniel refers to War Record of Prominent Norfolk Attorney.

A number of accounts by gallant participants in the sanguinary conflict variously termed the salient or Bloody Angle and the Horseshoe have appeared in previous volumes of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*. It is referred to also by Col. Cutshaw in his admirable and graphic address, "The Battle near Spotsylvania Courthouse on May 18th, 1864," first delivered before the association of Richmond Howitzers, Dec. 14, 1905, and repeated before R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, C. V., Jan. 10, 1905. Col. Cutshaw who had not long before visited the scenes, enhanced the value of his narration with diagrams of the sections. The republication in this volume is amended by Captain Old.—Ed.

The following communication was published in the *Times-Dispatch*, on Sunday, August 27, 1905, and with the correction of some typographical errors, hurriedly made by me, was republished in the *Public Ledger*, of Norfolk, Va., on August 30, 1905. As there still appeared some errors, I here give the communication as republished in the *Public Ledger*, with further corrections.

Captain W. W. Old, writing to the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, contributes an interesting chapter to civil war history that will be read with interest here by his friends and by those who were associated with the stirring period about which he writes. As a preface to Captain Old's review of the tree incident at Bloody Angle, the *Times-Dispatch* published on Sunday a short reference to the captain's war record by Senator Daniel. The entire contribution follows:

Captain William W. Old, the eminent lawyer, of Norfolk, Va., served as aide-de-camp of Major General Edward Johnson, and after

the capture of his chief at the Horseshoe, May 12, 1864, with Lieut. Gen. Ewell, and after the latter's assignment to command in Richmond, he was with Lieut. Gen. Early until August, when General Johnson, being exchanged, he attended that officer to his new assignment under General Hood.

Captain Old was severely wounded while serving in the West, and returned disabled to his native State. He was held in great esteem, not only for his gallantry, but also for his sound judgement, and was greatly distinguished as a staff officer. Few men have such familiar and accurate knowledge as he of the "overland campaign" from the Rapidan to its culmination at Cold Harbor, and he has contributed in the enclosed article a valuable account of some of its movements.

General Gordon's statement in his book that General Edward Johnson was surprised on May 12th is erroneous, and both General Gordon's and General Johnson's reports of the battle show that there was no surprise. The trouble was occasioned by the withdrawal of the Confederate artillery and by slowness in sending back to position when the enemy's plans of attack had been discovered.

Captain Old's interesting paper explains how "the Horseshoe," sometimes called "the Bloody Angle," happened to be formed and fortified, and furnishes other valuable data which will enlighten the historian.

Very respectfully,

JOHN W. DANIEL.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch.

Sir:—I have read with interest and pleasure "Four Years Under Marse Robert," by Major Robert Stiles.* It is one of the best if not the best of the contributions to that class of literature which attempts to give those who were not in the army some insight into the sufferings, vicissitudes and endurance of the Confederate soldier, that has been made by any one, and those who know Major Stiles would never accuse him of exaggerating the picture he was drawing, while his comrades in the army can truthfully corroborate all he has said in that respect. The fact is Major Stiles is one of our Confederate heroes, and should be ranked as such, and every Confederate soldier should read his book. There are some slight

*The so lamented "gallant-soldier, able lawyer and Christian gentleman," quietly passed to eternal rest at his residence in Bon Air, Va., Oct. 5th, 1905.—ED.

inaccuracies in the book, such as the statement * that Jackson had left the Valley and was hovering over McClellan's right flank and rear just before the battle of Seven Pines (page 92), but I do not purpose to refer to these, as they are unimportant. My purpose is, apart from expressing my gratification in reading this book and my admiration of the author, to call attention to what he says in regard to the fact, so often reported that two trees were whittled down by bullets in rear of our lines at the "Bloody Angle" on May 12, 1864. He refers to this fact on pages 262–3, and though he quotes what Colonel Taylor had written on the subject in his "Four Years with General Lee," he seems to doubt the fact simply because he did not happen to see these trees himself, and his doubt, considering his position on the lines, would have some weight with the general reader.

WITH GENERAL JOHNSON IN THE HORSESHOE.

I was on Major General Edward Johnson's staff as aide-de-camp during that battle, and was with him at the "Angle" until a moment before his capture. I was sent for General Evans' brigade, which was about a quarter of a mile to our left and rear, for the support of Rode's and Johnson's divisions in case another attack such as was made on Rode's front on May 10, 1864, should occur. Evans'† brigade was in Gordon's division, and as I started for the brigade, General Gordon himself appeared, and when I told him my mission, he urged me to go for the brigade, as he had no staff officer with him. After General Johnson's capture I reported to General Ewell and was with him on the 12th, carrying his orders, and continued with him until he was relieved from the command of the corps and General Early was placed in command.

On the morning of the 13th or 14th of May, I saw the trees that were whittled down. I think my attention was called to them by some of our men, and I examined them carefully. Later in the day

*Major Stiles thinks I misinterpreted what he said on that subject, and being satisfied that I had done so, I frankly admitted the fact in a letter to the *Times-Dispatch* which was published on September 10, 1905.—Wm. W. Old.

† More properly Gordon's Brigade of Early's Division. On that day, Early was in command of Hill's Corps, and Gordon was in command of Early's Division, and Col. Evans in command of Gordon's Brigade. But both Gordon and Evans were promoted from that day.

I reported the fact to General Ewell, who at the time was with General Lee and some other general officers. When I did so, General Lee, seeming in doubt what I reported, in his quiet way said: "Captain, can you show us those trees?" I replied that I could, if he would follow me, and, leading the way, I guided General Lee and the party to the trees.

DESCRIPTION OF THE TREES.

They were two oak trees, standing near together, and in rear of Walker's (Stonewall) brigade, and the Louisiana brigade, which joined the Stonewall brigade on its right. One of the trees, fourteen or sixteen inches in diameter, was whittled down by the bullets about four feet from the ground, as if a gouge had been used, and in such manner that the two parts of the tree above and below the break presented the appearance of two cones, not entirely symmetrical, however, with the apex of one resting on the apex of the other, before the tree fell. This tree had fallen prostrate—it was literally whittled down, or, I might more properly say, gouged down by bullets.

The other tree was about the same size of that already described, perhaps, according to my recollection, a little smaller, and this was also gouged by the bullets very much the same as the other, but I do not think it would probably have fallen, if a shell had not struck it, in the top, about twenty-five feet from the ground, and toppled it over. It fell aginst another tree, and hung on it, otherwise it also would have fallen to the ground. The fact that a shell had struck it was apparent, because the tree was split in the top. I saw a part of the latter tree in the museum at the hotel in Fredericksburg, some years ago, when I was visiting that place, and I saw a part of the former at least, it was so represented, at the centennial in 1876, brought there, as I was informed, from Washington with a label on it: "Cut down by rebel bullets." I think it was preserved by the war department, amongst its curiosities, and I think I recognized the stump. At any rate I inquired about it, and was informed it came from the Spotsylvania battlefield. I knew I remonstrated with the party in charge of the exhibit about the label on it. How it occurred I am not prepared to say, but I can say that these two trees were shot down by bullets in the manner I have stated. Our division was stationed on each side of and around the horseshoe, improperly called "angle" Walker's brigade and the

Louisiana brigade, being to the left, Jones' brigade, at the toe, and Steuart's brigade to the right. The attack was made on the right and left, as well as in front of the toe of the horseshoe, and there was a concentrated fire, which must have met just about where these trees stood. It seemed to me, while at what was the toe of the horseshoe, that morning, the air was full of bullets, and the fact that these two trees were whittled down in the manner I have stated, proves that fact for no other such occurrence is recorded in the annals of our war, or in those of any other war, of which I ever read.

THE "HORSESHOE" OR "BLOODY ANGLE."

While I am writing on the subject, I hope you and your readers will pardon me, if I write a little more.

Major Stiles, page 263, touches upon the subject of faulty formation in our lines, with an implied query about what was known as the "salient," or "bloody angle."

In the first place, the line, both to the right and left of the "salient" was on a considerable ridge overlooking the low grounds between it and the Ny river. On the march from the wilderness on May 8, Johnson's division, which followed Rodes' division reached the Spotsylvania field late in the afternoon, and was ordered to form on Rodes' right, and extend it. When Rodes had gotten his men in line, and the head of our column had reached his right, upon which we were to form, it was nearly dark. Rodes' right rested on the edge of the woods, and to extend his line, we had to go through the woods. We had no guides and no lights, and General Johnson, at the head of his divison, in column of four, or double file, I think the latter, began to get his men in line, as best he could. I was riding by his side, and soon after we entered the woods, with the division following, we came upon a thicket, mostly pine, so thick that the darkness was almost impenetrable.

I remember well that I kept my hands before my eyes, which were really of no use to me at that time, to protect them, and that more than once I was nearly dragged off my horse by the trees with which I came in contact. Our progress, under such circumstances, was necessarily very slow. We knew nothing of the topography of the country, but soon we came to the end of the thicket through which we had been passing for formation, and saw camp fires before us, almost directly in the line of our march.

This was the first light which we had seen. The ground was

examined and General Johnson found we were on the brow of a ridge, which turned somewhat shortly to the right. The camp fires in our front seemed to us to be considerably below the plane of our position, as they were in fact. It was now quite late in the night, and General Johnson deflected his line and followed the ridge, so far as it could be distinguished in the darkness. Up to the point of deflection there was room for Walker's brigade, our left, the Louisiana brigade, and the greater part of Jones' brigade, so that Steuart's brigade, which occupied our right, extended to the right of this turning point. If it had been extended in a straight line, Steuart's right would have been very close to, and rather in front of the camp fires which we had seen. It was under these circumstances that Johnson's division was placed in line, and fortified it. And so painfully slow was our movement, on account of the woods and darkness and ignorance of the topography of the ground upon which we were forming, we were in our saddles all night.

When daylight came General Johnson found his division was on the ridge, and except some slight changes in Steuart's formation, it so remained, and the enemy was in our front and to our left and rear, so that we were enfiladed, especially Steuart's brigade. Breastworks had already been thrown up, especially along the line of the brigade which had first gotten into position, and every Confederate soldier knows how soon this could be done, as if by magic, but General Johnson had the toe of the horseshoe fortified for artillery, in the form of a salient, and this was done, as I recall it, under the supervision of some of our engineer officers, and it was well done. General Steuart had traverses built in the rear of his line, as he was much enfiladed, and General Walker and General Hays also threw up traverses in their rear for the same reason, though their brigades did not suffer as much as General Steuart's—(Hays' brigade of Early's, and Stafford's brigade of Johnson's division were consolidated under General Henry T. Hays on the march from the wilderness, on May 8th, General Stafford having been killed on May 5th.)

My recollection is that on the 9th of May the engineer officers, with General M. L. Smith at their head, went over the line and considered it safe with artillery, and with this we were at once supplied —two batteries of four guns each.

On May 10 Sedgwick's corps broke through Rodes' line to our left, and penetrated some distance in our rear, but after severe fighting the enemy was driven back and our lines were restored. I was

not present on that occasion, as General Johnson had sent Major Ed. Moore and myself back to get our headquarter wagon which had broken down and been abandoned on the march from the Wilderness on the 8th. On May 11, however, General Lee, with General Smith visited our lines, and were of opinion, as I was informed that they could be held with our artillery. On that day General Johnson, with several members of his staff, including myself, went in front of our lines beyond the Landrum house, which was outside of our skirmish line, and no signs of the enemy were seen in our front nor did there appear to be any activity in the enemy's line in our front, until late in the afternoon of that day.

AT THE WILDERNESS.

In addition to what I have said in regard to the selection of this line, one very important fact—one that will be fully appreciated by those conversant with that campaign—must not be overlooked. Johnson's division received the opening attack of Grant's army on May 5th, and during that day and night, and the succeeding day and night, were in line of battle, fighting almost continuously, resisting until late each night the frequent and furious charges of the enemy. There was no rest day or night for our men, until the night of the 7th. So intense was the fighting that on the night of May 5th, the commander of Pegram's brigade of Early's division, which had been sent to extend our left, sent word to General Johnson that the men could not use their guns any longer; that they had fired them so often they had become so hot they could not handle them, and, besides, feared they would explode.

General Johnson, who was on the field very near the lines, sent me to get two regiments to take the place of as many men in Pegram's line, and relieve them temporarily, until their guns had cooled. I think General Pegram suggested this. I went for the regiments and was leading them into position, arranging for them to slide along behind the breastworks until they got into position, when I was informed by some one that there was no place in the trenches for more men; that all they wanted was guns and men were detailed and loaded with guns and sent in the trenches, and in this way Pegram's brigade was supplied with guns that they could use. I know of no other instance of that kind, and never heard of one.

THE MARCH TO SPOTSYLVANIA.

On the 8th we marched to Spotsylvania, and, as before stated, there was no rest for our troops that day and night. My recollection is that I had been in my saddle almost continuously since the morning of May 5th, and on the morning of the 9th, after having been in my saddle all night, I almost fell from my horse about daylight, and went to sleep near where I had tied him under a tree, but was soon waked up by his restlessness, caused by bullets flying around him. I speak of myself only to illustrate the conditions of hardship we had endured. But General Johnson was in his saddle all night, doing the best he could without any assistance from engineers or from any person familiar with the topography of the country in the formation of his division in line, according to the orders he had received, to form on and extend Rodes' right. We did not even know the position of the enemy, and had no intimation of his proximity until we saw the camp fires of which I have spoken. And when daylight appeared, it was found that General Johnson had only done the best he could have done under the circumstances, and this line was afterwards approved by General Lee and his engineer officers, as the best that could have been adopted, because it commanded all the low grounds in our front, over the greater part of which we had full view.

It was suggested to draw the line back from two to three hundred yards from the salient, but this was not done before the 12th, because such line would have been entirely through the woods, and we would have lost the benefit of the view of the country in our front; besides, the salient, fortified with artillery, was considered full protection.

I say all this in vindication of that gallant officer, Major General Edward Johnson, than whom no one was braver, to show that the selection of this line was in no way left to the soldiers, nor even to his subordinates. On the contrary, it was formed with all the care and consideration which could have been expected or required of him on that occasion. And I know whereof I speak.

NO SURPRISE OF JOHNSON.

General Johnson was not surprised, nor were his troops surprised on the Morning of May 12th, but the disaster of the fearful day was due entirely to the withdrawal of our artillery from our line on the evening of the 11th. Of this I shall take occasion to write at

some future time. I can say this, however, without the risk of taking up too much space at this time. After the disaster of the 12th, General Lee said to General Ewell, in my presence, that he had been misled in regard to the enemy in our front, by his scouts, and that the fatal mistake was in removing the artillery on our line. He and General Ewell both spoke in the kindest manner of General Johnson and commended him for his bravery and the faithful discharge of his duties, General Ewell saying that he never failed to carry out his orders, both without question and with intelligence, and they both exonerated him from any blame for the disaster.

WILLIAM W. OLD,

Norfolk, Va., August 11, 1905.

"RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONFEDERATE STAFF OFFICER BY GEN. G. M. SORREL."

A Correction, and a Vindication of Gen. D. H. Hill.

This communication, in admirable spirit, from the *Times-Dispatch* of Oct. 1, 1905, justly finds place in the *Southern Historical Society Papers.*—Ed.

Richmond, Va., September 27, 1905.

Editor Times-Dispatch;

Sir,—I have just read the late General Sorrel's charming "Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer," and desire to correct an error in regard to myself, into which the writer has inadvertently fallen. On page 107 the impression is made on the reader that I was on duty as General D. H. Hill's adjutant general in 1862, near Frederick, Maryland, at the time when it is alleged that General Hill or an officer of his staff lost an important order from General Lee, which fell into McClellan's hands. I was not with General D. H. Hill at that period of the campaign. I had been wounded, as his official report shows, in a skirmish immediately after his division crossed the Potomac, had been sent back to Leesburg, and was unable to rejoin him untill about three hours before the army began to move from the field of Sharpsburg to recross the Potomac. But, while I have pen in hand, let me say a word on a more important subject. I cannot refrain from expressing my regret that this interesting book—deserving and destined to be widely read—conveys an inadequate estimate of the great military virtues of General D. H. Hill. It seems to me that the gallant Sorrel might have judged more generously the commander of a victorious division at Seven Pines, the stout fighter of the seven days before Richmond, the heroic leader of the rear guard at South Mountain, the stubborn soldier who stood at bay at Sharpsburg. But history will some day give an impartial verdict on these matters. In that final judgment Hill's just fame will perhaps not suffer from his faults of manner or asperities of speech.

I am very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Archer Anderson.

(From the *Baltimore Sun*, of November 4, and December 3, 1905.)

THE LOST SWORD OF GEN. RICHARD B. GARNETT, WHO FELL AT GETTYSBURG,

Returned to his niece, Mrs. John B. Purcell, Richmond, Va.,

By Col. Winfield Peters, Quarter Master General, U. C. V., with account of how General Garnett met his death.

A valuable relic of the war between the States, which had been in the possession of Mr. James E. Steuart, was yesterday forwarded to the rightful owner. It is the sword of Gen. Richard B. Garnett, who commanded a brigade in the famous charge of Pickett's division at Gettysburg, in which General Garnett was killed. The sword is after the pattern for artillery officers in the United States Army, and is inscribed "R. B. Garnett, U. S. A.," with the name of the maker. The blade is of fine metal, elaborately embellished, and is in perfect order. The scabbard is of fine steel, but somewhat rusty.

General Garnett resigned from the United States Army in 1861, at the outbreak of the war for Southern Independence, and was promptly commissioned in the Confederate Army. Prior to serving under General Pickett he served under General T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson, and was rated among the bravest and ablest of the Westpointers who served the Confederacy. General Garnett was last seen leading his brigade in Pickett's charge. He was mounted and his horse was bleeding from a wound. His body was not identified and will always lie among the unknown Confederate dead.

The recovery of General Garnett's sword is due to the late Gen. George H. Steuart, of Baltimore, likewise a West Point graduate, who also led his brigade in a desperate charge at Gettysburg a few hours before Pickett's charge. Had both charges (Johnson's and Pickett's divisions) been entirely successful, the two Confederate lines, moving toward each other, from opposite directions, would have overlapped.

Years ago General Steuart found, in a second-hand shop in Balti-

more, this sword of General Garnett and purchased it. General Steuart died November 22, 1903. Mr. James E. Steuart, his nephew is now enabled to forward the sword to its rightful possessor by descent, who is the wife of Col. John B. Purcell, Richmond, Va. General Garnett was the only remaining brother of Mrs. Purcell's mother, who was deeply attached to him, and, through Col. Purcell, has assured Mr. Steuart, that the sword will be treasured by her, a niece of General Garnett, as a precious heirloon.

The restoration of the sword has been accomplished through Col. Winfield Peters, in connection with his recent duties with the United Confederate Veterans in Richmond and Petersburg during the late convention of the Grand Camp of Virginia.

Colonel Peters relates that the Confederate dead in the battle of Gettysburg, having been interred on the field; following the retreat of General Lee's army, two physicians named Weaver—father and son—residents of Gettysburg, gave diligent personal attention and saw that the graves were marked, or otherwise indicated, looking to the ultimate removal of the remains. After the war many of the dead were taken away by relatives.

In 1872 and 1873 the younger Dr. Weaver (the father having died) began sending the remains to points in the South, such as Richmond, Va., Raleigh, N. C., Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga., under agreements with Confederate memorial associations in those cities, and the work was completed during the years stated. Dr. Weaver having met Col. Peters in Baltimore and disclosed his operations, the bodies of Marylanders were sent here and reinterred in Loudon Park Cemetery. Col. Peters says Dr. Weaver's efforts were a labor of love, for which he was never fully reimbursed or compensated. About 3,000 was the number of Confederate dead cared for by the two doctors, chiefly by the son, who stated that all the Confederate dead were removed except about 40 buried in Sherfey's peach orchard.

HOW GARNETT DIED.

The story of the return by Mr. James E. Steuart of the sword of Brig.-Gen. Richard B. Garnett, of the Confederate Army, to his niece, told in *The Sun* of November 4, has aroused interest in the death of General Garnett, who was killed in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. General Garnett's body was never identified and rests with the unknown Confederate dead.

Col. Winfield Peters, Q. M. Gen. Army of Northern Virginia

Department U. C. V., who was instrumental in having General Garnett's sword returned to the General's nearest kin, sends the following article to *The Sun:*

Pickett's division at Gettysburg consisted of the brigades of Armistead, Garnett and Kemper, numbering fewer than 5,000 rifles. The brigades of Corse and Jenkins were detached to protect exposed points in Virginia. Garnett's brigade consisted of five skeleton regiments, viz: from right to left, the Eighth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-eighth and Fifty-sixth Virginia Regiments. In Pickett's charge Garnett's and Kemper's brigades were aligned, with Armistead's brigade in the rear of Garnett's—enchelon—until nearing the enemy's line, when Armistead obliqued to the left and aligned on Garnett, so that the division was aligned when they carried the enemy's line and were repulsed, frightfully decimated, because not supported, and reinforcements having also reached the enemy.

The following correct story is told by Mr. James W. Clay, private in Company G, Capt. Archer Campbell, Eighteenth Virginia Infantry, of how Brig. General, Richard B. Garnett met his death at Gettysburg, on the afternoon of July 3, 1863.

"General Garnett was killed while leading his brigade in Pickett's charge across the field and up the slope between the two contending battle lines. Immediately after the great artilery duel, during which many of the enemy's guns were silenced, orders came for the general advance of Pickett's division, but it was not until we had covered nearly the entire distance between the two lines that the General received his death wound.

I was struck down (hit in the forehead by a fragment of shell) about 100 yards from the clump of trees near the farthest point reached by our brigade (reduced to a mere handful), now indicated by a bronze tablet; also the place is marked where General Garnett was killed. Semi-conscious, my blood almost blinding me, I stumbled and fell among some rocks, severely injuring my knee and preventing further locomotion. The last I saw of General Garnett he was astride his big black charger in the forefront of the charge and near the stone wall, just beyond which is marked the farthest point reached by the Southern troops. The few that were left of our brigade advanced to this point.

KILLED BY A GRAPE SHOT.

"General Garnett was gallantly waving his hat and cheering the

men on to renewed efforts against the enemy. I remember that he wore a black felt hat with a silver cord. His sword hung at his side. After falling among the rocks I lost sight of him. Captain Campbell, retiring from the front with a broken arm, came to me. During the next 15 minutes the contending forces were engaged in a life and death struggle, our men desperately using the butts of their rifles, during all of which I could detect our regimental colors to the farthest point reached.

"At this time a number of the Federals threw down their arms and started across the field to our rear. Two of these deserters came to the clump of rocks where the Captain and I were and asked to be allowed to assist us to our rear, obviously for mutual safety, and the kind proffer was accepted. These men told us that our brigade general had been killed, having been shot through the body at the waist by a grape shot. Just before these men reached us General Garnett's black war horse came galloping toward us with a huge gash in his right shoulder, evidently struck by a piece of shell. The horse in its mad flight jumped over Captain Campbell and me.

"General Garnett wore a uniform coat, almost new, with a general's star and wreath on the collar, and top boots, with trousers inside, and spurs. It is, therefore, inexplicable that his remains were not identified."

WAS SOLDIER AND GENTLEMAN.

"I knew General Garnett well and personally and served as his orderly for ten days a month or more before he was killed. He was a perfect type of the gentleman and soldier, with lovable characteristics. His manner was charming, with almost the gentleness of a woman. As a soldier he was able, skillful and exacting; in battle a warrior and among the bravest and most daring, his dark eyes flashing and as black as coals. He wore a black beard and hair rather long."

"To recur to the battlefield: Having, in the charge, crossed the Emmitsburg road and being in the line of skirmishers, the index finger of my right hand was shot off near the hand by a bullet, yet it hung from the stump. I tied it up and marched on, firing 20 or more rounds, pulling the trigger with my second finger."

"As Captain Campbell, myself and the two Yankee soldiers moved to the rear, a heavy fire was kept up from the Federal lines. Near

Willoughby's run we were accosted by a wounded Confederate lieutenant, also going to the rear. In an instant a cannon shot passed through his head, leaving only the lower part of his face, with mustache and goatee."

"We soon found a field hospital, where I noticed some Sisters of Charity, but my wounds receiving no attention except from these good Sisters, became very painful. Next day we had to stand in line and wait our turn to be treated. After four hours' waiting—watching men drop from exhaustion, and some died—my turn came. The front (outer bone) of my forehead was found to be fractured and was set and dressed and my finger was amputated, all of which was done without an anaesthetic. The place was like a slaughter pen—legs, arms, hands, etc., all piled up. I saw pits dug to bury the dead, the Federals and Confederates being first separated. One deep trench was about 20 feet long, 12 feet wide and 20 feet deep, and it was filled. I was enabled to keep up with our army, retreating to Virginia, and finally reached my home in Nottoway county, Va., about August 15th, which occasioned some surprise and rejoicing, as I had been reported dead."

MARYLANDERS WITH GARNETT.

"At Gettysburg our company was just 100 strong—a fine body of men and officers. We had a number of recruits from Maryland who, though untrained, were as brave and excellent soldiers as the veterans. We volunteered as skirmishers to our regiment in Pickett's charge. This was done in the presence of General Robert E. Lee, who seemed to personally look after this hazardous duty in our three brigades. Of our 100 men on the skirmish line but 8 went through the charge unscathed; more than 90 were killed or wounded. Our good and brave Capt. Campbell was killed at Five Forks, Va., April 1st, 1865. The adjutant of our regiment, Hugh McCullough, of Maryland, was always conspicuously brave and capable.

"My company 'G' of the 18th Virginia Infantry, was raised in Nottoway county, Va., and started out 100 strong, but only 28 surrendered at Appomattox, and of these only 3 men among the original 100. During the four years' war 473 names appeared on the company roll, and these are inscribed on the Confederate monument erected at Nottoway Court-house. Of all these, beside

myself, I believe that only two survive: Junius Hardaway, of Crewe, Va., and James Farley, of Blackstone, Va. Having been asked the question as to myself, will say: I enlisted in my company in March, 1862, at the age of 17, was in 26 battles and surrendered at Appomattox April 9th, 1865."

Mr. Clay, who by occupation is a collector and clerk, has resided in Baltimore since 1868 and lives with his family at 666 West Fayette street. Mr. and Mrs. Clay were married in Petersburg, Va., in 1866. Of their 11 children 6 survive.

Virginians should proudly erect statues to the three fearless and gallant generals who led their brigades—less than 5,000 strong—in the world-famous charge of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg: Garnett, killed on the enemy's line; Armistead, mortally wounded, with his hand on a captured cannon; and Kemper, left for dead, but rescued from the grave by a Sister of Charity, to become Governor of Virginia, and spread on enduring canvas, the battle scene, as a true and marvelous example of Southern valor.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, September 20th, 1905.

BALLOON USED FOR SCOUT DUTY.

Terrible Experiences of a Confederate Officer who saw the Enemy from Dizzy Heights.

ROPE CUT AS HE ASCENDED.

An Ascent That Completely Unnerved the Aeronaut, But He Finally Came Down Safely.

During the war between the North and the South many events of absorbing interest occurred, and it has been the object of the *Times-Dispatch* to record as many as possible of these in the Confederate column of this paper.

The following account of Capt. John Randolph Bryan's trips in a war balloon, while attached to General J. B. Magruder's headquarters before Yorktown, we consider as well deserving publication, as it was (so far as known to us) the first time a balloon was used by the Confederates in order to ascertain the position and strength of the Union forces.

It will add to the interest of this narrative to know that at the time Capt. Bryan was making his ascensions from the Confederate lines General Fitz John Porter was performing the same service for the Union army which lay facing the Confederates. His experience was similar to that of Captain Bryan's, in that his balloon rope broke and his balloon also drifted aimlessly in the air.

General Porter's balloon was a much more expensive affair than the one the Confederates could afford, and was attached to the ground by a silken rope. Although General Porter escaped without injury in this adventure, the exploit is now recorded in bronze upon a monument to him. Capt. Randolph Bryan at present resides in Birmingham, Ala. He is the eldest brother of Mr. Joseph Bryan of this city, of Mr. St. George T. C. Bryan, and of the Rev. Braxton Bryan, of Petersburg.

CAPTAIN BRYAN'S STORY.

The story is given as told by Captain Bryan. He says:

"I was a young man at the time the events here mentioned transpired, and was serving as clerk in the Adjutant-General's office and acting as aide-de-camp to Major-General J. B. Magruder, then commanding the Army of the Peninsula, near Yorktown, Va. In the spring of 1862, when General McClellan, of the Union Army, decided to make his advance on Richmond by the Peninsula route, with his two flanks guarded by gun-boats, he found Gen. Magruder entrenched across the Peninsula at Yorktown, from the York to the James river. Hardly had McClellen made his appearance when General Johnston, with the Army of Northern Virginia, came to the relief of Magruder, who with but a few thousand men, was holding the Union army in check. The line across the Peninsula was an irregular one, being made to follow the contour of some streams and mill dams which greatly strengthened their positions. Magruder's headquarters were at Yorktown, while Joseph E. Johnston took up his headquarters at Major Lee's house, nearer the James River, some miles farther along the line from York river. General Johnston had brought down with him from Richmond what I believe to be the first balloon used for millitary service during the war. It was nothing but a big cotton bag, coated over so as to make it air-tight, and intended to be inflated with hot air, as gas was a thing not to be had in those days and in those places. After being on the Peninsula for some days, General Johnston wrote to General Magruder, requesting him to detail some one who was thoroughly acquainted with the country, and who was capable of forming a correct opinion as to the number and character of the troops in front of him, in order that he might be assigned to do duty with General Johnston. This order, coming from General Johnston's headquarters, passed through my hands, as I was chief clerk in Magruder's Adjutant-General's office, and being young, and, I fear, of a dare-devil spirit, and supposing that an assignment to this duty would bring me prominently into notice, and probably offer some opportunity for distinguishing myself (for since childhood I had been thoroughly familiar with all that section of country, and felt myself competent as to the other requirements). I therefore at once asked that I might be detailed for this service."

ASKED FOR THE DETAIL.

"Major Henry Bryan, Magruder's Adjutant-General, strongly dissuaded me from the undertaking, but I was so bent on it that I went in person to General Magruder and asked for the detail, which, after some little persuasion on my part, was granted to me, although my friends told me that it was more than likely that I would get myself into hot water, and very possibly (in case I should go into the enemy's lines) that I would get shot for my pains. Nevertheless, I joyfully received my orders, and mounting my horse, rode gaily over to Lee's farm, where General Johnston was, to report myself for special service. On arriving there I handed my orders in to the proper officer, and reported for duty. Having a number of acquaintances around headquarters, I tried to find out for what purpose I was needed, or to what duty I would probably be assigned, but could get no information. All I could learn was from Colonel Rhett, Johnston's Adjutant-General, that the General would be out presently, and would himself tell me what he wanted me to do.

"After a while I was called into General Johnston's tent, and the General, looking at me, and seeming surprised that I was only a boy (for I was just twenty-one years old), began to question me quite closely as to what experience I had had in military affairs, how long I had been with the army, whether I could distinguish one branch of service from another, and the like.

"Having answered these questions to General Johnston's satisfaction, the latter laid a map of the Peninsula on the table before him, and began questioning me about the different roads and creeks and fording places, and other topographical matters on the Peninsula. Having shown myself sufficiently familiar with these matters, the General then turned to Colonel Rhett and remarked, 'I think Mr. Bryan will do very well. You will please assign him to the balloon service to make the reconnoisances, and instruct him as to what information we want, and the kind of report we desire from him.' On hearing this order I at once sprang to my feet, protesting that while I could ride a horse, and would gladly do anything in my power, that I had never even seen a balloon, and that I knew absolutely nothing about the management of it, and that if the General simply wanted some information as to the position of the enemy and their numbers at any given point, that I would very cheerfully go into the lines and get this information and return as speedily as possible and report. My words had, however, small effect upon the

General. He told me very curtly and positively that I had been assigned to him for duty, and that he expected me to perform the duty to which I was assigned without any questions. He added that he had plenty of scouts already, and what he wanted was a man to go up in the balloon, and that I could now go and prepare myself to be in readiness when sent for. This was pretty hard, but as there was no sort of question about it, I could only make my bow and walk out with as brave an appearance as possible. Shortly afterwards I was fully instructed as to all the details ; that there was a crew of men already in charge of the balloon, who understood the management of it, as to the inflating, letting it ascend and drawing it down again by means of the rope which was attached to it (which passed around a windlass), and I was also instructed in the signals that I should make when up in the balloon, by means of a wig-wag flag, to tell those below what was wanted, whether I wished to go fast or slow, up or down. I was also given such information as was at hand as to the supposed position of the enemy, and was instructed to carefully note where each different arm of the service (infantry, artilery, and cavelry) was located, and I was further told to make a memorandum or map of all that I saw while up in the balloon, so as to be able to give the best and most accurate account of all I saw when I returned—provided of course, that I returned at all.

PASSING THE DANGER LINE.

"The balloon party were located behind a large thicket of pine trees about a half mile back of the Confederate lines, with a view of allowing the balloon to reach a considerable elevation before it could be seen by the enemy, who would, of course, fire at it in the hope of destroying it. As I had seen some artillery service, I was quite well aware that after attaining a certain height the ordinary field cannon could not be trained to bear upon me, so that the danger zone was only between the time I appeared above the top of the trees and the time when I should have reached such an elevation that their guns could no longer be trained upon me. My ardor to go on special service had been much cooled at the bare thought o being suspended in mid air by what appeared to me as a mere thread uuder a hot-air balloon, with the chances pretty strong that it would be burst by the shrapnel or shells of the enemy, when 'down would come baby and all.' However, I determined to make best of a bad bargain, and went to the balloon

camp to study the situation and my new duties. I was not left long in suspense, for the next day I received an order from General Johnston to make my first ascension. The balloon was anchored to a long rope, probably a half of a mile long, which was tied to a tree and then coiled in a great number of coils, sailor fashion, on the ground, and then passed around a windlass, and was finally attached to a number of cords coming down from the balloon. From this cone of cords hung a goodsized hamper, or basket in which I was to stand or kneel and make my observations. It did not take a very long time (in fact, it was accomplished much too quickly for my liking) to fill the balloon with hot air, for a plentiful supply of pine knots and turpentine had been made (to create a great heat under a flue, the end of which opened into the balloon),so that very soon I was told that my aerial horse was ready for me to mount and ride away. Therefore, with note book and pencil in my pocket, and a heart beneath it beating very furiously (although of course I put on a brave front to those about me), I stepped into the basket and gave the signal to rise. At first the balloon was let off quite gradually, and I began to ascend slowly. 'This is not so bad' I thought, but the worst was yet to come.

A TARGET IN MID AIR.

"Hardly, however, had I got above the tree tops and obtained a view of the enemy's line than I observed a great commotion among them, men running here and there, and in a very few minutes they had run out a battery. I saw the officer in charge elevate the gun and carefully sight it at me, and give the signal to fire. "Boom!" went the cannon, and the shell whistled by me in most unpleasant proximity. For some minutes shells and bullets from the schrapnels (which burst in front of me) whistled and sang around me with a most unpleasant music; but my balloon and I escaped. As you may readily imagine, I did not feel very happy or comfortable; on the contrary, I was scared nearly breathless, and was exceedingly nervous. I at once gave the signal, 'faster,' and the balloon went upward more rapidly, and before long I reached an elevation above the line of fire, when I again signalled them to stop, and squatting down in the hamper, I tried to collect my thoughts and breathe more freely. I now began to recover my composure, when a most horrid thought intruded itself upon me. 'Whatever goes up is bound to come down,' is a trite, but a sad, true saying. I knew well I could

not remain in this security forever; in fact, every moment that passed the hot air in my balloon became cooler. I therefore set to work. From my elevated position I could see the whole country in every direction. A wonderful panorama spread out beneath me. Chesapeake Bay, the York and the James rivers, Old Point Comfort and Hampton, and the fleets lying in both the York and the James, and the two opposing armies lying facing each other. I therefore took out my note-book and made a rough diagram showing the rivers, the roads and creeks, and marking where the different bodies of the enemy's troops were upon this little map, using the initial 'I' for infantry, 'C' for cavalry, 'A' for artillery, and 'W' for wagon trains, and I marked down about the number of troops that I estimated at each point. Now, this was not such an easy thing to do, as we may at first suppose, for the various currents of air made my balloon spin and revolve like a top (only very much slower), so that I must needs wait for a whole revolution to occur before I completed my sketch of any particular spot. Finally I gave the signal to lower the balloon, but hardly had I begun the descent when I saw that the enemy had prepared to give me a very warm reception as soon as I came within range, for they had run out a number of other batteries, and stood by their guns preparing for firing and aiming them at the spot I must pass on my way to terra firma. I therefore gave the signal, 'faster—faster,' and the men at the windlass put forth their best efforts, working in relays, and as fast as they could. However, it seemed all too slow to me, for I was soon again in the danger zone, and the enemy's guns opened on me, firing this time by batteries, four and six at a time, and filling the air with shells and bullets, and how I escaped I do not know, for some of their shells passed very close to me.

CAME DOWN IN SAFETY.

"However, after what seemed to me an age, the balloon was finally wound down, and I stepped out of my basket once more upon Mother Earth. Mounting my horse I rode to General Johnston's headquarters to make my report. The General listened intently to what I told him, and asked very particularly as to the position of the different branches of the service, and as to their numbers, and spreading out his map on the table, made me show him where the the different bodies of troops, artillery, and so on, were posted.

When I had finished my report the General complimented me by saying I had done very well indeed. Therefore, at leaving I felt that my experiences were a thing of the past, and requested the General to assign me to the same duties which I had performed before I had joined him.

"'My dear sir,' replied the General, 'I fear you forget that you are the only experienced aeronaut that I have with my army, and you will please hold yourself in readiness, as we may wish you to make another ascension at any time!' I felt complimented, but I was not elated.

"That evening the whole balloon force was ordered to move to another point, somewhere nearer Yorktown, as the General did not think it safe that the balloons should go up from the same place again. Also, arrangement was made for increasing the speed in hauling down the balloon. This was that six artillery horses were hitched to the end of the rope which passed through the windlass, and upon the signal to lower the balloon they were ridden up the road and at full gallop, which brought the balloon down much more quickly. In a day or two a second ascent was made, at the Generel's orders, which was much like the first one, but with somewhat less trepidation by General Johnston's 'only experienced aeronaut,' who had already been nicknamed by his fellow soldiers 'Balloon Bryan,' and who was suspected by them of having a screw loose somewhere on account of his mad trips in the air, General Johnston received the second report about as he did the first, but still refused to discharge me from the balloon service, but ordered me to hold myself in readiness."

A TRIP BY NIGHT.

"A few nights later I made another, and, I am glad to say, my last ascension, which came near being my last trip in anything; but I shall proceed to narrate that occurrence.

"One night, just before the body fell back from Yorktown and fought the battle of Williamsburg (which was the 5th of May, 1862), the balloon squad was waked up one night with orders from General Johnston to fire up the balloon and make a reconnoisance as soon as possible. The courier who brought the order informed me privately that information had been received at headquarters from some of the scouts that the enemy was in motion

and that General Johnston was very anxious to ascertain in what direction the move was to be made, and whether their troops were advancing upon more than one point. It was at this time near the full moon and the nights were as bright, almost as day. As soon, therefore, as the balloon was inflated I jumped into my basket, feeling quite at ease, as I had already made two ascensions, and as this was to be a night trip, I had but little fear of discovery and of being fired on, especially as the enemy were now in motion, and when marching could not so well arrange for this artillery service. But there was a still greater danger upon which I had never calculated. The Confederate troops, almost to a man, had never seen a balloon, and each time that I went up they crowded around the balloon squad to watch this novel performance, and amused themselves by making many and varied remarks, which were not very complimentary upon the whole business and myself in particular. On this occasion the balloon, shining in the bright firelight, attracted a larger crowd than usual, and the crew in charge had great difficulty in keeping them back out of their way, so they could properly perform their work. I therefore entered the basket and gave the signal to rise, feeling, as I have said, unusually comfortable, and I had ascended about two hundred feet when, all at once, without any warning, the balloon was jerked upward as if by some great force for about two miles, so it seemed to me. I was breathless and gasping, and trembling like a leaf from fear without knowing what had happened beyond the surmise that the rope which held me to the earth had broken. What had actually occurred I afterwards found was this: One of the soldiers who was drawn by curiosity to see the balloon ascend had crowded, with the others, too near, and had unwittingly stepped into the coil of rope, one end of which was attached to the balloon, which, before he could step out again, tightened around his leg and began pulling him up to the windlass, whereupon he screamed loudly, and one of his friends seized an axe and cut the rope, releasing him, but also releasing me. Now, there I was, feeling as if I was a couple of miles up in the air, absolutely helpless, with no idea of how to manage my runaway steed, and with every prospect that I would eventually very reluctantly land in the enemy's lines, which meant a long term of imprisonment, or else that my balloon would come down in the Chesapeake Bay, with no means of my regaining the shore, which perhaps meant being

drowned, but which I much preferred to the former. These thoughts were not of a very consoling nature. One thing I knew was that when the heat died out of the balloon I must make a graceful descent; but as to where I should land I could not even guess. To say that I was frightened but faintly expresses it, for the almost instantaneous ascent I had made had not only taken all the breath out of my body, but seemed also to have deprived me of all my nerve and courage for the time being. However, after a while I recovered my breath and found, upon careful examination, that my heart was beating much as usual. The balloon had now reached its equilibrium, and was apparently standing quietly (for there was little air stirring) over the Confederate army, and I was looking down to where, far below me, lay the York river and the surrounding country which I knew so well.

BLOWN BACK AND FORTH.

"I was not long left to enjoy the beauties of this scene, for the wind freshened up, and, to my utmost dismay, I found myself being blown from the Confederate lines over into those of the enemy. It is impossible to describe my feelings. I felt that I was not only leaving my home and friends forever, but was slowly drifting to certain capture. Imagine, therefore, my great delight when, after drifting along for some distance, the wind veered and I was blown back toward the Confederate lines. (This ascension had been made from a point back of Dam No. 2, i. e., Wynn's Mill, on the Confederate lines. It was evident that the balloon was cooling and settling, so that I was getting nearer and nearer to the earth. This was in many respects a great comfort, but it was not unalloyed with new dangers. As I have said, the balloon having now drawn near the earth (a few hundred feet above it I suppose) I was blown from the enemy's lines over the Confederate army, but, alas! in a far different locality from where I had ascended. Therefore, when my balloon passed over the spot where Col. Ward's Second Florida Regiment was encamped, they turned out en masse, and believing me to be a Yankee spy, followed me on foot, firing at me as fast as they could. In vain I cried to them that I was a good Confederate; the only answer I received was from the whistling of their bullets. I was as a thing haunted, and knew not which way to turn. However, the wind freshened again, and I was

blown out over York river, which, although half a mile wide at Yorktown, is three or four miles wide where I was now suspended in the air. The balloon began now to settle quite rapidly, and it was evident that I would be dumped unceremoniously in the middle of this broad expanse of water.

A FRIENDLY WIND.

"I, therefore, began to undress, preparatory to my long swim, but I regret to record that being a young man I was what is termed 'somewhat dressy,' and I had on a pair of very tight fitting boots, which, do what I might, I found impossible to pull off, and after tugging and scuffling in every conceivable position that my cramped quarters in the basket would permit, and still being unable to rid myself of those accursed boots (which were not long since my joy and pride.) I fortunately remembered my pocket knife, and had soon ripped them down the back and joyfully dropped them over the edge of my basket. The balloon was now so near the river that I could hear my rope splashing in the water as it dragged along over the surface and I was waiting to begin my swim at any moment when the wind again changed and blew me towards the Williamsburg shore. This was, indeed, luck of the greatest kind. After travelling a short distance inland, my balloon, by this time having settled nearly to the ground, I slipped over the side of the basket and sliding down the rope safely, joyfully stood once more on my native heath. I had landed in an orchard, and running with my rope, as the balloon passed over an apple tree, I twisted it quickly about the tree trunk, and after a few ineffectual flops, my balloon sank, exhausted to the ground. What remains to be told can be related in a few words.

"I dressed myself as quickly as possible and made my way to a neighboring farm house, where, after quite a hot discussion with the farmer, I succeeded in securing a horse and rode back to General Johnston's Headquarters, a distance of about eight miles, and made my report as to my experience and as to what I had seen. On this trip my balloon had (so far as I can judge) made a half moon circuit of about fifteen miles, about four miles of which was over York River. As to the height to which I attained I cannot well compute.

"The information which I was able to give General Johnston as

to the roads upon which the enemy were now moving, enabled him to prepare for an attack which was made by them early the next morning just before day.

"I was among those who awaited the approach of the enemy, and you will pardon me if I say that it gave me no little satisfaction to aim my rifle at those who had so recently and so frequently taken a wing shot at me."

From the *Times-Dispatch*, December 3, 1905.

THE HONOR ROLL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

Students At This Splendid Institution Who Died in Defense of South's Cause.

NAMES THAT CANNOT DIE.

Will be Preserved in Marble, as they are in the Hearts of Loved Ones.

[See Vol. XXI *Southern Historical Society's Papers* for the glowing address of the late Major Robert Stiles at the dedication of the monument to the dead of the University of Virginia, delivered January 7th, 1893. Some errors in the list have been corrected in the reprint in this volume, and queries appended to some names. "(?)"—Ed.]

By the courtesy of Professor J. W. Mallet, of the University of Virginia, who, himself an Englishman, is English like and "Honors the brave." I am able to send to you "the Honor Roll of the students of the University of Virginia who were killed, died or lost in actual military service of the Confederacy." They number four hundred and forty-five (445).

Near Westminster Abbey is the beautiful monument of the young soldiers of the institution, which is in the vicinage who fell in the Crimea, after illustrating Lord Bacon's sentiment that "it is well for a nation to raise a breed of military men." If the names of the students of the University, who served in the war, were added they would constitute at least a brigade in number.

In this "Roll of Honor" are the names of all ranks, from the general to the private soldier, for the "U. Va." men showed that "the rank is but the genuine stamp," and they "were men for 'a that."

It is pleasing to know that the roll will be engraved on enduring tablets, and so preserved at the University in sacred memory of the time that proved men's souls, and of those, too, who possessed the souls, and gave them back to their Creator for their land's sake.

Harvard University points to the marble engravures on her walls which bear the names of her sons who fell in battle. They were not so numerous as those of the University, though they represented a much larger body of alumni. Every college and school and academy in Virginia whose boys went to battle should follow these worthy examples.

I ask right of way in your columns for this "Roll of Honor."

Very respectfully,

JOHN W. DANIEL.

Any errors or omissions in this list should be reported at once to Mrs. Noah K. Davis, University of Virginia, in order that there may be a complete roster of the students of the University of Virginia who died in the service of their country.

Below is given their names, the States from which they came and the place and year of their death:

Abercrombie, L. B., Tex.
Alexander, C. A., Va., Fort Delaware, 1863.
Allen, J., Lt., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Allen, W. F., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1883
Anderson, H., Va., M. W. Sulphur Springs, 1862.
Anderson, W. L., Va., Malvern Hill, Va. 1862.
Anderson, J. S., Capt., Va., Fredericksburg, 1862.
Anderson, J. W., Maj., Va., Bakers Creek, Miss., 1863.
Archer, E. S., Malvern Hill, Va., 1862.
Arnell, W. L., Tenn., 1863.
Arnold, P. M., Lt., Va., Richmond, 1862.
Arnold, A. J., Lt., Va., Port Republic, 1862.
Arrington, S. L., Capt., Ala., Farewell, Tenn., 1862.
Ashton, R. W., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Austin, L. M., Surg., Greenville, S. C., 1863.
Avery, H. A., Miss., Island No. 10, Miss., 1862.
Banks, T. W., Lt., Va., Gloucester co., Va., 1865.
Barbour, A. M., Maj., Va., Montgomery, Ala., 1865.
Barraud, T. L., Capt. Va., Brandy Station, Va., 1863.
Barton, D. R., Lt., Va., Fredericksburg, Va., 1862.
Barnett, B. N., Miss.
Batley, W. H., Ga., Sharpsburg, Md., 1862.
Baylor, T. G., Va., Petersburg, Va. 1861.
Baylor, W. S. H., Va., Manassas, Va. 1862.

Beale, J. R., Va., Bedford County, Va., 1862.
Beall, J. G., Va., F. Columbus, N. Y., 1865.
Bedinger, G. R. W., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Bell, R. S., Va., Rappahannock, B'dg., (?) 1863.
Bell, L. R. N. C., Malvern Hill, Va., 1862.
Berry, L. G. W., Va., Fairfax County, Va., 1861.
Bibb, F. S., Lt. Va., Chancellorsville, Va. 1861
Bird, J. W., Va., 1861.
Biscoe, T. H., Maj., La., Spotsylvania Co., Va., 1864.
Bonner, S. R., Ga., Shenandoah, Va., 186–.
Booton, W. S., Ga., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Boston, R. B., Col., Va., High Bridge, Va., 1865.
Bowles, T. B., Va., 1862.
Bowling, H. A., Capt., Md., Richmond, Va., 1864.
Bowyer, E. F., Capt., Va., Drewry's Bluff, Va., 1862.
Bradford, R., Fla., Santa Rosa, Fla., 186–.
Brawner, W. G., Capt., Va., Seneca Mills, Md., 1863.
Braxton, W. A., Va., 186–.
Breckenridge, P. G., Capt., Va., Kennons Landing, Va., 1864.
Breckenridge, J., Capt., Va., Petersburg, 1865.
Broadus, E. L., Va., 186–.
Brockenborough, A. A. G., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Bronaugh, W. N., Maj., Va., Richmond, Va., 1862.
Brown, J. T., Col., Va., Wilderness, Va., 1864.
Brown, A. J., Col., Tenn., 1864.
Brown, S. W., Va., Staunton, Va., 1864.
Buckner, T. R., Lt., Va., Spotsylvania, C. H., 1864.
Buford, J. W., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1864.
Buist, E. S., Surg., S. C., Hilton Head, S. C., 1864.
Burgess, S. N., Surg., S. C., Statesburg, S. C., 1861.
Burkhalter, J. E., Surg., Ft. Royal, S. C., 1862.
Butler, E. G. W., Maj., La. Belmont, 186–.
Butler, C. A., Capt., Fla., Seven Pines, Va., 1862.
Butler, W. B., Capt., Fla., Chancellorsville, Va., 1863.
Butt, J. W., Lt., Va., Richmond, Va., 1862.
Cabell, J. C., Lt., Va., Richmond, Va., 1863.
Cardwell, J. R., Va., Augusta, Ga., 1864.
Carr, J. G., Lt., Va., Dry Creek, Va., 1863.
Carr, W. C., Lt., Va., Seven Pines, Va., 1863.
Carr, J. G., Va.

Carrington, W. C. P., Capt., Va., Edwards Depot, Miss., 1863.
Carter, J. C., Brig. Gen., Ga., Franklin, Tenn., 1864.
Carey, G. M., Va., Gloucester Co., Va., 1862.
Carson, S. M., Surg., Va., Tennessee.
Charles, F. E., La., Arkansas, 186–.
Chalmers, J., Va., Fairfax, Va., 1861.
Chalmers, H. C., Asst. Surg., Va., 1865.
Chapman, G. B., Capt., Va., Winchester, Va., 186–.
Chew, R. E., Col., Miss., Prairie Grove, Va., 186–.
Christian, H. B., Lt., Miss., Appomattox, Va., 1865.
Clark, P. H., Capt., Va., Richmond, Va., 1862.
Clay, C. G., Va., Spotsylvania C. H., 1864.
Cleaver, W. H., Capt., Ark., Rio Grande River, 1862.
Cochran, J. L., Va., 1862.
Cocke, P. St. Geo., Va., Brig. Gen., Va., 1861.
Cocke, W. H., Asst. Surg. Va., Washington, D. C., 1865.
Cocke, W. F., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Cohen, G., Ga., Bentonville, N. C., 1865.
Coleman, L. M., Lt., Col., Prof. U. Va., Fredericksburg, Va., 1863.
Coleman, T. G., Lt. Va., Manassas Va., 1862.
Coleman, J. H., Maj. Ala., Murfreesboro, Tenn., 1861.
Coleman, C. L., Capt., La., Spotsylvania, Va., 1864.
Collins, W. G., Va., 186—.
Conrad, H. A., Va., Manassas, Va., 1862.
Conrad, H. T., Va., Manassas, Va., 1863.
Cooke, W. M., Va., 186—.
Corbin, R., Va., Culpeper, Va., 1862.
Cosnahan, J. B., Capt. S. C., Warren Co., N. C., 1863.
Cossit, C. E., Capt. Tenn., Milton, Tenn., 1862.
Cowan, C. S., Surg. Miss., 1862.
Cowherd, C. S., Va., Orange Co., Va., 1863.
Cowin, J. H., Ala., Chancellorsville, Va., 1861.
Cox, J. E., Lt., Va., Chesterfield, Va., 1865.
Cropp, J. T., Surg., Va., 1863.
Cunliffe, W. E., Miss., Chancellorsville, Va., 1861.
Davenport, N. J., La., 1863.
Davidson, G., Capt., Va., Chancellorsville, Va., 1865.
Davidson, A., Va., Lexington, Va., 1864.
Davis, R. B., Capt., Va., Peeble's Farm, Va., 1864.

Davis, R., Capt., Va., Woodstock, Va.
Davis, L. W., Va., 1864.
Doby, A. E., Capt., S. C., Wilderness, Va., 1864.
Drewry, J. H., Va., Ashland, Va., 1863.
Dyson, L. M., S. C., Charlottesville, Va.
Earle, C. E., Capt., S. C., Richmond, Va.
Earle, W. R., S. C., Manassas, Va., 1861.
Easton, E. W., Ala., Richmond, Va., 1862.
Elliott, R. E., Jr., Capt., S. C., Richmond, Va., 1863.
Elliott, R. H., Lt., Ga., Atlanta, Ga., 1863.
Elliott, P., Ga., Washington, D. C., 1865.
Ewing, D. P., Va., Botetourt Co., Va., 1862.
Exum, J. K., Ky., Shiloh, Tenn., 1862.
Fairfax, R., Va., Fredericksburg, Va., 1862.
Farley, W. D., Capt., S. C., Brandy Station, Va.
Ferguson, W. C,, Surg., Va., Richmond, Va.
Field, T. G., Capt., Miss., Harrisburg, Miss.
Field, W. G., Capt., Va., Malvern Hill, Va., 1862.
Flood, T. W., Va., Campbell Co., Va., 1862.
Fluker, B. K., La., 186—.
Foley, T. W., La., Assumption Par., La., 1865.
Fontaine, E., Jr., Va., Centreville, Va., 1861.
Forniss, T. K., Ala., Seven Pines, Va., 1862.
Fowlkes, E., Capt., Va., Seven Pines, Va., 1862.
Franklin, J. W., Surg., Va., Pamplins Depot, Va., 1865.
Fraser, E. J., Va., 186—.
Frazier, J. A., Va., Rockbridge Co., Va., 1862.
French, J. B., Adjt., Tex., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Galt, J., Jr., Va., Fluvanna Co., 1862.
Gandy, D. F., Lt., S. C., 1861.
Gardner, H. W., Surg., N. C., 1862.
Gardner, R. N., Fla., 1862.
Garland, Jr., S., Brig.-Gen., Va., Boonsborough, Md., 1862.
Garnett, T. S., Col., Va., Chancellorsville, Va., 1863.
Garlington, B. C., Lt., S. C., Savage Station, Va.
Garrison, W. F., Ga., Seven Pines, Va.
Garth, G. M., Va., Alabama, 1862.
Gazzam, G. G., Lt., Ala., Mobile, Ala., 1865.
Geiger, G. H , Va., Gettysburg, Pa.
George, L. A., Lt., Va., Five Forks, Va.

Gilchrist, J. M., Capt., Ala., Wilderness, Va.
Glenver, J. T., Lt., Va., 1862.
Goggin, W. L., Lt., Va., Lynchburg, Va., 1861.
Goodloe, D. G., Tenn., Ohio, 1861.
Goodman, J. B., Asst. Surg., Va., Charleston, S. C., 1864.
Gordon, G. L., Va., Malvern Hill, Va., 1862.
Gordon, G., Va., 186—.
Green, R. H., Va., 186—.
Gregg, J. J., Capt., S. C., Hammond, S. C., 186—.
Griffin, J. W., Chapl., Va., Roanoke Co., Va.
Grivot, W. P., Capt., La., Forsythe, Ga., 1864.
Grogan, K., Md., Greenland Gap, Va., 1863.
Guiger, G. H., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Gunn, S. R., Miss., Leesburg, Va., 1861.
Garland, H. A., Col., Mo., Franklin, Tenn.
Haden, J. W., Va., Petersburg, Va., 1864.
Hairston, H., Md., Cascade, Va., 1862.
Hairston, G. S., Miss., Shiloh, Tenn., 1862.
Hale, S., Capt., Va., Spotsylvania, Va.
Hall, G. A., Lt., Ga., Yorktown, Va., 1862.
Hall, R. H., Capt., Va., 1863.
Hall, B., Col., Ala., Montgomery, Ala.
Haliday, D. W., Ga., Manassas, 1862.
Hambrick, J. A., Maj., Va., Drewry's Bluff, 1864.
Hamer, C. F., Capt., Miss., Cayuga, Miss.
Hamilton, B. H., Col., S. C.
Hamlet, J. C., Lt., Va.
Hamlin, W. B., Adjt., Va., Petersburg, Va.
Hammond, G. W., Lt.-Col., Va., Floyd's Farm.
Hamner, N. B., Va., Boonsboro, Md., 1863.
Hancock, W. H., Va., Winchester, Va., 1864.
Hare, T. E., Lt., Tenn.
Harmanson, J. R., Lt., Va., Seven Pines, 1862.
Harrison, B., Capt., Va., Malvern Hill, Va., 1862.
Harrison, D. E., Capt., Va., Ft. Donelson, Tenn., 1862.
Harrison, J. P., Va., Hardy's Bluff, Va., 1861.
Harrison, J. W., Va., Petersburg, Va., 1864.
Harvey, G., Capt., Mo., Heathsville, Va., 1865.
Harvie, C. I., Capt., Va., Cedar Run, Va., 1864.

Harvin, W. E., Capt., Ga., Johnson's Island, 1863.
Haskell, W. T., Capt., S. C., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Hays, J. S., N. C., Williamsburg, Va., 1862.
Healy, E. M., Capt., Va., Manassas, Va., 1862.
Heath, R. B., Adjt., Va., Richmond, Va., 1863.
Hemphill, R., S. C., Seven Pines, Va., 1862.
Henderson, E. A., Capt., N. C., Cold Harbor, Va., 1864.
Hendrick, R. L., Va., Mecklenburg Co., Va.. 1862.
Henry, J. F., Maj., Tenn., Shiloh, Tenn.
Hicks, J. H., N. C., Chancellorsville, Va., 1863.
Hobbs, T. H., Col., Ala.
Hobson, A. M., Capt., Va., 1863.
Hodges, T. P., Capt. Miss., Atlanta, Ga., 1863.
Hoffman, T. W., Lt., Va., Cold Harbor, Va., 1864.
Holcombe, H. L., Adjt., Ala., Frazier's Farm, Va.
Holcombe, J. C., Capt., Ga., 1861.
Holladay, J. M., Va., Albemarle Co., Va., 1862.
Holland, N. W., Capt., Fla., Olustee, Fla.
Holleman, G. C., Fla., Seven Pines, Va., 1862.
Holman, B. O., Capt., Ala., Ft. Delaware, Md., 1863.
Holmes, A. T., S. C., Oxford, Miss., 1862.
Hull, J. M., Va., Fairfax C. H., Va., 1862.
Hungerford, T. J., Capt., Va.
Hunter, L. M., Capt., Ala., Portland, Ala., 1861.
Hunter, R. M. T., Jr., Va., Essex Co., 1861.
Hunter, B. B., Capt., Va., Petersburg, Va., 1864.
Hutton, W. B., Lt., Ala., Chancellorsville, Va., 1863.
Irving, C., Va., Petersburg, Va., 1865.
Irving, J. K., Cal., 1864.
Jackson, J. B., Mo., 1864.
Jackson, A., S. C., Fredericksburg, Va., 1863.
James, R. E., S. C., Richmond, Va.
Jenkins, J. S., Lt., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Jenkins, M. A., Va., Richmond, Va., 1862.
Jones, E. J., Col., Ala., Manassas, Va., 1861.
Jones, C. A., Capt., Va., Nottoway C. H., 1862.
Jones, J. G., Capt., Va., Kernstown, Va., 1862.
Jones, J. T., Ala., Cold Harbor, Va., 1862.
Jones, L. B., Va., 1862.
Jeffrey, A., Va., Norfolk.
Jones, T. R., Capt., Va., Selma, Ala., 1864.

Jones, J. L., Va., Gettysburg, Pa.
Jones, F. P., Lt., Va., Winchester, Va., 1863.
Jordan, W. J., Surg., N. C., South Mount, Md., 1864.
Jordan, J. W., Ala, Manassas, Va., 1861.
Keels, W. E., Capt., S. C., Charleston, W. Va., 1861.
Kemper, G. B., Lt., S. C., Wilderness, Va., 1862.
Kilpatrick, F. W., Col., S. C., Lookout Mt., Tenn., 1864.
Kinchloe, W. J., Lt. Adjt., Va., Smithfield, W. (?) Va., 1863.
Lane, T. H., N. C., Florida.
Lamar, C. A., Ga., Columbus, Ga., 1865.
Lane, R. W., Ala., Huntsville, Ala.
Lane, G. H., Capt., Va., 1862.
Latane, W., Capt., Va., Old Church, Va., 1862.
Latane, J., Lt., Va., Washington, D. C., 1864.
Latham, R. P., Lt., Va., Culpeper C. H., Va., 1862.
Laurens, J., Navy, Charleston, S. C., 1865.
Leftwich, J. W., Surg., Va., Pittsylvania Co., Va.
Leigh, J. R., Lt., Col., Va., Corinth, Miss., 1863.
Leigh, R. W., Lt., Col., Va., Corinth, Miss., 1863.
Lenoir, W. H., Tenn., Bowling Green, 1861.
Lewis, G. N., Ala., Sharpsburg, Md., 1862.
Lewis, J., Lt., W. Va., Winchester, Va.
Lindsay, J. W., Va.
Love, R. T., Va., Seven Pines, Va., 1862.
Lowry, J. M., Va., Richmond, Va., 1864.
Luckett, F. E., Surg., Va., Richmond, Va., 1863.
Luckett, L. M., Va., Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862.
Lyles, W. B., Capt., S. C., Seven Pines, Va., 1862.
MacLeod, F. H., Fla., 1863.
Magruder, J. B., Col., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Magruder, J. W., Lt., Va., Meadow Bridge, Va., 1864.
Magruder, J. H., Capt., Va., 1863.
Major, E. P., Lt., Va., Seven Pines, Va., 1862.
Manning, R. I., Capt., S. C., Fulton, S. C., 1861.
Markham, R. A., Ala.
Marsh, D., Lt., Ala., Atlanta, Ga.
Marshall, T., Lt., Col., Fisher's Hill, Va., 1864.
Martin, G., Va., Albemarle Co., Va., 1865.
Martin, T., Capt., Va., Malvern Hill, Va., 1862.
Massie, J. L., Capt., Va., Fisher's Hill, Va., 1864.

Massie, R. T., Va.
Mastin, G. B., Ala., Seven Pines, Va.
Maupin, J. R., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Maury, J. H., Lt., D. C., Vicksburg, Miss., 1863.
Meade, W. Z., Lt., Va., Resaca, Ga., 1864.
Meade, H. E., Va., Petersburg, Va., 1862.
Meems, A. R., Surg., Va., Mt. Jackson, Va., 1865.
Meem, J. L., Capt., Va., Seven Pines, Va., 1862.
Meredith, W. B., Lt., Va., Richmond, Va., 1862.
Merritt, H. E., Va., Mississippi, 1863.
Merritt, W. T., Va.
Metcalf, C., Lt., Miss., Charlotte, C. H., Va., 1865.
Middleton, A., Va., Texas, 1864.
Minor, W. B., Va., Charlottesville, Va.
Moore, J. W., Maj., N. C., St. John's, N. C.
Moore, W., Va., Five Forks, Va., 1865.
Moore, A. C., S. C., 2d Manassas, Va., 1862.
Morrill, W. T., Va., Alexandria, Va., 1862.
Morris, W., Va., Cold Harbor, Va., 1862.
Morris, G. W., Va., Petersburg, Va., 1862.
Morris, J., Lt., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Morrison, R. J., Maj., Va., Williamsburg, Va., 1861.
Morton, W., Miss., Shiloh, Tenn., 1862.
Morton, A., Va., Gettysburg, Va., 1863.
Mosby L., Lt., Va., Wytheville, Va., 1863.
Moseley, H. L., Va., Buckingham C. H., Va., 1862.
Munford, C. E., Lt., Va., Malvern Hill, Va., 1862.
McAfee, M., Maj., Miss., Jackson, Miss., 1862.
McAllister, J. N., Lt., Va., Okolona, Miss., 1861.
McCormick, C., Surg., Va., Berryville, Va.
McCoy, W., Capt., Va., 1861.
McCoy, W. K., Va., Charlottesville, Va.
McDaniel, J., Va.
McDonald, C. W., Capt., Va., Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862.
McDowell, T. P., Va., Gordonsville, Va., 1862.
McElmurry, W. L., Ga., Manassas Junc. Va. 1861.
McGehee, N. M., Va.
McIntyre, A., Lt., S. C., Sharpsburg, 1862.
McIver, J. K., S. C., Point Lookout, 1863.
McKerall, W., La., Camp Douglas, Ill.

McKim, R. B., Md., Winchester, Va. 1862.
McMillin, J. M., Ky., Franklin, Tenn. 1862.
McMurry, A. G., Ga., Sharpsburg, Md. 1862.
McPherson, S., Ass't Surg., Va., Richmond, Va. 1863.
Nelson, H. M., Maj., Va., Albemarle county, Va. 1862.
Nelson, J. A., Surg., Va., Culpepper county, Va. 1863.
Nelson, H., Capt., Va.
Newman, W. S., Lt., Va., Winchester, Va. 1862.
Newman, T. H., Va., Middleburg, Va. 1863.
Newton, T., Surg., Va., Norfolk, Va. 1862.
Newton, W. B., Lt., Col., Va., Raccoon Ford, Va. 1863.
Newton, J., Capt., Ark., Shiloh, Tenn. 1862.
Otey, G. G., Capt., Va., Lynchburg, Va. 1863.
Page, Mann, Va., Albemarle county, Va.
Paine, H. R., Va., Manassas, Va.
Palmer, J. S., Capt., S. C., Atlanta, Ga. 1864.
Palmer, S. D., S. C., Charlottesville, Va. 1863.
Palmer, J. J., S. C., Manassas, Va. 1862.
Parker, W. F., Md., Snow Hill, Md., 1865.
Parker, W. H. H., Va., Middleburg, Va,, 1863.
Pate, H. C., Col., Va., Yellow Tavern, Va., 1864.
Patterson, R. B., Capt., Amherst C. H., 1862.
Paxton, E. F., Brig. Gen., Va., Chancellorsville, Va., 1862.
Peake, W. B., Eng., Va., Cold Harbor, Va., 1862.
Peebles, L. J., Va., Seven Pines, Va., 1862.
Peek, W. H., Surg., Va., Ft. Delaware, Md.
Peebles, P. A., Capt., Miss., Cold Harbor, Va.
Pegram, W. J., Col., Five Forks, Va., 1865.
Pendleton, A. S., Lt. Col., Va., Woodstock, Va., 1864.
Pendleton, P. H., Va., Spotsylvania, Va., 1864.
Peyton, R. L. G., Col., Ohio, Golden Springs, O., 1863.
Perry, J. E., Ga., Waynesboro, Ga., 1864.
Phelps, W. B., W. Va., Centreville, Va., 1861.
Pike, W. L., Ark.
Pittman, J. D., Fla., Manassas, Va., 1862.
Pleasants, J. H., Va., 1864.
Poelnitz, J. A., Lt., Ala., Montpelier, Ala., 1865.
Poelnitz, E. A., Lt., Ala., Montpelier, Ala., 1865.
Poindexter, P., Lt., Col., Va., Suffolk, Va., 1864.
Poisal, J. R., Md., Centreville, Va. 1861.

Pollard, J. R., Surg., Va., Charlottesville, Va., 1862.
Pollard, C. W., Va., 1865.
Pollard, J., Lt., Ala., Murfreesboro, Tenn., 1863,
Pollock, T. G., Capt., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Poore, R. H., Maj., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Posey, C., Brig. Gen., Miss., Univer. of Va., 1863.
Prentis, J., Va., Malvern Hill, Va., 1862.
Preston, T. W., Col., Va., Shiloh, Tenn., 1862.
Price, W. F., Assistant Surgeon, Va., 1862.
Prioleau, C. E. S. C., Hawe's Shop, Va., 1864.
Radford, J. T., Lt. Col., Va., Cedarville, Va., 1864.
Radford, W. M., Captain, Va., Williamsburg, Va., 1861.
Randolph, G. W., Gen., Va., Richmond, Va.
Randolph, T. J., Miss., South Mt., Va., 1862.
Randolph, A. S., Lt., La., Vicksburg, Miss.
Randolph, W. H., Lt., Va., Chancellorsville.
Rawls, C. C., Lt., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Rector, W. B., Va., Kernstown, Va., 1862,
Redwood, J. M., Lt., Ala., Richmond, Va., 1865.
Redwood, J. T., Ala., Richmond, Va., 1865.
Reese, J. J., Va., Manassa, Va., 1861.
Reed, W. S., Va., Malvern Hill, Va., 1862.
Rice T. C., Lt., Va., 1862.
Riddick, E. T., Lt., N. C., Sharpsburg, Md., 1862.
Riddick, S. A., N. C., Hanover, Va., 1863.
Ridley, W. G., Va., Manassas, Va., 1862.
Rives, C. M., Lt., Va., Cold Harbor, Va., 1864.
Rives, G. T., Capt., Va., Petersburg, Va., 1865.
Roane, T. R., Va., Petersburg, Va., 1863.
Robinson, J. A., Va., Richmond, Va., 1863.
Robinson, J. S., Va., 1863.
Rogers, R. L., Va., Richmond, Va., 1864.
Rogers, J. A., Asst. Surg., N. C., Drewry's Bluff, Va., 1864.
Rogers, W. F., Asst. Surg., Ala., Sunflower Co., Miss., 1862.
Rogers, L. M., Va., Goochland, Va., 1864.
Ross, W. A., Lt., Va., Culpeper, Va.
Royal, G. K., Va., Manassas, Va., 1862.
Ruffin, T., Lt., N. C., Johnson's Is., Erie, 1864.
Ruffner, J., Lt., Va., 1863.
Russell A. J., Ala., Pensacola, Fla.
Salle, R. C., Virginia, 1864.

Samuells, S. C., Virginia, 1864.
Sangster, J. H., Va., Manassas, Va., 1862.
Sapp, J. M., Ga., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Saunders, W. M., Capt., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Scott, T. J., Ala., Williamsburg, Va., 1862.
Seabrook, C. P., S. C., Chancellorsville, Va., 1863.
Selden, W. L., Va., Harrisonsburg, Va., 1862.
Semmes, P., Brig. Gen., Ga., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Shands, E., Capt., Va., Shenandoah, Va., 1861.
Shearer, J. C., Va., Chickahominy, Va., 1863.
Shearer, R. B., Capt., Va., Monocacy, Md., 1864.
Shelton, C. O., Asst. Surgeon., Mo., N. O., La., 1862.
Shelton, C. T., Va., Vicksburg, Miss., 1862.
Shephard, S., Lt., Va., Texas.
Shepherd, H., La., Camp Chase.
Shepherd, W. F., Va., Cheat Mt., Va.
Shewmake, V. P., Ga., Richmond, Va., 1862.
Ship, F. E., Va., Winchester, Va., 1862.
Simms, R. D., Va., Mt. Meridian, 1862.
Simpson, E. W., Asst., Ga., Charlottesville, Va., 1862.
Smith, F. W., Lt. Col., Va., Amelia Co., Va., 1865.
Smith, S., Capt. Va., University of Va., 1864.
Somerville, J. M., Tenn., Atlanta, Ga., 1864.
Somerville, W., Asst. Surg. Va., Mitchells, Va., 1862.
St. Clair, O. M., Mo., Vicksburg, Miss., 1862.
Stevens, H. L., S. C., Manassas, Va., 1862.
Stirling, T. P., S. C., Richmond, Va., 1863.
Stovall, J. B., Surg., N. C., Granville, N. C.
Strain, E. H., Asst. Surg., Va., Richmond, Va., 1864.
Stuart, G. W., Va., Fredericksburg, Va,, 1863.
Swann, S. R., Surg., Va., Norfolk, Va., 1862.
Sykes. W. E., Adjt., Miss., Decatur, Ala., 1864.
Scott, R. E., Va., Fauquier Co., Va., 1862.
Scott, W. C., Col., Va., Powhatan, Va., 1865.
Shields, W. S., Lt., Tenn., Corinth, Miss., 1862.
Smith, R. B., Lt., Col., Va., Warrenton Va., 1865.
Tallaferro, F. W., Va., Chancellorsville, Va., 1863.
Tayloe, L., Lt. Col., Va., Raccoon Ford, Va., 1863.
Taylor, E. P., Va., 1862.
Taylor, T. J., Lt., Ala., Baker's Creek, Ala.

Taylor, B. M., Va., Petersburg, Va., 1864.
Tebbs, W. W., Capt., Va., Charles City, Va., 1863.
Terrell, L. F., Maj., Va., James' Island, N. C., 1864.
Terrell, R. Q., Lt., Ky., Owensboro, Ky., 1865.
Terrell, P. M., Va.
Thompson, J. B., Lt. Col., Va., Shiloh, Tenn., 1862.
Thompson, W. B., Va.
Thornton, J. T., Col., Va., Sharpsburg, Md., 1862.
Thurmond, J. G., Maj., Tenn., Yazoo, Miss., 186–.
Tillinghast, H., Capt., Fla., Sharpsburg, Md., 1862.
Towles, J. T., La., Charlottesville, Va., 1861.
Towles, W. E., La., Jacksons, Fla., 1863.
Toner, T. H., Lt., Va., Kernstown, Va., 1862.
Townes, E. D., Maj., Ala., Travis, Tex., 1864.
Triplett, W. S., Va., Richmond, Va., 1863.
Tucker, H. S., Geo., Lt. Col., Va., Charlottesville, Va. 1863.
Tupman, P. M., Surg. Va., Essex Co., Va. 1863.
Tupper, F., Lt., Ga., Baltimore, Md., 1865.
Tureaud, E., Jr., La.
Turner, J. C., Lt., Ala., Manassas, Va. 1861.
Tyler, L., Va., Bull Run, Va., 1861.
Upshaw, G. W., Va.
Van de Graaf, W. J., Ala.
Vaughan. G. H., Mo.
Voss, F., Md., Green River, Ky.
Wade, W. M., Va., Norfolk, Va. 1862.
Wait, G. H., Ark., Little Rock, Ark., 1863.
Walke, I. T., Jr., Lt. Col., Va., Woodstock, Va., 1864.
Walker, C., Ala.
Walker, J. T., Texas.
Walker, S. G., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Ward, W. N., Va.
Wardlaw, R. H., S. C., Gravel's Run, S. C., 1863.
Wartelle, F., La., Shiloh, Tenn, 1862.
Warwick, B., Surg., Va., Gaines' Mills Va., 1862.
Washington, J. A., Lt. Col., Va., W. Va., 1861.
Washington, J. E., Lt. Col., S. C., Monterey, Va., 1861.
Watkins, W. M., Va., Halifax, Va., 1864.
Watson, D., Maj. Art., Va., Spotsylvania, Va., 1864.
Weddell, V. L., Va.

Wertenbaker, T. G., Va., Charlottsville, Va., 1862.
West, J. N., La., Louisiana, 1865.
Weyman, J. B., Ala., 1864.
Wheatley, J. G., Va., 1864.
Wheeler, C., Va., Little Rock, Ark.
White, D. S., Texas, Panold, Miss., 1863.
Wilson, R. C., Miss., 1863.
Wilson, N. C., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Wilson, T. D., Surg., S. C., Bishopville, S. C., 1865.
Wimberly, F. E., Ga., Sharpsburg, Md., 1862.
Wingfield, M. A., Ga., Macon, Ga., 1861.
Winston, J. E., Va., Manassas, Va., 1862.
Withers, A. J., Ala., Pensacola, Fla., 1861.
Withers, J. T., Surg., W. Va., Richmond, Va., 1862.
Wolfe, W. H., S. C., Congaree River, S. C.
Womack, G. W., La., Jonesboro, Ga., 1864.
Wood, J. D., Capt., Va., Shiloh, Tenn.
Wooding, G. W., Capt., Va., Chancellorsville, Va., 1862.
Woodley, G. C., S. C., Cold Harbor, Va., 1864.
Woodson, J., Maj. and Q. M., Va., Lynchburg, Va., 1864.
Worsham, P. H., Va., 1863.
Wray, G., Col., Va., Texas, 1864.
Wrenn, A. J., Capt., Va., 1864.
Wrenn, W., Capt., Va., Manassas, Va., 1862.
Wren, F. E., Lt., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.
Wright, J. D., S. C., Richmond, Va.
Wright, W. A., Capt., Va., Fredricksburg, 1862.
Wright, S. S., Va., Patterson's Creek, W. Va., 1864.
Wright, W. S., Va., Orange C. H., Va., 1863.
Wyatt, R. O., Capt. Art., Va., Cold Harbor, Va., 1864.
Wyatt, J. W., Surg., Va., Albemarle Co., Va., 1861.
Wynn, W. B., N. C., Castle Wm., N. Y., 1864.
Wynn, W. G., Va., 1862.
Wysor, B. F., Va., Montgomery Co., Va., 1863.
Yancey, T. L., Capt., Va., M'Gaheysville, Va., 1862.
Young, C. O., Va., Winchester, Va., 1862.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, August 13th, 1905.

THE BATTLE AT BETHESDA CHURCH.

Graphic Description of It by Lieutenant Colonel C. B. Christian.

THE COLOR BEARER KILLED.

One Among the Bloodiest Contests of the Great War of the Sixties.

[For the privation of, and the list of the officers under fire on Morris Island, see Vols. XII, and XVIII, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, the latter by Hon. Abe Fulkerson, late Colonel 63rd Tennessee Infantry.—Ed.]

The sharp combat at Bethesda Church, on the afternoon of May 30th, 1864, was the beginning of the series of battles at Cold Harbor, which wound up by the decisive repulse of Grant on June 3d. Our loss on that occasion, except in Pegram's brigade, was small, says General Early in his report, which is found in Vol. 51, Part 1, Series 1, of the War Records, Serial Number 107. He was at that time commanding Ewell's corps. Colonel Edward Willis,* of Georgia, and Col. J. B. Terrill, of the Thirteenth Virginia, had both been named as Brigadier Generals, but were killed ere their commissions reached them. Willis was a brilliant young officer of great promise and of distinguished service. A West Pointer by training, he had won a name which will live in the annals of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Colonel J. B. Terrill was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute; had commanded the Thirteenth Virginia with great courage and skill, succeeding James A. Walker and A. P. Hill as colonel of a regiment which had no superiority in the Confederate

*Son of Dr. Frances T. Willis, deceased, (of Virginia ancestry) late of this city and formerly of Georgia. See *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XVII—Lee Monument Memorial Volume, pp. 160-167—for further testimony as to the zeal and efficiency of this accomplished and intrepid young officer.

Army. His brother, General Terrill, of the United States Army, was a West Pointer, and had been killed at Perryville, Ky.

Colonel Christian's account of this combat gives us a picturesque glimpse of the charge of the Forty-ninth Virginia Regiment, which made its mark under Colonel (Governor) William Smith, at First Manassas, and sustained its reputation to the close of its career. Colonel Christian was a V. M. I. man and one of those sturdy fighting men who always had "his place in the picture by the blasting of the guns." His adventures from Bethesda Church to Morris island bring vividly before the mind the days that verily "tried men's souls."

The army was so steadily fighting at the time of this action that reports are scant, and Colonel Christian is doing his State and his comrades worthy service in thus giving his memory of valiant deeds.

JOHN W. DANIEL.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir:—This was the bloodiest fight of our Civil War considering the number engaged on our side. The per cent. in killed and wounded was three times as great as that of the French at the battle of Waterloo. The loss of officers was full ninety per cent. of all engaged (mostly killed.) It was there the dashing Colonel Edward Willis, of the 12th Georgia (in temporary command of our brigade), was killed. His staff officer, the chivalrous young Lieutenant Randolph,* of Richmond, also was killed; 'twas there the brave Col. J. B. Terrill, of the Thirteenth Virginia, ended his useful career, as did, also, Major Watkins, the brave soldier of the Fifty-second.

'Twas there Colonel J. C. Gibson, like an old "war-horse," always scenting the battle in the breeze, came down from the hospital on one leg and got the other shattered to pieces. In fact, every field officer and nearly every company officer in the brigade, present in action, was either killed or wounded. General Lee's lines were formed at right angles to the ——— road leading down James River near second Cold Harbor. The enemy on our front shifted

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*Joseph Tucker Randolph, eldest son of the late veteran bookseller and publisher, Joseph W. Randolph and his wife Honora Mary Tucker, sister of Captain John Randolph Tucker, U. S. Navy, the late Major Norman V. Randolph, identified so conspicuously with the weal and progress of our city and section, was a younger son.

their position and threw up earthworks lower down on the road, and parallel to it. Orders came to Early's old brigade (the fourth Virginia), composed of the Forty-ninth, Fifty-second, Fifty-eighth, Thirty-first and Thirteenth Regiments, to march down the road and make a reconnoissance preliminary to second Cold Harbor battle. Our regiment, the Forty-ninth, Virginia, having lost nine color bearers in the battles from Wilderness to Richmond, I went down the line to select another. I came to a tall, lanky, beardless boy, from Amherst, with a "red cap" on, so soon to die, but to die game. I said, "Orendorf, will you carry the colors?" He replied, "Yes, Colonel, I will carry them. They killed my brother the other day; now damn them let them kill me too." He took the flag, so soon to be his winding sheet, and the brigade was marched out and down the road, the Forty-ninth at his head, for some distance, and halted, General Ramseur "bossing the job."

I then heard a single piece of artillery firing at intervals in a strip of woods on the left, and being at the head of the column, I heard General Ramseur say to General Early: "General, let me take that gun out of the wet." General Early vigorously advised and protested against it. Ramseur insisting, General Early finally acquiesced in the move.

ADVANCE OF PEGRAM'S BRIGADE.

"The brigade was fronted to the left and the advance started. The gun immediately retired to the works as a decoy and no resistance was made to our advances then. Presently we came to a level, open field, one-half mile across, and could see on the opposite side at the edge of another strip of timber behind which artillery was massed—heavier than I had ever seen, unless it was at Malvern Hill, although I had been in every battle of the war, from First Manassas down, fought by the Army of Northern Virginia; and bayonets bristling as thick as "leaves of Vallambrosa," supported by three distinct lines of battle, as will hereinafter appear.

They had evidently taken the exact range to the edge of the woods. As soon as the brigade was well into the open fields the enemy opened with the heaviest and most murderous fire I had ever seen with grape, canister and musketry. Our veterans of a hundred fights knew at a glance that they were marching up to die, rather than to waver. Our line melted away as if by magic—

every brigade, staff and field officer was cut down, (mostly killed outright) in an incredibly short time.

THE FORTY-NINTH VA. CHARGES AT "RIGHT-SHOULDER SHIFT."

I brought our regiment' (the Forty-ninth Virginia), to a "right-shoulder shift arms" to prevent firing and breaking ranks during the charge and pushed at a run through this maelstrom of death and carnage. The men who usually charged with the "rebel yell" rushed on in silence. At each successive fire, great gaps were made in our ranks, but immediately closed up. We crossed that field of carnage and mounted the parapet of the enemy's works and poured a volley in their faces. They gave way, but two lines of battle, close in their rear, rose and each delivered a volley into our ranks, in rapid succession. Some of our killed and wounded fell forward into the enemy's trenches—some backward outside the parapet. Our line already decimated was now almost annihilated. The remnants of the regiment formed and sheltered behind a fence partly thrown down (to shoot over) just outside of the parapet, and continued the unequal struggle, hoping for support that never came.

THE RED-CAP COLOR BEARER, ORENDORF, OF AMHERST.

But not so with the little red-cap color bearer. He stood erect within twenty feet of the muzzle of the enemy's guns and waved his flag defiantly in their faces. They must have hesitated to kill him in admiration of his bravery. Though finally a heavy gun was trailed on him not twenty yards distant. His little "red-cap" flew up ten feet, one arm went up one way, the other another—fragments of his flesh were dashed in our faces. They had "killed him, too."

THE OVERLAPPING ENEMY'S LINE. PART OF FORTY-NINTH VIRGINIA CAPTURED.

The Forty-ninth was the extreme right of our line. The enemy's line overlapped, outflanked, and encompassed us. It seemed we were shot at from everywhere. Finally the brave old Captain Stratton, from Nelson, said: "Colonel, in five minutes you won't have a man left, let them surrender!" Seeing the futility of continuing the unequal struggle of three officers and eighteen men against twenty thousand of the enemy, I said: "Captain, that is so, let them surrender, but I'll be hanged if I will." Eugene Flippin, of Lowesville, (whose leg had just been torn off), laying close by,

heard this and raised a so-called white flag, red with blood and black with powder, and the enemy ceased firing. The little remnant of the Forty-ninth Virginia Regiment stood up at an order arms, after which the writer started to run the gauntlet of death and cut his way out, if possible. I got about fifty yards and cleared the men when, as General Anderson, who commanded the Pennsylvania reserves we were fighting afterwards told me, three thousand shots were fired at me, all at once.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. B. CHRISTIAN WOUNDED AND CAPTURED.

One of the first struck me between my ear and head, but was turned out by a double gold cord around my hat, cutting off a small piece of my ear, and while falling I was shot through both shoulders, but fell in a deep water furrow, which saved me from being riddled. I had already been shot in the throat. Later they threw out a line of skirmishers: these advanced to where I lay—a sandy haired fellow leveled his gun at me and ordered me up. I told him I was wounded and perhaps bleeding to death. He gazed at me an instant and soliloquized: "What a likely fellow! What a pity! What a pity!" and moved on a few yards, when a shot from the woods fatally wounded him. He came staggering back, crying, "Johnny Reb, please kill me"—fell a few yards off crying out with pain—got up and staggered a few yards further—fell and was hushed in death. The skirmish line then retired into the trenches until after dark, when they covered the ground and commenced removing the wounded.

GENEROUS CONDUCT OF THE ENEMY.

The enemy treated me with great consideration and kindness, I was the ranking living officer of the brigade they had to deal with. General Anderson (I think that was the officer's name) who commanded the Pennsylvania reserves, whom we fought, had me carried on a stretcher to his headquarters, administered whiskey to me with his own hands as I was cold and chilly—offered me something to eat—gave directions that I was to have special medical attention and said that "I and every man I had, should be well treated—that he had never seen men come up at a 'right-shoulder shift arms' and meet death like mine did before." He asked me specially about the "red-cap" "color bearer," whose taking off he saw.

The next morning I was taken to a field hospital in the beautiful

yard of Dr. Brockenbrough, the brother of my old friend, Judge John W. Brockenbrough, and his tiny little girl bravely came into the enemy's tent with the maimed and dying and fed with a spoon her fallen defender. (God bless her!) All of their ambulances being engaged hauling their own wounded to the "White House" for shipment North, they fitted up a spring wagon drawn by four horses, by filling the body with pine tags, specially for me alone, and detailed one of my own men, slightly wounded, to wait on me. On my arrival at the wharf, while waiting, my three officers—Captain Stratton, Lieutenant Reid, and Lieutenant Anderson (under guard) found me in wagon. I made one of the "Sanitary Commission," constantly passing dispensing every known delicacy to eat and to drink, to their wounded, give them a drink of French brandy, and the driver fill their haversacks from the barrell of provisions in the wagon. I never saw but one of them again.

IN WASHINGTON, HEARING EARLEY'S GUNS ON THE SUBURBS.

I was shipped hence to Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C. While lying on my cot afterwards I could hear the boom of General Early's guns around the walls of the city, after having chased Hunter down the valley from Lynchburg, and I heard the Yankees say, "I believe the rebels will get in in spite of us."

AT FORT DELAWARE AND AT MORRIS ISLAND WITH THE SIX HUNDRED.

After weary months in Washington, during which time I was shown many kindnesses and attentions from Southern sympathizers, I was carried to Fort Delaware prison. After a lapse of some time I was drawn in with the lot of six hundred officers to be carried to "Morris Island," to be placed under the fire of our own guns at Charleston. We were crowded into the dark hole of the vessel, only equalled by the "Black Hole of Calcutta," and packed on shelves like goods in a store, without any light or air, except that driven down a shaft by wind-sails.

On our arrival at our destination we were put in a "stockade pen," between "Fort Wagner and Fort Gregg," and guarded by a negro regiment. For forty-five days we sat upon the sands and witnessed the burning fuses from bombs larger than nail kegs continuously fired night and day by our men at the forts. If they overshot the one or undershot the other they'd hit us. But that God that marks even the sparrow's fall, protected us. On the eve

of our leaving for "Hilton Head," the negroes on guard fired into some of us. I saw three fall either killed or wounded; they were hurriedly moved out. I never learned their fate. On our arrival in "Port Royal Harbor," we cast anchor eight miles out from shore. Three of our number got the cabin maid to steal them life preservers from the cabins and quietly slided overboard where sharks were as thick as minnows. Two were exausted from thirst and lack of food and were captured on Pinkney Island, the third reached Charleston.

The six hundred officers were now divided—three hundred were confined in Fort Pulaski and three hundred at Hilton Head,

UNDER "RETALIATION" AND LIVING ON CATS.

We had "jumped out of the frying pan into the fire." We were all put under what they called "retaliation," for forty-five days. They claimed that we starved their prisoners at Andersonville (not having much to feed them, as they had cut our lines and refused to exchange), and with all their christianity and philanthropy they held it was right for them to starve us as a vicarious punishment for the sins of others. They gave us absolutely nothing at all to eat for forty-five days but a little rotten cornmeal filled bugs, without salt or anyway to cook it. Our comrades were dying by squads daily, the dead house was filled all the time with corpses. Scores of cats would enter through holes and prey upon the dead. Some of us would put bags over the holes through which the cats entered, and some would go in with clubs, and soon we would have a full supply of cats. They were eaten ravenously by the starving officers, as Lieutenant Peary's men ate their comrades. At last we were ordered back to Fort Delaware. The remnant of the six hundred left that Yankee hell, where Southern braves cried for bread and fed on cats, gorged with the corpses of their dead comrades. We reached Fort Delaware a short time before the surrender. One morning I was aroused by a familiar "rebel yell"—looked out and saw the flags drooping at half mast and heard that Booth had killed Lincoln. Soon all privates and line officers were paroled, and sixty field officers were held in prison until August.

THE OLD BRIGADE, WHOSE REGIMENT FURNISHED EARLY, WILLIAM SMITH, A. P. HILL, J. P. WALKER AND J. B. TERRELL.

In conclusion I will say that some years ago Captain James Bumgardner, of Staunton, who was an officer in the Fifty-second

Virginia Regiment, next on the left of the Forty-ninth, told me that his regiment also had only three officers and eighteen men left. Thus and there at Bethesda Church well nigh perished one of the grandest corps of men the world has ever known—made up of the best young blood of Virginia, fighting for their "Lares and Penates;"—their exploits would brighten the fairest names upon the roll of Battle Abbey, and vie with the knightliest of any age. A brigade that had been led to victory by General Early on a hundred battle-fields; that had swept everything before it like a tornado; a brigade under whose flag you had fought and bled; a brigade that had furnished to the Confederacy four or five generals: Early, William Smith, A. P. Hill, J. A. Walker and J. B. Terrill (whose commission was on his way to him when he fell), thus to be slaughtered. The absent wounded returned; the ranks were recruited by conscriptions, but this historic old Fourth Virginia Brigade died then and there at Bethesda Church.

Your friend and comrade,

C. B. Christian.

Walker's Ford, Amherst Co., Va.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT NEWTON, NORTH CAROLINA,

Before the Annual Reunion of Confederate Veterans August 20th, 1904,

By Colonel Risden Tyler Bennett, late of 14th N. C. Troops, C. S. A.

[The admirable spirit of this address is in happy contrast to other allusions from prominent men of North Carolina. For the achievements of the Fourteenth North Carolina Regiment, see "North Carolina Regiments 1861-5," Vol. I, pp. 905-62, and for the addresses by Col. Bennett, "The Morale of the Confederate," and "The Private Soldier of the C. S. Army," see Vols. XXII and XXV, *Southern Historical Society Papers.*—Ed.]

Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Soldiers:

I am delighted to meet this great company of Christian people. The reason shall presently be made manifest.

In yonder hall of justice a court was begun and holden twenty-four years ago, the last Monday in this current month, it was my first term as judge. I held it in humility of spirit, supported by a mutilated Confederate soldier. Nightly I thanked our Gracious Master for such light and mercy as filled my heart, and besought Him, who alone is great, to inspire me for the sake of the people with Heavenly wisdom. Death has levied heavy tribute to the memory of this bar: Judge McCorkle, the most honored and loved, Col. George Nathaniel Folk, Major Cilly, Col. John F. Hoke, Judge Armfield, Burgess S. Gaither and Mark Lawrence have passed through the gate which opens but once to any of the sons of men. Verily "Sorrow and Joy" revolve like the wheeling courses of the Bear.

I heard Dr. Clapp preach at your church on Sunday during that time from this scripture: "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

The Embassadors of the press as Comte, the French philosopher, was the first to style them, then as afterwards, applauded the orderly and deliberate course of justice. Two years later I met the yeomanry of Catawba County on the Hustings upon this

court green: I told them that I was born in the ranks of the plain people, a circumstance not to be paraded nor denied, and I knew their wants; I remember saying that among some savage tribes when a child is grievously sick they change its name in the hope of averting evil. You perceive this to be a goodly country and a very dear people to me. I have torn a leaf from my life the past quarter century, and I associate it with this Reunion. I deem myself fortunate, as my official life, which extended to the entire State, opened here, so now perceiving the advance of years to have abated my natural force I shall close with this tribute of my public activities, and speak my last message to my beloved countrymen now and here. I wish to dissent sharply, as I have done before, from the vogue of to-day, which clamors to have a sort of precedence accorded the soldiers of North Carolina in the War: First at Bethel,* furtherest at Gettysburg and Chickamauga, and last at Appomattox. The inference to be extorted from this reverent but exaggerated apostrophe to the soldiers of North Carolina is not of historical proportion.

The Southern people were an homogenious population; no crazy quilt contrasts were exhibited in their composition. Anglo-Saxon was the warp and woof of their body and blood. A spot of emerald, like a speck upon our great luminary, might be detected; but, sirs, in its last analysis, in their appetite for battle, in their divine intoxication for the conflict, the children in arms of all those blessed States were transported alike, with the same flag; the Triune God, their God of hosts, ravished in heart with the same revelation, they went to battle at the same place, and after a short crisis were united in death. If this is not true then history is the playground of liars. The soldiers from each Southern State fought with equal valor. The regiments had their moments of hesitation; this was the mischance of each State and regiment alike. If the dead of our State were nearest the enemy on any of the great scenes of carnage, it was the fortune of war and not the paralysis or the courage of others. I know as much of the bloody onsets of that struggle of giants from the underside, from the side of the rank and file, as any citizen of our State; I put it on record as coming from such a source that the soldiers of our State were as brave, as gloriously brave, as any soldiers who shared our common cause, whether they came from Virginia, from Texas, from the

*See appended editorial from the Danville Register Oct. 17th, 1905.

broad Savannas of the South, but no braver. Twelve companies of infantry were enrolled in Catawba county, and served during the war between the government and the Confederate States: (1) Company A, 12th North Carolina Regiment; (2) B, 23d North Carolina; (3) C, 28th North Carolina; (4) E, 32d North Carolina; (5) F, 32d North Carolina; (6) K, 35th North Carolina; (7) F, 38th North Carolina (8) K, 46th North Carolina; (9) I, 49th North Carolina; (10) F, 55th North Carolina; (11) E, 57th North Carolina; (12) E, 72d North Carolina.

It may seem tedious to repeat over and over again the elementary facts of the situation, but unless it is done, these facts will pass out of view. They are too precious to die from neglect. I wanted the personal features of the soldiers recounted in this last stand I am making in the open for their memory. Julius Cæsar says of Crastinus, a Centurion of the tenth legion, that in the outset of a battle he addressed his men in a bit of fervid speech, and turning to Cæsar said: "General, I shall deserve your thanks today, dead or living."

LaTour Dauvergne the first Grenadier of France was as famous as private soldier could be. The glory with which his name is surrounded is based on the clearest of facts; in 1767 at the age of 23 years, he entered the army. His heroism and successes were legion. His friend Le Brigand had lost his four sons upon the battle field, and was called upon to give up his baby boy. La Tour Dauvergne exchanged with him and was accepted. He met his death at Oberhsusen. General Dessoles issued a special order to the army of the Rhine directing that the head of the roll of the 46th regiment should remain open when the roll was called over, the senior sergeant was to answer the name of La Tour Dauvergne "Dead on the field of honor." His heart was embalmed, placed in an urn and carried with the regiment down to 1814, these orders were religiously observed, on the 30th of last March the mortal remains of this wonderful private soldier were committed to the government of France and now rests beneath the dome of Les Invalides near the tomb of the illustrious Turenne.

I wish to portray your dead in some feeble approach to these mighty men entered into glory. To that end I asked through the press, which is always at attention for instances of personal valor above the common lot of virtuous manhood, I got one answer, and I would put this man and his friends upon a pinnacle of glory, but you would say that our orator is retained for special, interests. In

that conflict which staggered the government and exhausted the resources of the South, the shock of ideas was as great as the shock of arms. Victor Hugo said of Waterloo, it was not a battle, it was a change of front of the universe. The surrender at Appomattox wrought a change of front of a hemisphere. William H. Seward's "Higher Law" skulking in the Hinterland of the constitution, William Lloyd Garrison's denunciation of the constitution as a league with hell and covenant with damnation, John Brown's invasion upon the soil of a soverign state, the killing of citizens within its peace, inflammatory and murderous appeals from pulpit, from vane, from innumerable seats of learning, wealth and influence. These were outward signs of the unquenchable, impetuous feelings of the great masses of the North. The South, fortified in their rights by the decision of the Supreme Court in Scott *vs.* Sandford, 19th of Howard, commonly called the Dred Scott Case, asked that the voice of the chief justice rolling in silvery cadence from the Atlantic to the pacific, from the frozen region of the lakes to the glittering waters of the gulf, should still the tumult of the masses and command obedience.

It is said Stevenson who worked in collaboration with his step son in the composition of some of his most perfect pieces of romance, would say to him when he had reached the very roof of the world of thought, "Osborn, this is magnificent, impossible, it can't be sustained."

In the Dred Scott Case the Court says that a negro of the African race was regarded by the Colonies as an article of property and held and bought and sold as such in every one of the Thirteen Colonies which united in the declaration of independence and afterwards formed the constitution of the United States. The struggle is passed. The events of it which were the most tumultuous and energetic in their accomplishment are feint, the memory of old help and common peril remains a precious heritage. "Nightly since I have dreamed of encounters 'twixt thyself and me." Our government has become a world power; it is upon the firing line of nations and engaged in raising hornets for market.

We have four constitutions instead of one. We have oversea colonies, hunting grounds in the Pacific Ocean over which we shoot. Perhaps a million of human beings have died at our hands in these aggressions. It is said that true reconcilement now obtains betwixt north and south. The word of the government is law upon this half of the globe We adorn the graves of their dead, yet my

countrymen, my dear, precious ladies, mothers, sisters, daughters, I cannot forget the past. I cannot applaud the murder of an uncle then more than seventy years old, a devoted union man shot to death upon his front steps by Sherman's men to make a spectacle for his slaves. I cant forget the subjugation of the South—the greatest crime of the last two hundred years. As in the cemetery when we go to visit the tomb of a relation, we cannot restrain a feeling of respect before the graves of others, so we in passing, salute the remains of those brave men who lie side by side united in death; but we go straight to our dead, to our soldiers whose whitened bones still mark in lines the spot of the last stand made by the South in that memorable struggle for the constitution as the fathers made it. To the dead we give our homage, before them we uncover, and if there be guidance by immaculate spirits for their fellowship left behind, yet awhile in our corruptible state we kiss their withered white hands revealed from the spirit land and bid them await our coming.

Finally ye men of Catawba, brave men of historic sires. Is there any man, woman, child or denizen happier because of this Revolution of our constitution?

"The finest action is the better for a piece of purple," says Robert Louis Stevenson.

The high key in which the lives of our most illustrious leaders was pitched reinforces humanity.

The key-note of the stormy orchestra of guns is the reverberation of noble souls.

These men were not reared in the school of fear.

Farewell.

[Referring to page 66, note 66, the articles, "A Brief History of the Charlotte Cavalry," with revised roll and "The Last Charge at Appomattox," by Capt. E. E. Bouldin, a prominent lawyer, of Danville, Va., appear in Vol. XXVIII, *Southern Historical Society Papers.*]

(From the *Danville Register*, Oct. 17, 1905.)

Mr. S. M. Gaines, chief of the Mail and File Division of the Treasury Department, in Washington, is visiting Captain E. E. Bouldin, of this city. Mr. Gaines was a lieutenant in the Charlotte cavalry, of which company Mr. Bouldin was captain and both were

in the last charge made by their regiment, the Fourteenth Virginia Cavalry, at Appomattox on the 9th of April, 1865, Captain Bouldin being in command of the regiment and Mr. Gaines commanding the company at the time. Two pieces of artillery were captured from the Federals and a number of prisoners taken in the course of that last charge and two of the Fourteenth regiment's men were killed. These are important facts in connection with the history of that eventful day, but there is more. Mr. Gaines is just from Appomattox, where he went over the field with Senator John W. Daniel and Hon. H. D. Flood. He took particular pains to trace the movements of his regiment on that memorable day. He located the identical spot at which the two pieces of Federal artillery were taken, and it is three-quarters of a mile northwest and in advance of the North Carolina monument. However, this was not the limit of the Fourteenth Cavalry's advance movement. Mr. Gaines found still standing an old log kitchen which was pierced by a sold shot from a cannon during the fight. An old negro woman inside had one of her arms torn from her body by the missile and died from her injuries. The old kitchen still shows the shot holes. Mr. Gaines still remembered that not far from that spot he and a companion sheltered behind an old stone chimney while they reloaded their pistols. The chimney has been removed, but Mr. Gaines found the foundation and talked with the man who hauled the old landmark away since the war. It is estimated that this is a mile in advance of the North Carolina monument; but the Fourteenth Cavalry attained a position probably a half mile in advance of that, having pressed the enemy through a dense bit of woods and undergrowth. At this point General Custer was captured, but in the confusion made his escape. Soon after this incident, orders were received to fall back.

JOHN YATES BEALL, GALLANT SOLDIER

Stands in Foremost Line of the Heroes and Martyrs of the Civil War.

Captured While on Raid—Kept in Prison a Year and Then Sentenced to Death by a Drumhead Court-Martial.

BY J. H. CRAWFORD.

[For further matter as to the plan of Captain Beall to release the Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island, see Vols. VIII, XIX, XXVII and XXX, and "Why John Wilkes Booth Shot Lincoln"—the animus being revenge for barbarous treatment and what he believed the illegal execution of his personal friend, Captain Beall, Vol. XXXII.—*Southern Historical Society Papers.*—ED.]

Captain John Yates Beall, who served in the Stonewall Brigade Second Virginia Infantry, before he entered upon his daring career as a Confederate naval officer, stands in the foremost line of the heroes and martyrs of the Civil War. He met his pathetic fate with that stern, yet gentle sense of honor that not unwillingly pays its price without repining or regret.

He was just 26 years of age in 1861. He had graduated in law at the University of Virginia. He had been right in the midst of the John Brown insurrection, and he was ripe for those services to his State by which he was soon distinguished.

He was badly wounded in a charge under Ashby in October, 1861, and possessing alike the mind, the nerve and the spirit which befit great adventure, he was soon singled out for "enterprises of great pith and moment."

The story of his ill-fated endeavor to release the Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island, is told in the enclosed article by a loving comrade who cherishes and honors his memory, and who fitly says: "It is a sacred duty to defend those who sacrificed their lives in the God-given right of self-defence and preservation of home."

Captain Beall stood for the principle which animates the pen of

his loyal friend, and that pen expresses also the duty which a loyal people owe to those who suffered and died for them.

Very respectfully,

JOHN W. DANIEL.

The lamented John Y. Beall ranked as captain in the Confederate Navy, having been appointed by Hon. S. R. Mallory, Secretary of the Confederate Navy, at Richmond, Va., in 1863. The integrity of Captain Beall's motives, the incorruptibility of his principles, and the injustice and illegality of his execution by General Dix, in February, 1865, on Governor's Island, N. Y., are well known. He was a devout Christian, a thorough gentleman, and an accomplished scholar. His home was in the garden spot of old Virginia—Jefferson county—now West Virginia. A few miles distant of Charlestown is "Walnut Grove," a fine farm owned by Captain Beall's father, and here the son was born January 1, 1835. His ancestors were of the best people in the South, and his father was a prominent citizen in that section. Young Beall was sent to the University of Virginia to study law, and in the course of due time he graduated in the legal profession.

It was in 1859 that John Brown and his gang of murderers and robbers invaded Harper's Ferry, a few miles distant from Mr. Beall's home, and it made a serious impression upon all who resided in that immediate neighborhood. It was but a prelude of the Civil War. Brown having been aided and abetted by Northern fanatics, and the irrepressible conflict was fast approaching. Virginia seceded in April, 1861, and John Y. Beall was one of the first volunteers in Virginia, enlisting in the Second Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. General Turner Ashby had a sharp engagement with the enemy at Falling Waters, in October, 1861, and John Y. Beall led a charge and was seriously wounded, the ball passing through his breast; but good nursing and strong will power enabled him to survive the injury.

PLAN TO RELIEVE CONFEDFRATE PRISONERS ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

It was during Beall's convalesence at Richmond, Va., that he conceived the plan to release Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island, and he subsequently made known his idea to President Davis, who referred him to Hon. S. R. Mallory, Secretary of the Con-

federate Navy. Beall's interview with Secretary Mallory convinced him that the plan was feasible, but the project was held in abeyance.

RAIDS ON THE POTOMAC.

In the meanwhile Captain Beall organized a company to operate on the Lower Potomac, and he made several successful raids. His daring adventures on water caused much excitement in the North, and the Federals made extra effort to capture him, which occurred. He was put in close confinement with Lieutenant B. G. Burley and 20 men, all manacled with heavy irons. Captain Beall sent a note to Secretary Mallory, stating his case, and the Secretary of the Confederate Navy forthwith placed the same number of General B. F. Butler's soldiers in close confinement. It had the desired effect, and General Butler soon granted an exchange.

CAPTURE OF THE "PHILO PARSONS" and "ISLAND QUEEN."

Captain Beall yearned to release the Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island. September, 19, 1864, he and several Confederates boarded the Philo Parsons at Sandwich, Mich. When the vessel arrived at Amhertsburgh, sixteen men boarded her, with one trunk, containing arms. Very soon Captain Beall exclaimed: "I take possession of the boat in the name of the Confederate States. Resist at your peril!" Quite a commotion prevailed, but when Captain Beall explained matters, the prisoners became reconciled to the situation. They were soon released, and not one cent taken from them. Another vessel, the Island Queen, met the same fate. Thirty Federal soldiers were aboard and all of them were parolled. One vessel was deemed sufficient for the purpose in view, consequently the Island Queen was scuttled and sent adrift.

CAPTAIN BEALL'S SCHEME OF OPERATION.

The United States gunboat, Michigan, guarded Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, and its capture was necessary before Captain Beall could release the Confederate prisoners. So it was arranged with Captain C. H. Cole to have the officers of the Michigan at a banquet in Sandusky, Ohio, on the night of the proposed attack and a signal rocket was to be exploded to inform Captain Beall that the officers of the Michigan were absent. There were more than 3,000 Confederate officers on Johnson's Island, where they received bad

treatment. Proper food and water was denied them. Several rods from the main prison were dungeons, each a little larger than an ordinary coffin, in which were confined Confederate soldiers who had been sentenced to death by drumhead courtmartials.

They were chained hand and foot, with additional iron ball, weighing sixty pounds chained to their ankles.

SIGNAL OF ATTACK FAILS. MEETING.

On the night of September 19, 1864, Captain Beall steered the Philo Parsons within distance to observe the signal when given for his attack on the Michigan. Anxiously he stood upon the deck of the Philo Parsons, looking for the signal rocket. But in vain he looked for an hour—no signal. Yet he may still win, though the rocket's red glare failed to beckon him onward, and he bore on his course cautiously until the lights of the Michigan were seen making her length on the placid lake. Voices of men could be distinctly heard upon the Michigan's deck, and the contour of her fourteen guns could be seen in the moonlight. But at this critical moment a new danger beset him where least expected—his men meeting. Lieutenant Burley and two others only stood by him. The remainder positively refused to go farther, alleging that the signal failed to appear as agreed upon, and that the enterprise must have been detected. Captain Beall, pleaded, argued and threatened in vain. Then he ordered them go to the cabin, and exacted their resolution to be reduced to writing as a vindication of himself and Lieutenant Burley and two men who were faithful to the last. This being accomplished, he took possession of the document. There was no other alternative but to retreat and Captain Beall returned to Sandwich, where the Philo Parsons was scuttled and sent adrift, the Confederates retiring to Canada. Captain Beall was of the opinion, had it not been for the mutiny at the critical moment of the adventure, he would have been successful in releasing the Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island.

WAS CAPTAIN BEALL BETRAYED?

Whether Captain Beall was betrayed or the plot otherwise discovered, it has never been definitely ascertained. Captain Cole was arrested by the Federals on the afternoon of the day, when the proposed attack was to have been made. He was imprisoned at

Fort Lafayette until February, 1866, when a Brooklyn judge released him on a writ of habeas corpus, and since then nothing has been heard about him.

War Department records show that the number of Federal prisoners in Confederate hands were 270,000 during 1861–65, and the number of Confederates in northern prisons numbered 220,000, the same period, and yet 32,000 Confederates died in northern prisons, many of whom were shot for slight provocations. During the same time there were but 22,750 deaths of Federal prisoners in southern hands, that is to say, more than twelve per cent. of the Confederates died in northern prisons, and less than nine per cent. of Federal prisoners in Confederate hands died in southern prisons. The North had unlimited means for medical aid, but the South was badly in need of medicine and comforts. The Federal Government declared medicine a contraband of war, which is the only government ever known to have resorted to such harsh means.

The Confederate Government urged an exchange of prisoners, which would have relieved much suffering, but the Federal government declined. General Grant asserted in 1864, that an exchange of prisoners would defeat his plan of attrition, depleting Confederate ranks; that when a Confederate was captured his place could not be replenished, whereas the North could easily furnish two men for every Federal soldier captured by Confederates. Clearly the responsibility rests with the North in regard to the long confinement of prisoners. Prison life is not pleasant under the best conditions. The South gave the prisoners what the Confederate soldiers received. It was impossible to do more.

Captain Wirz was hung in Washington, 1865, the charge being that he maltreated Federal prisoners at Andersonville, Ga. He was offered pardon if he would certify that Jefferson Davis prompted cruelty to prisoners; but he spurned the bribe to defame an innocent man to save his own life. A man possessed of such nobility of character, could never be guilty of inhuman treatment of prisoners.

CAPTURE OF CAPT. BEALL AND COURT MARTIAL.

Capt. John Y. Beall was captured in December, 1864, while on a raid to release Federal prisoners en route to Fort Warren. He was kept in close confinement for more than one year, and when

the Confederate cause was nearing dissolution, General Dix appointed a drum-head court-martial to condemn Captain Beal to death. James T. Brady, of New York, counsel for defense, served his client faithfully; but drum-head court-martials sit to condemn, and not to do justice.

Judge Daniel B. Lucas, of Charlestown, West Virginia, the late James L. McClure and Albert Ritchie, of Baltimore, were all college mates of Captain Beall, and they were untiring in their efforts to secure a fair trial for Captain Beall; but it was of no avail. Secretary Seward's edict had gone forth that "Beall must hang." Mrs. John I. Sittings and Mrs. Basil B. Gordon, of Baltimore, interceded in behalf of the heroic Beall. Numbers of Congressmen signed a petition for Beall's pardon, but President Lincoln turned a deaf ear to all appeals for clemency.

EXECUTION; HEROIC BEARING OF CAPTAIN BEALL.

So the fatal day, February 24th, 1865, came, and as Captain Beall mounted the platform, General Dix's order was read, denouncing Beall's heroic effort to release Confederate prisoners, which elicited a smile from Captain Beall; but when unjustly accused of being a spy and guerrilla, he shook his head in denial. General Dix's homily on the proprieties of war also provoked a smile, because General Dix's military achievements were confined to burning William and Mary College in Virginia, and administering the oath of allegiance to the inmates of an insane asylum and treating them with cruelty. Beall well remembered the ashes and ruins of thousands of homes in Virginia, which marked the pathway of Federal invasion, and he also remembered the brutal treatment inflicted by Federal soldiers upon his mother and sisters. Captain Beall knew that General Dix's utterance was in default of the penalty which he himself attached to the violations of the laws of civilized warfare.

Rev. Joshua Van Dyke, of New York, visited Captain Beall the day preceding his execution, and he said: "I found Captain Beall in a narrow, gloomy cell, with a lamp burning at midday, but he received me with as much ease as if he were in his own parlor. Captain Beall's conversation revealed at every turn, the scholar, the gentleman, and true Christian. There was no bravado, no strained heroism, no excitement in his words or manner, but a quiet trust in God and a composure in view of death, such as I have read of, but

never beheld to the same degree before. He introduced the subject of his approaching end himself, saying that while he did not pretend to be indifferent to life the mode in which he was to depart had no terror or ignominy for him; he could go to heaven, through the grace of Christ, as well from the gallows as from the battle-field; he died in defence for what he believed to be right; and so far as the particular charges for which he was to be executed were concerned, he had no confession to make. or repentance to exercise. He calmly declared he was to be executed contrary to the laws of civilized warfare."

HIS MOTHER'S VISIT AND LETTER TO HIS BROTHER.

His mother visited him several days preceding the execution, and as soon as he saw her expression, he said: "I knew mother would endure the terrible sacrifice with courage." Captain Beall was betrothed to an accomplished lady in the South.

In the last letter to his brother, William Beall, who belonged to the "Stonewall Brigade," he said: "Be kind to prisoners—they are helpless. Vengence is mine saith the Lord. I will repay." Captain Beall, illegally executed, and in defiance of, civilized warfare, was one of the most heroic characters of the South. He was inspired to serve his State, Virginia, by the God-given right of self-defence and the preservation of home, and his record as a soldier is without stain or reproach. After the war his remains were taken to his old home, Walnut Grove, Jefferson County, W. Va., and buried in accordance with the rites of the Episcopal Church. He requested to be engraved on his tomb: "Died in Defence of My Country."

ILLEGALITY OF CAPTAIN BEALL'S EXECUTION.

The next ranking officer to Captain Beall was B. H. Burley, who was associated with him in all his daring adventures, hence guilty of the same "offense." Yet Lieutenant Burley was allowed to go unpunished by the Federal government. Burley was arrested by Canadian authority and surrendered on extradition papers, demanded by Mr. Henry B. Brown, then assistant United States attorney for the Detroit District, now one of the associated justices of the Supreme Court. Burley's chief defense was his commission as an acting master in the Confederate navy, signed at Richmond, Va., September 11, 1863, on which was an endorsement, dated Richmond, December 22, 1864, in the form of a proclamation by

President Davis (which referred especially to Captain Beall's adventure), declaring that the Philo Parson's enterprise was a belligerent expedition, ordered and undertaken under the authority of the Confederate government, and for which that government assumed responsibility." July 10, 1865, Burley was brought to trial. Judge Fitch charged the jury "that a state of war had existed between the Federal government and the Confederate government, so called, and it made no difference whether the United States admitted it or not." He held that the prisoner and other persons connected with him in the capture of the boat, acting for and under orders from the Confederate government, would not be amenable to civil tribunals for the offense—the charge was robbery. If the parties who took the boat and money belonging to Captain Atwood, intended to appropriate it to their own private use, then the prisoner would be guilty of the offense; but in carrying out the expedition the parties had the same right, in a military point of view, to take other articles of property, or even money, that they had to take the boat."

The jury disagreed, standing six to six. Burley was returned to prison, but allowed to walk out of jail in broad day-light. The The case was nolle prossed by the prosecution.

I. H. Crawford.

THE CRISIS OF THE CONFEDERACY

[The following brief comment on "The Crisis of the Confederacy"—"A History of Gettysburg and the Wilderness"—Captain Cecil Battine, of the British Army—*Longman's* (a work which has been favorably reviewed by the press), appeared in the *News*, Charleston, S. C., of May 24th, 1905. It is by the accomplished author of "Hampton and His Cavalry," Edward C. Wells, Esq., and by personal experience and study, is well qualified to duly estimate the causes of defeat in the sublime contest of the South for Constitutional rights.—ED.]

To the Editor of the Sunday News:

The writer has not sufficiently studied the above book to warrant his attempting an exhaustive review, even if he were competent for the work, and space admitted of it, but still he would like to call attention to some points. Great wars come seldom, perhaps to nations, but when they do come they make or mar the welfare of countless generations, and, whether coming sooner or later, they do come to all peoples, and therefore it is that the subject is of interest to all thinking men.

In his book the author does not enter into the politlcal questions involved. Our war to him is merely a military contest viewed from a purely military standpoint, but while he admires with a soldier's instinct the fine fighting qualities and endurance of the American soldier on both sides, yet he cannot help thrilling with enthusiasm when recounting the matchless heroism of the regimental officers and men of the Army of Northern Virginia, the high ability of the prominent generals, and above all the supreme genius of Lee. He is not a convert to the pessimistic theory, because the population and material resources of the South were less than those of the North, therefore the success of the Confederacy was from the outset hopeless, but on the contrary, believes that it was on the point of final attainment on several battlefields through the superiority of Southern generals over their opponents. Well may he hold these views, for the magnificent resistance so long sustained by a handful of Boers and the recent successes of Japan furnish convincing proof—if more

were needed, for history is full of it—that brains, education and pluck are of more avail in war than mere numbers.

Studying the subject only in his closet, necessarily without practical experience in war—for England has had none of any consequence since the Crimean—it is but natural that the author should have fallen into some errors. His opinion that Grant was great in strategy, but not strong in tactics, is exactly the reverse of the view taken in America. I think Swinton, the historian of the Army of the Potomac, characterizes Grant's repeated frontal attacks during the "Overland campaign"—notably at Cold Harbor—as "a reductio ad absurdum in hammering." The recoil of the hammer was vastly more destructive than the blow.

In estimating the numerical strength of the opposed armies, and their losses in battle, Captain Battine certainly often errs, making the odds against the Confederates less than they in fact were, and their losses greater. For instance, at Cold Harbor in June, 1864, he puts down the Federal losses at seven thousand and the Confederate at four to five thousand, but in point of fact Grant's casualties reached to about fourteen thousand and Lee's did not exceed fourteen hundred. Thus ended in bloody defeat for the Federals the thirty days "Overland campaign," the total losses of the Army of the Potomac being about sixty-four thousand—about equal to or greater than Lee's entire army at the commencement of the campaign—and those of the Confederates not over one-third of this number.

It may seem an easy matter to the theorist to approximate to numbers engaged and losses sustained, and it is easy to do so theoretically, but not practically. The official figures cannot in this respect be relied upon, not necessarily because they are intentionally doctored, but because the data from which they are derived are necessarily unreliable. The only way by which it can be known how many men are present for duty each day is by the morning reports, but in an active campaign, such as that of 1864, morning reports may not be, and very often are not, made out for days together—for there are far more urgent matters to attend to—and, when made out, are frequently lost or captured. When Federal recruits were being daily poured in by thousands to strengthen depleted regiments, these accounts, too, necessarily become very mixed up, or altogether lost. There is no time for book-keeping. In examing monthly and tri-monthly reports of the Army of the

Potomac, these facts will often be found confessed on the record. On the other hand, it was, of course, the cue of the Confederate army to make the best possible showing of strength by figures, and if you believed the accounts of Confederate prisoners, you would have come to the conclusion that the South had a population to recruit from as large as that of China.

Capt. Battine is a cavalry officer, and thinks that mounted charges —shock-tactics, such as Cromwell made use of with splendid results, when fire-arms were comparatively harmless—should have been practiced on a large scale on many occasions against discomfited infantry, thus effecting a complete rout. The war was fought on both sides, as far as infantry was concerned, with the muzzle-loader rifle musket and minie ball, which the author thinks had an accurate range of only one hundred yards, and was not effective at over four hundred yards, but, as a matter of fact, the range was nearly four times as great, the accuracy satisfactory, where the weapon was decently clean, and the killing power infinitely more fearful than that of modern rifles, because of the size and shape of the bullet. Moreover the rough nature of the ground where fighting took place invariably forbade mounted charges in mass, and rifle fire in the open would usually render them impossible, or suicidal. All that could be accomplished by shock-tactics was effected against cavalry and small bodies of infantry, but the magnificent fighting qualities of the cavalry (developed by Hampton, and Forrest, and not by Stuart, as the author supposes), were displayed as dismounted riflemen, where they equalled infantry in deadly work and staying-power and were enabled to excel them in mobility and dash by means of their horses.

Gettysburg, the author considers the turning point of the war, and that if Lee had there completely defeated Meade it would have ended the contest victoriously for the South. His account of the battle is good—though he errs in numbers—but the main causes to which is attributed the failure to rout the Federal army are not given sufficient prominence. That the three days' fighting was more like three separate battle than one is quite true, as Captain Battine says, and also that there were mistakes made by Confederate corps commanders, and lack of needed support to attack delivered, but Lee was not in fault. He necessarily depended upon the cavalry for keeping him thoroughly informed of the position of the enemy, and this duty he had entrusted to Stuart, who disappeared

with the flower and bulk of the cavalry, and did not report to the army until after the first day's fighting. The rest of the cavalry was required to guard lines of communication to the rear. Meanwhile Lee, deprived of the "eyes and ears of the army," was compelled to grope in the dark to feel for his enemy, which was a terrible handicap and spoiled his programme. Yet all would have turned out well at last if Longstreet had executed Lee's orders, and attacked vigorously early in the morning of July 2. Also if Longstreet had earnestly attacked and vigorously supported, as Lee ordered, on July 3, it is clear that the blow would have demolished Meade.

The author speaks in several places of divisions coming out of charges with "dripping bayonets." This must be considered only a figure of speech, for it is doubtful if on a large scale bayonets ever crossed, minie bullets doing the business.

The remarks of Captain Battine on the importance of the army compared to "sea power" are worthy of deep consideration—Captain Mahan to the contrary notwithstanding. We must confess to thinking "sea power" and "world-power" twin fads, which will have run their course after a time, and yield place to sensible military defence to protect our own homes, not to shell the over-sea homes of others.

From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, July 30, 1905.

CONFEDERATE CAVALRY AROUND PORT HUDSON.

A Thrilling Story of Southern Dash and Valor Told by an Orleanian who was One of the Heroic Horsemen.

At the request of some of my army comrades, I with hesitancy attempt to give to the public a brief history of the operations of the Confederate cavalry under the the command of Colonel Frank Powers, Chief Cavalry under General Frank Gardner, who commanded in Port Hudson, during that memorable siege.

It is impossible for me to write about the cavalry outside of Port Hudson without paying due regard to General Frank Gardner and the brave men under his command, who for sixty days and nights stood in the trenches suffering from hunger and thirst, with a semi-tropic sun beating down upon them, with sickness decimating their ranks, exposed both night and day to a terrific fire from the Federal fleet stationed in the Mississippi river above and below the fort, repelling assault after assault from the land forces of General Banks and Augur, fighting only as Confederate soldiers could fight, and holding out even after Vicksburg had surrendered to General Grant. If ever there be a future historian who is truthful and unprejudiced, it is to be hoped that General Frank Gardner, the brave defender of Port Hudson, and the gallent men under him will receive their word of praise for their devotion to the Confederate cause.

Port Hudson is located on a bend in the Mississippi river, about 150 miles above New Orleans, and twenty-five miles from Baton Rouge, at the terminus of the Clinton and Port Hudson railroad.

Shortly after the fall of New Orleans, the Confederate Government, realizing the importance of Port Hudson as a strategic point, commenced fortifying and erecting batteries there, and by January 1, 1863, these works were completed, and General Frank Gardner was placed in command. At the date of the siege he had less than 6,000 available men, infantry and artillery. In March General Banks, who had been placed in command of the Department of the Gulf, left Baton Rouge with an army of 25,000 men, and made a

strong demonstration against Port Hudson. Admiral Farragut, with his fleet, ascended the river, keeping in touch with the land forces, and proceeded to run the Port Hudson batteries.

I now quote from "Harper's History of the War:"

"Farragut had to pass a line of batteries commencing below the town and extending along the bluff about three miles and a half. In the afternoon the mortars and two of the gunboats opened on the batteries. The Hartford, with the admiral on board, took the lead, with the gunboat Albatross lashed to her side. The Richmond and Genesee followed; the Monongahela with the Kineo came next, and the Mississippi brought up the rear. (Admiral Dewey, then a lieutenant, was on board of the Mississippi.) The mortars still bombarding the batteries, Admiral Farragut's ship passed without difficulty. The Richmond received a shot through her steam drum and dropped out of fire, with three of her crew killed and seven wounded. The Monongahela also dropped down the river and anchored. The Kineo, receiving a shot through her rudder post, followed their example. So accurate was the fire from the Confederate batteries that the destruction of the whole fleet was imminent. The Mississippi grounded, the officers and crew abandoning her, escaping to the shore opposite Port Hudson. The vessel soon drifted down the river and finally exploded."

At that time Colonel Frank Powers assumed command of all the cavalry in that department, which consisted of Aiken's Ninth Tennessee Battalion, 350 men; Stockdale's Mississippi Battalion, 250 men; Gage's Louisiana Battalion, 250 men, and the Eleventh and Seventeenth Arkansas Mounted Infantry (consolidated), commanded by Colonel Griffith, numbering about 500 men, and Garland's Battalion, a total of 1,350 men at that time promiscuously armed (except the mounted infantry) with shotguns, Belgian rifles, etc. This small force contested Banks' advance as best it could, succeeding, however, in preventing parties from leaving the main column and from committing depredations on citizens on the line of march. General Banks, after making this demonstration, in connection with Farragut's fleet, returned to Baton Rouge and transferred his command to Brashear City, with the avowed purpose of reclaiming the Teche country from Confederate control. Port Hudson was thus temporarily relieved.

It was at this crisis that

GRIERSON'S RAID

was undertaken, under direction of General Grant. The entire Confederate force in the State bordering on the Mississippi was then being gathered together to meet the terrific blow which Grant was preparing to strike at Vicksburg. Thus the way was open for one of those bold cavalry raids for which heretofore only the Confederates had distinguished themselves; Van Dorn, Forrest and Morgan had set the example which was to be followed by Colonel Grierson, in a bold movement from LaGrange, Tennessee, through the State of Mississippi to Baton Rouge, La. The forces placed under Colonel Grierson consisted of a brigade 1,700 strong, composed of the Sixth and Seventh Illinois and second Iowa Cavalry. Colonel Grierson, after leaving LaGrange, Tenn., proceeded due south, between the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad (now the Illinois Central Railroad) and the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, until he reached Raleigh, Miss.; turning then southwest to Gallatin, Miss., and within seven miles of Natchez, and then back to the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad to Hazlehurst, down to Osyka, and from that point to Baton Rouge. The only serious opposition this column met with occurred near Columbus, Miss. Colonel Hatch, with the Iowa regiment, having been detached with instructions to destroy the Mobile Railroad at Columbus, was attacked by a small Confederate force of home guards. In this fight Colonel Hatch was seriously wounded and his commmand dispersed.

The Confederate cavalry at Port Hudson, with some mounted infantry, received marching orders on the 22d day of April, 1863, and at once moved northward for the purpose of intercepting and capturing the command of Grierson. No soldiers were never more eager to meet an enemy, and riding night and day, not a word of complaint was heard. As the command struck the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad it was expected that the enemy would be encountered at any moment. The column was only halted long enough to give the men and horses a few hours rest; and then it was "boots and saddles," and the command was away again at a swinging trot. On reaching Summit, Miss., scouts reported that Grierson had headed for Natchez. The command then headed in a northwestwardly direction, and crossed the Homochitto river at Davis' Plantation on the Woodville and Natchez road. As this river was up, and the facilities for crossing very poor, the command

was delayed several hours, thus giving Grierson time to double on his course, return to the railroad at Hazlehurst, and thence down to Bogue Chitto and then to Baton Rouge.

On the 23d of May, 1863, General Banks crossed the Mississippi River opposite Bayou Sara, with an army of 25,000 men, and the next day Port Hudson was besieged on the North, while General C. C. Augur's Division of 5,000, augmented by Grierson's cavalry brigade of 1,600 men from Baton Rouge, invested it on the south.

On the evening of May 23rd Stockdale's Battalion proceeded down the plank road towards Baton Rouge to reconnoiter, and three miles below Plains Store came in touch with Grierson's cavalry; a sharp cavalry fight ensued. The enemy, bringing on a section of artillery, forced Stockdale to fall back to Plains Store, where he remained until daybreak, keeping the enemy under surveillance. Colonel Powers joined Stockdale, and at once ordered all the cavalry at his command to at once assemble at Plains Store, and a line of battle was formed across the plank road, two six-pound howitzers being placed on this road. Colonel Stockdale, with part of Hoover's company, proceeded down the road to reconnoiter. When the Federal advance guard was met, Stockdale at once engaged the enemy, when he was almost entirely surrounded, being compelled to cut his way out, but not before losing several men. Grierson, having deployed his brigade, made an advance on the Confederate line. A sharp engagement ensued. The two howitzers were well handled, and the enemy, believing that a strong force was in their front, retired. Later in the day their cavalry made another advance, supported by infantry, and Powers was gradually forced back, but having called for reinforcements General Gardner sent out of Port Hudson Miles' Legion, 750 strong, and Boone's battery. Gen. Miles soon deployed his men, and Boone, having placed in position his guns, a spirited engagement ensued, Boore driving Grierson back upon the infantry line of battle, while General Miles held in check the enemy's infantry until nightfall. Powers dismounted most of his cavalry and fought as infantry. As night was approachiug General Miles, after removing his dead and wounded, retired within the line of entrenchments.

GENERAL AUGUR ADMITTED

that he had three brigades—Weitzel's, Grover's and Dwight's—engaged in this action, and yet, when night closed in, Powers' cavalry were still in line near Plains Store. On the morning of May 25th, Col. Powers succeeded in placing his command outside the cotton that was then encircling Port Hudson, Banks and Augur, commanding the two investing armies, joined hands and Port Hudson was then isolated. The Ninth Tennessee Battalion did not participate in this action, having been ordered a few days before to Jackson. Colonel Powers then established his headquarters at Freeman's plantation, on the Clinton and Port Hudson road, keeping strong scouting parties in front to watch Grierson and the movements of the enemy. From this time on, to the fall of Port Hudson, Powers kept his cavalry in constant motion. The latter part of May scouts reported that the enemy was advancing with a large train of wagons and were then between Clinton and Port Hudson. Colonel Powers at once placed his command in motion, and ascertaining that it was a foraging expedition under a cavalry escort, about 400 strong, drew up his command at the edge of a forest, and having brought out one mountain howitzer with his command, had it masked, and then awaited the coming of the enemy, who leisurely proceeded along the road, not anticipating the presence of an enemy, until a shell from the howitzer exploded over their heads and the Rebel yell greeted their ears as Powers charged them. So completely dumfounded were the enemy that they hardly fired a shot, turning and driving spurs to their horses, fled for dear life, leaving forty new army wagons with four mules each standing in the road.

The enemy were pursued for several miles, many being killed and captured. The wagons were then brought back with the prisoners to Freeman's, and next day, under a guard, sent to Johnson's Army at Jackson, Miss. May 2, 1863, a courier from the front rode up to Colonel Power's headquarters and imparted to him news of great importance. Shortly thereafter, Major Stockade ordered his battalion to make preparations for a forced march. At 4 o'clock p. m., the command fell in and proceeded in the direction of Port Hudson. As night approached the command turned into a plantation road, and from this road into the woods, where the command proceeded in single file to ride on in silence, the men having been enjoined to make no noise. Just before daybreak a halt was

made, after the column had debouched into a public road. Colonels Powers and Stockdale then rode down the line and gave instructions for every man to examine his arms and see that guns were freshly capped; that the command would move by fours, the ranks to be kept closed, and the men to strictly obey every order of their officers. Lieutenant Dan Williams, of Hoover's company, a penniless soldier, had command of the advance guard, with instructions to capture the videttes and pickets; the battalion being just behind, ready to charge the moment the first shot was fired by the enemy. Shortly after the battalion moved down the main road, Lieutenant Williams returned with a prisoner, a young Swede, who could only speak a few words of broken English. From him Colonels Powers and Stockdale learned that the Fourteenth New York Metropolitan Cavalry Regiment was in camp about one-half mile further on; that it was a full regiment, numbering over 800 men, all foreigners, none of them having been in the United States three months, and they had just reached Banks' Army from New Orleans three days before. Stockdale's Mississippi battalion numbered 250 man, yet Powers and Stockdale determined to make a supreme effort and annihilate this Federal regiment. Lieutenant Williams succeeded just at dawn of day to capture the outer videttes: the command then closed up, and, as the inner outpost was reached, broke into a trot, and as the Federals fired broke into a gallop and reached the Federal encampment at the same moment with the guard. The enemy's tents were pitched to the right and left of the road bordering the woods; the colonel's and other staff officers' quarters being at the far end of the encampment, on a slight elevation. The enemy were

TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE;

many of the men were still sleeping—no time was given them to get their arms and make a stand, even if they had any such inclination. Stockdale's men swept through this camp like a hurricane, firing into the tents, right and left, and yelling at the same time like demons. These Swedes were so demoralized and panic-stricken that they practically offered no resistance, throwing themselves face downward on the ground, many on their knees, begging for quarter or praying in a foreign tongue to be spared.

The prisoners were hurriedly got together, disarmed and dismounted, and sent under a guard of 150 men back to the Confeder-

ate lines. The prisoners, through an interpreter, were given to understand that any attempt to resist or escape would meet with death. Colonels Powers and Stockdale, with the remainder of the battalion, remained in the enemy's camp to gather up all wagons, arms supplies, etc., and to destroy the tents. All of which was done. As we were about to leave the camp, Grierson's Cavalry, which was encamped three miles away, appeared in line, with skirmishers thrown out in advance. Colonel Powers having accomplished his object, retraced his steps back to Freeman's. Grierson did not follow.

This brilliant affair resulted in the total destruction of an entire cavalry regiment, the taking of 700 prisoners, including the Lieutenant Colonel and Major, the capture of 1,600 new army pistols with large quantities of ammunition, 800 cavalry sabers, as many McClellan saddles, and other accoutrements, a large quantity of quartermaster and commissary stores; eight wagons with mules, two fully equipped ambulances and other property. Captain James M. Ferguson, Adjutant of the battalion (now a resident of New Orleans) was among the first to reach the enemy, and after the fight to collect and set the men to work gathering up the arms, etc. Captain Ferguson filled one of the ambulances, hitched it up, and, with the enemy's battle flag in hand drove out of the camp as the Confederates were abandoning it. The entire battalion was then armed with army pistols and sabers. All other saddles having been discarded for the new McClellan trees. Enough horses were captured to mount Colonel Griffith's Arkansas troops, and to furnish mounts to many new recruits and other dismounted men.

On the 27th day of May, General Banks made a terrific assault on the works at Port Hudson with his entire land forces. A heavy bombardment preceded the attack. The river batteries, in the meantime, were engaged by Farragut's fleet, stationed above and below the fort. The Confederates awaited the advance of the Federals, who moved forward in two lines of battle. In this engagement, for the first time, negro troops fought during the war, two regiments of negroes being placed in the first line of battle. In front of the Confederate breastworks sharp pointed stakes had been firmly driven down to within a foot of the ground, and an abattis formed of fallen trees. The Confederates permitted the Federals to work their way well forward and get within sixty yards of the breastworks,

when a murderous fire burst forth from the Confederate line. The artillery having been double-shotted with grape and canister did deadly execution, and the first line was hurled back in disorder upon the second line, which, in turn, advanced, and in turn was swept from the field. One more effort was made through the day to storm the intrenchments, a remnant of which only succeeded in escaping back to the woods. General Banks admitted that his losses in those three charges amounted to 1,842 killed and wounded.

Colonel Powers' cavalry had the evening previous marched within a mile of Banks' line and during the engagement made a feint in his rear, expecting to draw off a portion of the infantry forces and thus create a diversion in favor of the besieged. This was but one of the many assaults made by Banks on Port Hudson. During that siege his total losses as per war record reports, amounted to 4,600, while General Gardner reported his losses during the entire siege at 610 men.

Colonel Powers having learned that Banks' military stores were established at a depot at Springfield Landing, on the banks of the Mississippi River, a few miles below Port Hudson, determined at all hazard, to destroy them, and to this end, about June the 12th, with his entire force, except a sufficient number left to perform scout duty and to guard the baggage trains, set out on this expedition. A forced march was made, the command following plantation roads, the better to avoid observation. On reaching the Baton Rouge plank road, scouts were sent above and below, who, returning, reported no signs of any Federal force, when the command under cover of night proceeded towards the landing. Every other man had been supplied with a bottle of turpentine, and all had matches to ignite the inflammable liquid. The order was given to charge, and the men dashed boldly in among the

SURPRISED AND STARTLED ENEMY,

which consisted of a regiment of infantry, whose duty it was to guard the stores. These men little dreamed of an enemy being near, and, consequently, were taken unawares. Advantage was taken of the confusion into which the enemy had been thrown, and soon the great piles of freight, barrels and boxes and bales of quartermaster and commissary stores were in flames. The scene was wild, weird and picturesque; the light illuminated the darkness

until a hundred or more heaps were roaring and seething in flames. Great jets spouted up into the midnight heavens, immense sparks shot out from these bonfires, as from the craters of volcanoes. Weird illuminations played fantastic tricks in the foliage above. Amid the roar of the ever-increasing fires could be heard the "Rebel yell" and the commands of the officers. In the glare of the flames men and horses took unnatural shapes, as they dashed to and fro, back and forth under an intense excitement, adding still more to the demon-like scene.

A gunboat stationed in front of the landing turned her guns loose, but being so close into shore her shots did no harm. The infantry, however, had been rallied, and, taking advantage of the firelight, opened fire upon the Confederates, emptying a number of saddles. This fire was returned by Powers' men; all formation was lost in the melee, and the officers ordered the men to retire and fight their way out. On reaching the plankroad, all companies reformed, and a retrograde movement ensued. This was considered a brilliant affair, and one attended with great danger, as it was a night attack, clearly within the enemy's lines and against superior numbers, with the prospect of having Grierson's cavalry come in the rear, and thus cut off our only means of retreat. A million dollars worth of supplies intended for Banks' army were destroyed.

The writer witnessed at Johnsonville, on the Tennessee river, in November, 1864, such another sight, when General Forrest destroyed Sherman's military supplies, together with several gunboats and many transports—a conflagration once seen never to be forgotten or effaced from the human mind. So strenuous had been these daring raids and attacks by the Confederate cavalry on the enemy, that General Banks at last concluded to take active measures to destroy or drive from his flank and rear the forces under Colonel Powers; and, to that end, placed all the Federal cavalry with a six-gun battery under the charge of General Grierson, numbering 1,800 men. And with this force, in the latter part of June, 1863, Grierson proceeded to hunt up his enemy. At this time General John L. Logan had assumed command of the Confederate cavalry, which was then encamped at Clinton, La. Colonel Powers still retained his office of Chief of Cavalry, and had equal powers in directing the movements of his command. General Grierson moved slowly and

with great caution on the Clinton and Port Hudson road, and succeeded in capturing a scouting party and the picket posts as far as the bridge over the Amite river, which skirts the town of Clinton. About 2 o'clock in the day, Stockdale's Battalion was ordered to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Port Hudson, and, moving from camp, halted at the Amite river to water the horses. While at the bridge the command was fired upon. The enemy's advance guard, under Colonel Prince, of the Seventh Illinois Cavalry, had formed across the road, about one hundred yards distant. Major Stockdale could not for the moment believe that it was the eeemy. The writer, who had been in Grierson's lines under a flag of truce, commanded by Lieutenant Dan Williams, now a resident of Mississippi City, recognized Colonel Prince's horse, a large sorrel with white spots, plainly, and at once informed Lieutenant Williams, who was at the head of Hoover's Company, that it was Colonel Prince, of Grierson's Cavalry. The firing now became general. Major Stockdale turned to the writer, who was in the first four, and gave orders to at once tell Logan and Powers that

"GRIERSON WAS AT THE BRIDGE."

Proceeding with all haste, this courier found General Logan, Colonels Powers and Griffith amusing themselves at a game of cards. When they were informed of the enemy being so near, the writer was then ordered to ride through the camps and order every man to fall in, which he did.

The officer in command of the battery hurriedly limbered up and got his battery to the front. Colonel Griffith ordered his Arkansas infantry to fall in on foot, and make a rush for the bridge, which Stockdale was still holding. Gage's and Garland's battalions were soon in the saddle and away to the bridge, where the roll of musketry and cracking of carbines gave assurance that the enemy would be held in check. The battery, at a run, wheeled and took up position on the right side of the road and opened fire; one of the guns burst and killed three men and wounded several. The writer hastened down to the bridge, proud of the good work he had performed, when he met Henry Stuart, one of the most gallant gentlemen who ever espoused the Confederate cause, attempting to get to some place where he could get medical attention, having been seriously wounded, and ready to fall fainting from his horse, from loss of blood.

The writer assisted his wounded comrade back to the surburbs, and having stanched his wound, he had the good people of the house to promise to care for him, and then returned to his command.

As soon as Stockdale found that he had the support of Griffith, with the mounted infantry, he charged the head of Grierson's column and drove it back. Griffith deployed the Eleventh and Seventeenth (consolidated) Arkansas regiment and pushed through the woods, attacking vigorously the Federals, who had also dismounted and were fighting on foot. These "Rackensacks," as Griffith loved to call his men, sustained their splendid reputation as fighters, driving the enemy before them. Colonel Powers, taking Gage's Louisiana Battalion, and Garland's command, made a detour and struck Grierson's rear and left flank, causing a complete rout, the left falling back in confusion and disorder, causing the center to waver and give back; Stockdale at once taking advantage of this confusion in the enemy's ranks, charged down the road, while Griffith's infantry pushed forward through the dense woods, completely routing the enemy, who was then thrown into greater confusion by Powers pouring in an enfilading fire on the left of Grierson's line. Grierson fled from the field, leaving his dead and wounded behind. The Confederates followed, but night coming on, abandoned the pursuit.

The loss to the Confederates was considerable, both in killed and wounded, owing to the fighting being at close quarters. The enemy's losses were still greater.

After Grierson's defeat at Clinton the cavalry had but little to do outside of scouting and reconnoitering close into the Federal lines, but at no time did General Banks deem it advisable to send out another expedition against that small cavalry brigade that besieged him while he was besieging Port Hudson.

About this time there was planned at Colonel Power's headquarters, by Captain McKowen, who commanded a company of scouts, an expedition for fearlessness and recklessness almost without a parallel. Captain McKowen knew not what fear was, and after obtaining permission from Colonel Powers, proceeded to at once carry out his project, which was to capture Major General Neal Dow, of the Federal Army, commanding a division in front of Port Hudson. It may be remembered that while Lee and Jackson were confronting Meade's Army in Virginia, a desperate effort was made by a

cavalry division, under command of Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, to force its way into Richmond, with instructions "to destroy and burn the hateful city, and not allow the rebel leader, Davis, and his traitorous crew to escape." Once in the city, it must be destroyed and Davis and his cabinet killed. Dahlgren was killed and his force routed, and these orders were found on his body. The Washington government then threatened to execute a number of Confederate officers in retaliation "for the killing of Dahlgren and heaping indignities upon his dead body." Confederate States government retorted that the Confederate government would then hang ten officers for every man thus executed by the Federals. A major general of the United States Army was wanted by the Confederacy, and hence Captain McKowen undertook to supply the want. Taking with him a few trusted comrades, who, like himself, knew every foot of ground in that section of country, he made his way in the night time within the Federal lines, and after many hairbreadth escapes, located General Dow's tent, which was stealthily approached, the sentinels being secured without noise, and

GENERAL DOW CAPTURED.

The escape was miraculous, for McKowen had penetrated far within the Federal lines, and only succeeded in making his escape by using the greatest precaution. General Neal Dow was safely brought to camp, and next day, under an escort, sent to Richmond, Va.

Be it said to the credit of both governments that retaliatory measures at no stage of the war were resorted to.

It was on the 6th day of July, 1863, that the news of the fall of Vicksburg reached Port Hudson. The gun-boats on the river announced their victory by firing a tremendous salute, which was re-echoed from their land batteries, while the Federal infantry, who had worked their way close to the breastworks, shouted the news across the lines. On the 7th of July, General Gardner communicated with General Banks, asking for official assurance of the news. If Vicksburg had really been surrendered, he asked for a cessation of hostilities, with the view of arranging terms for the capitulation of Port Hudson,

On July 8th, the Confederate flag was lowered and the enemy entered Port Hudson.

General Gardner could not have held out much longer. His am-

munition for small arms was almost gone, only twenty rounds remaining to each man, and the garrison was on the verge of starvation. The corn mill had been destroyed and 2,000 bushels of corn burned with it; no meat was left, and nearly all the mules had been killed to satisfy the demand; only fifteen serviceable guns remained on the land defenses, the others having been disabled by the enfilading fire from the gunboats, whose firing was incessant, both day and night. The hospitals were full of the sick, and the men in the trenches were so exhausted and enfeebled that they were unfit for action.

With the fall of Port Hudson, all the Confederate cavalry were ordered to Crystal Springs, Miss. En route to that point, a courier reached camp and communicated the news to Colonel Powers that the Federals had located a camp of instruction at Jackson, La., and were recruiting a negro regiment. Colonel Powers at once retraced his steps, and by forced marches reached Thompson's creek, a few miles from Jackson, about July 25.

Gage's and Stockdale's Battalions were sent around on the Port Hudson road to cut off the enemy's retreat, while Powers, with Colonel Griffith's mounted infantry, dashed into Jackson, and, although the Federals were taken by surprise, they formed and fired a deadly volley into the advancing Confederates. Adjutant Davis, a handsome young officer, of great promise, brave and fearless, was killed at the side of Colonel Powers, in front of his ancestral home. The enemy fled to Centenary College, and, from the windows, fired into the Confederate column and were only dislodged when the mountain howitzer was brought into action and exploded a number of shells in the building, when the enemy surrendered. The negroes in camp broke and ran, but not before a large number had been killed, while the military ardor of those that escaped was cooled.

Reaching Crystal Springs, Stockdale's Battalion was merged with that of Colonel Wilbourne, and from that time was known as the Fourth Mississippi Cavalry, Stockdale becoming lieutenant-colonel.

Gage's Battalion, with Garland's and some detached companies, were merged into a regiment and designated as the Fourteenth Confederate Regiment, Colonel Dumonteil commanding, with John B. Gage lieutenant-colonel. Afterwards these two regiments were

attached to Mabry's Brigade and formed part of Forrest's Cavalry Corps. Colonel Powers' and Colonel Griffith's Regiments were assigned to duty in east Louisiana and southwestern Mississippi. Colonel Gage was killed and Colonel Stockdale seriously wounded, as was Captain James M. Ferguson, adjutant, at Harrisburg, Miss., where many of the best and bravest of the old commands gave up their lives.

> The memory of their proud deeds cannot die,
> They may go down to dust in bloody shrouds,
> And sleep in nameless grave, but, for all time,
> Foundlings of Fame are our beloved lost.

W. H. Pascoe.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, December 10th, 1905.

ONE OF THE GAMEST OF MODERN FIGHTS.

No Equal Area of the American Continent so Drenched in Blood.

SHARPSBURG OR ANTIETAM.

Fifteenth Virginia, of Semmes' Brigade, McLaws' Division, at the Crisis.

In many a nook and cranny of Virginia, "far from the madding crowd", is some old soldier, scarred with wounds, who without pay and without title, did deeds for his State and the Southern cause which, had he served a victorious people, would have crowned his name with honors, perpetuated his fame, and brought to him the emoluments with which fortune endows her favorites. Though such things came not to him, it has never soured his temper nor disturbed the serenity of his spirit.

If the old cry "*vae victis*" fulfilled itself to him in many ways, so also did the fortitude of his manliness put under him his protecting arms.

In many a nook and cranny in Virginia, too, is a valiant leader of his neighbors, who commanded and guided them in the battle shock, and stepped behind the scenes to the work of restoration when war's dread thunders stormed no more.

One of these is Colonel E. M. Morrison, of the 15th Virginia Infantry, who now resides at Smithfield, in the Isle of Wight county, and who is yet busy with his tasks.

The 15th Virginia lost at Sharpsburg 58 per cent. of its men, which is 23 per cent. more than the Light Cavalry Brigade of the English army, lost in the world-heralded "Battle of Balaklava." Our folks write poems in honor of the Light Brigade and our schoolboys declaim Tennyson's verses; but what do we know of our own boys who stood proof on this red day at Sharpsburg?

Fourteen officers and one hundred and fourteen men of the Fifteenth Virginia were in that fight, of whom one officer was killed (Captain A. V. England) and six were wounded, including

Captain E. M. Morrison. Of the non-commissioned officers and privates ten (10) were killed and fifty-eight (58) wounded.

General Paul J. Semmes' Brigade of McLaws' division consisted of two Georgia and two Virginia regiments. In his report, General Semmes says: "The loss in killed and wounded was of the Fifty-third Georgia, 30 per cent.; 32d Virginia, 45 per cent.; Tenth Georgia, 57 per cent.; Fifteenth Virginia, 58 per cent."

As to the colors, he says: "The colors of the Fifty-third received two shots; that of Fifteenth Virginia ten, and the pike was once cut in two; two color-bearers were wounded, and one of the color guard was killed and one wounded."

The colors of the Thirty-second Virginia received seventeen shots, and the pike was once cut in two, and one of the color guard wounded.

McLaws' division came to the aid of Jackson on the Confederate left at a critical time. Every one of Jackson's brigades had been forced back by the heavy assaults, saving only the brigade of Early, which was the extreme left of Lee's infantry. Early, with a remnant of Ewell's old division, under the indomitable Colonel Grigsby, of the Twenty-seventh Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, and with McLaws' division (after himself checking the enemy), made the counterstroke that turned the fortunes of the day. The statistics tell the terrible struggle, but it takes a soldier who was there to give vivacity to the same. Knowing Mr. C. A. Richardson, of the Life Guard, of Richmond, which was in the Fifteenth Virginia, and having been favorably impressed by an article from his pen, I asked him to give his account of the Fifteenth in the battle. This he in turn asked his brave commander, Col. E. M. Morrison, and he has kindly done it. The colonel was a Virginia Military Institute cadet when the war came, and, like so many of the gallant boys of this illustrious school, soon became a drillmaster of the crude Virginia Volunteers, then a captain, and a little later a field officer of the famous Fifteenth. When the Fifteenth, with Semmes' Brigade, was flung into the crucible of battle, the fine mettle of its composition appeared, and Morrison, its commander, showed the stuff he was made of. The Thirty-second was its twin comrade, and with the gallant Georgians, carried high the shredded flag of Lee's Paladins in "the gamest fight of the Nineteenth Century."

I have added to the colonel's account General Ezra A. Carman's comparison of the Sharpsburg with other great battles.

He commanded there the Thirty-fourth New York, and is a careful and painstaking scholar, who has made a special study of the Sharpsburg combat.

It is hoped that some officer or soldier who was there will do for the Thirty-second Virginia what Colonel Morrison has done for the Fifteenth.

JOHN W. DANIEL.

Fifteenth Virginia Infantry.

(BY COLONEL E. M. MORRISON.)

I am requested to write an account of the part borne by the Fifteenth Regiment of Virginia Infantry, Semmes's Brigade, McLaws's Division, in the battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862.

Contrary to the custom of the best writers and the approved canons of polite literature, or any reliable narrative of a historical nature, I wish to submit in advance, or as prefatory to my sketch, a general reflection, also a sort of recapitulation, to wit:

Heine says: "We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them. They master us and force us into the arena, where like gladiators, we must fight for them." And it will not matter to the thoughtless spectator if the emperor turns his royal thumb down or up, we may either live or perish, grandly or ignobly, amid the most ennobling ideas that dominate our race.

From 1861–'65, four memorial years, we fought it out on a line of ideas that took possession of our minds and hearts. In God's providence it may so happen that failure in a great and good cause may be crowned with untold blessings. If this be the philosophy of the situation, we must line up like men and join in the great rush and mighty tide of stupendous events.

It is entirely probable and surely quite possible for a man to forget many things of the past in which he took an active part; the elapse of forty years since the event took place; the absence of environments; the severing of associations, living at a distance from the scenes, are some of the things that lead up to, and contribute materially to, our forgetfulness, for of such is our human nature. Yet, after all, there will linger with us, like the sweet and pervasive odor of old-time lavender, intangible, invisible, the subtle essence of an existing, undying past, that will never entirely vanish. Along this line my thoughts were reminiscently roving Wednesday, Thurs-

day and Friday, October last, 25th, 26th and 27th, in old Petersburg, while among the old soldiers with whom I met and talked galore. It was the largest gathering of the "old boys" since the war.

This reunion of old comrades, the indulgence of kindly thoughts, the hearty clasping of old hands, it all helps

"To lift us unawares
Out of our meaner cares."

It is astonishing, when one takes a retrospect of events and incidents happening two-score years ago, how fragmentary they come to one's recollection, and how trifling events will "bob" up when those of greater importance seem to be gone forever.

THE KALEIDESCOPE OF WAR MEMORIES.

For instance, I remember after the seven days' fight around Richmond, from out of the great quantity of stores we captured and marched over, I had in my haversack a handful of coffee and four inches of spermaceti candle, and at Harper's Ferry just outside of which we were on the morning after the surrender, and after 11,000 or more prisoners marched by us we went into town, out of which I brought only four horses, which I never had an opportunity to use; and does a certain captain now living remember the very small piece of tobacco he swapped for a very large blanket with one of the prisoners and which had vermin enough on it to carry it into the Potomac, without throwing it in, which he did. I say it is astonishing how memory brings up these trivial things, in fact, war besides being "hell" is a kaleidescope of events humorous and pathetic.

When the Army of Northern Virginia left the vicinity of Richmond to enter upon the first Maryland campaign, it was in excellent condition and the march through Virginia at that beautiful time of the year was a treat to the men who had for months been cooped up in trenches.

I have heard it said that there was much straggling in the army on that march and that General Lee's army numbered more within two days after the battle of Sharpsburg than it did the morning of the battle.

I do not recall that it was so with the Fifteenth Virginia Infantry, which I commanded as senior captain, after the loss of two field officers at Malvern Hill, one of them was the gallant Major John Stewart Walker, who was killed, and our gallant Colonel Thomas P. August, wounded.

UBRARY FRANCISCO

I know it was a continuous march, day after day, but I do not remember that any of them were forced until two or three days before Sharpsburg. We reached the battlefield of second Manassas two days after the fight and marched by heaps of dead, especially red breeched Zouaves.

TOMMY LIPSCOMB AND HIS KETTLE DRUM.

I do not know whether we were expected to be on hand the day of the battle or not. I do not recall any incident until we crossed the Potomac, except this rather funny one.

There was a certain man detailed to blow the fife, and had been one of our excellent drum corps, which the seven days around Richmond had reduced to two—Tommy Lipscomb, with his kettle drum, and our friend with the fife. Seeing no need of screeching at reveille, I directed his captain to give him a gun and send him back for duty with his company. He evidently did not like the change, for after carrying it for two days his gun was brought to me one morning with this written on a dirty piece of paper: "Major, take your d—n old rifle and go to h—l; I am going to Mosby." Which I suppose he did, for he was never any more with us, and it became a standing joke with the field officers of other regiments to ask me, most emphatically: "Where is ———?" Answer: "Gone to h—l or Mosby."

THE WHIRL OF EVENTS.

After crossing the Potomac, it was a continual "whirl" of events. At Crampton's Gap supporting the Manly artillery, of North Carolina, and they did some good shooting at the enemy coming through Middletown. We could not get at them. Lower down the mountain we saw the lofty and lovely fight that Cobb's men put up. About night we were outflanked and nearly surrounded. A night's march somewhere, to Harper's Ferry, I believe; then a march to Monocacy Bridge; arrived a few hours after the fight; through Frederick City; a hard day's march; at 9 P. M. we bivouac in a wheat field. I remember the heavy dew and how wet we were. At daybreak on the march again. About 11 A. M. we unsling knapsacks, pile them in a field, and leave guard with them; every man fills up his canteen; forward, march, double-quick. The road wound around the base of a hill. We clear the base of the hill.

BEHOLD SHARPSBURG.

Behold Sharpsburg, now the historical, as the Federals put it, the "Antietam" battlefield. Up to that moment I do not believe we knew the battle was on in our immediate front. The field that we fought over was enclosed by a chestnut rail fence, and near its corner a gate, and near the gate a small but beautiful tree. The head of the regiment filed through the gate on the run, rapidly swung into position as best we could, forming on the regiment to our right and firing as we came into line. As we got close to them, one hundred to two hundred yards, I should say, we could see individual men, officers, I suppose, running backward and forward through the smoke.

IN LINE. GENERAL PAUL SEMMES ON A PILE OF ROCKS CHEERING THE MEN.

As we got into line and commenced firing with much precision, I heard the greatest cheering a little to my right, and recognized General Semmes (gallant old Paul Semmes, brother of Raphael, both born fighters) standing on a pile of rocks, swinging his hat and cheering "to beat the band." I rushed up to him. "General, are they retreating?" says I. "No," says he. I rushed back, naming myself a fool, but that brave old man and two officers or orderlies with him kept making so much fuss, I was compelled to see what was the matter. Just here I must digress only briefly to say a word for General Paul Semmes, our gallant old brigadier. General M. D. Corse became our brigadier when General George E. Pickett's division was formed. Paul Semmes was the brother of Raphael Semmes, the Confederacy's great sea fighter. All survivors of the "Old Fifteenth" well remember General Paul Semmes, our first brigadier. He fell at Gettysburg, and, like Marmion—

"With dying hand above his head,
He shook the fragments of his blade,"

and died like the bravest of the brave for his beloved Southland.

BEAUTIFUL LOADING AND FIRING AND "THE REBEL YELL."

My men were behaving beautifully, loading and firing as deliberately as if on a drill, but the "old rebel yell" they were putting up in their intense excitement.

Men never battled in a nobler cause in all the "tide of time."

As we continue to grow older in years and reminiscences, the memory of the past becomes dearer and more sacred.

I should say the regiment carried in about 114 men, and, although they were not in action very long, perhaps some three or four hours, they suffered a loss of 58 per cent. Their names ought to be on record somewhere. "Marse Robert" had no braver or more devoted band of gallant men than they who composed the Fifteenth Virginia Infantry. Its old commander often dwells in fondest memory on the dear "old boys," and their many deeds of true heroism in those memorable days of trial and suffering. Many times in the past two-score years his heart has melted and his eyes dimmed with kindly tears in sad and tender recollection, and now he most earnestly and lovingly wishes he had the capacity to portray for their posterity their patriotic devotion to duty, and the suffering and sacrifices they endured to uphold a cause they knew to be right. Ah! surely it was right, time has only the more firmly grounded us in our convictions; nothing has occurred in the past two-score years in anyway calculated to change our views and opinions about our "Lost Cause" with every idea and principle it involved and embraced, and for which we contended and suffered; it ever remains with us a sweet and sacred memory. It is true to-day we are all American citizens, living under one flag, and giving allegiance to one government; but we are still very human, and while we may forgive many wrongs and cruel things, we can never forget the old, old days, for then it was we willingly, bravely, risked our all in a common cause in the hopeful lusty days of our youth. It will never enter our minds and hearts in our mature years that our cause was anything but right and just; and so we will continue to believe as our shadows lengthen in the sunset of life ere we join our dear old comrades who have gone hence.

"So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on us from on high,
And angel voices say to us
These things can never die."

Before closing my random and reminiscent sketch, I wish to say

A WORD ABOUT OUR ARTILLERY AND "THE BOY BATTERY" OF PARKER

Therefore, I crave pardon for another digression not entirely irrel-

event. It may be proper to credit the "old Fifteenth with several contributions made to the gallant Parker Battery, which distinguished itself in the great Sharpsburg fight. The intrepid first commander of the heroic battery, Major W. W. Parker, before Captain J. Thompson Brown became the captain, had been an officer in the Fifteenth Virginia; also, Privates Thomas L. Alfriend, Robert Bidgood, and perhaps others I cannot recall just now. The "Boy Battery" first won fame under the knightly and valiant Parker. It sustained its reputation under Captain Brown, and became one of the famous batteries of the Confederate army. The many fields it fought on were enriched with the brave young blood of its heroes. "The Boy Battery" at Sharpsburg and the Lexington cadets at New Market should stand as prominent in the annals of our Civil War as did the twin heroes, Castor and Pollux, in the enchanting realm of Roman mythology. Old Virginia is proud of her artillery record, and even now in these piping times of peace and patriotic devotion to our common country she is ever mindful, and lovingly recalls the fact of furnishing fifty-three (53) famous batteries, not including heavy artillery, in that grand old army that wore the gray. They were ever fearless batteries, that hurled shot and shell with unerring and deadly precision into the ranks of the enemy on many victorious fields.

The writer is fully aware he has written in a rambling manner, and for such an offense he pleads in extenuation the natural time-honored privilege that is kindly granted to age and the reminiscent period.

When two-score years are added to age, forbearance and indulgence are quite in order, then it becomes every chivalrous nature to reckon kindly with old friends and comrades,

"Who stood together, time and oft,
When valor won in battles fought."

E. E. Morrison,
Lieut. Col. 15th Virginia Infantry.

CRISIS AT SHARPSBURG.

Comparison of Losses There With Those of Other Great Battles.

General Carman has said of this battle, in an address delivered on the field·

"The Confederate victories in June, July and August appeared so conclusive of the ability of the South to maintain itself that September 14th, the day of South Mountain, when Lord Palmerston, prime minister of England, read in the *Observer* the accounts of Lee's victories at Second Manassas, he wrote Lord John Russell, secretary for foreign affairs, that the Federals had 'got a very complete smashing, and it seems not altogether unlikely that still greater disasters await them, and that even Washington or Baltimore may fall into the hands of the Confederates, and suggested that in this state of affairs the time had come for mediation between the North and South, upon the basis of separation.

"Gettysburg only exceeded it in the number killed and wounded, but that was a three days' fight. Antietam was but one day, and on this one day as many men were killed and wounded as were killed and wounded in any two of the three days at Gettysburg. Chickamauga, the greatest battle of the West, does not show the loss, killed and wounded, for its two days' fighting that Antietam does for one. The true test of the severity of a battle is the percentage of loss of those engaged for illustration, the "old Fifteenth" Virginia sustained a loss of 58 per cent. The percentage here for one day, on the Union side, was 20 64-100, or nearly 21 for every 100 engaged; Chickamauga, 19 60-100 for two days, and Gettysburg, 21 20-100 per cent. for three days. Reducing the equation to one day, we have 20 64-100 per cent. for Antietam, 9 8-10 per cent. for Chickamauga, and 7 7-100 per cent for Gettysburg. This shows the relative or comparative severity of the fighting, that it was more than twice as desperate as it was at Chickamaugua, and three times as desperate as it was at Gettysburg. The Confederate loss, killed and wounded, was 24 65-100 per cent. of those engaged."

After walking up and down the line several times, exhorting them

to keep cool, aim low, fire straight, etc., etc., I found myself, with rifle, in line with my men, firing away and liking it better than walking about and exhorting men who were nobly doing all they could do.

IN A HOT PLACE; ON A STRETCHER; AND IN A HAY STACK.

I shot away the ammunition left in one dead man's cartridge-box, and walked a few yards to pick up another. I was about to fire the third shot from this box, when something happened; for a minute or so surely I must have lost consciousness, else I would not have allowed the ambulance corps to attempt to take me off the hotly contested field, which we still held. They started with me, in but a moment, it seems to me, four of us were on the ground in a pile almost. As I lay on the stretcher, I saw the ball strike poor Charlie Watkins in the head, scattering his brains. He fell with a thud and never breathed again. "Billie" Briggs (William H. Briggs) had his thigh broken and second and third finger cut off, and another man, name unknown, wounded. I tell you, it was a hot place, and getting hotter each moment. Others offered to take up the stretcher, but I commanded them not to do this, but go back to the firing-line. At this time our line charged, and the enemy ran. I crawled and walked to a hay-stack, full of wounded. I was as bloody as I could be, and it is a fact, I could feel and hear the blood in my boots. Among the wounded in that hay-stack was Lieutenant John Fussell, struck on the breast by something that had raised a great blue place as big as a child's first.

It must have been a pitiful and pathetic sight seeing good old John cut off the sleeve of my coat looking for a wound in the arm, when it was more serious, through the brachial plexus of the right breast. Someone called out that the stack was on fire, and it was horrible to see the poor wounded fellows getting away from it. I lay in the corner of a fence—how long, I know not. I do believe, without better information, we were the extreme regiment on the left of our whole army, for the first unemployed men and doctors we met with were cavalry, among them my friend, Captain John Lamb, member of Congress, who, I knew, was instrumental in having me taken from the field—how I do not exactly remember; it seems in a blanket tied to poles.

If this meets his eye, will he please let me know exactly how it was.

SOME SHARPSBURG INCIDENTS.

Several months after the memorable battle, when I was nicely recovering from my wounds, a comrade related to me three incidents that came under his experience at Sharpsburg. I think them entirely relevant and worthy of space in this sketch since they rightly belong with the stirring events of that sanguinary field.

Abont 6 P. M., when the heat and turmoil of battle had subsided, I was reminded that I had not eaten anything since early in the morning, and then only two "hardtacks"; three of us soon filled our haversacks with fine apples from a nearby orchard, then kindled a fire, got out frying pan, and a chunk of very fat mess pork; two of our party were slicing apples, B—— doing the cook's duties. The first pan of apples was being turned into a tin plate, when bang! bang!! bang!! in quick succession, exploded three shells most uncomfortably near, tendering us the untimely and cruel compliments of a Federal battery which had spied us, and made a target of our little tea party. The Federal gunners soon had our range and dropped a dozen or more shells about us in a few minutes, doing no serious damage, causing us to postpone the meal on fried apples, in the mode a la Sharpsburg.

ONE WAY OF STOPPING A "REBEL YELL."

In a headlong charge, all going at a double quick, and yelling like wild Comanches, a hardy, muscular, fearless "Tar Heel," who had joined us in a determined rush on the Federal lines, received a minie ball in his open mouth. He did not seem to immediately lose his speech, for he blurted out: "Boys, I'll have to leave you. Going to the rear to look for that damned ball. Give 'em hell and my compliments." The narrator subsequently learned that the brave fellow rejoined his own famous fighting regiment (Thirteenth North Carolina) three months later, still a good and staying fighter, but minus the full notes of that lusty yell at Sharpsburg.

A HASTY MEAL ON APPLE BUTTER.

In a few moments after a "hot mix-up" when we were getting our "second-wind" for another onset or attack, either offensive or defensive, a brave and hungry Georgian who was "taking chances" with us proceeded to unroll his blanket that had a considerable bulge in it which disappeared when relieved of a half gallon crock

of apple butter. In a twinkling the cloth covering of the crock was removed, and the ravenously hungry son from Georgia began to fill an aching void. Soon came the ringing, stirring command, "forward men, double quick," when lo! the crock was empty, most of its contents in the Georgian's stomach, and no small portion smeared over an unwashed face already begrimed with the smoke and dust, the joy and toil of battle.

The Georgians were hard, but also gay and festive fighters. Survivors of the "Old Fourteenth" will kindly recall Major General MacLaws' "fighting division" as one of the famous divisions of General Longstreet's Corps.

INFANTRY STRENGTH OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

While thus speaking incidently of the fighting quality of the Georgia soldiers I am tempted to a slight digression that may be regarded as a correctly summarized statement of some interest. The seventy-six regiments of infantry furnished the Confederate army by the gallant State of Georgia were men of the same stamp as the seventy-one regiments from North Carolina, and the seventy regiments from old Virginia; these three States during the war 1861-5 put in the field two hundred and seventeen of the five hundred and seventy regiments composing the grand army of the Confederacy. Eight other Southern States supplied three hundred and fifty-three regiments, fully as brave, true and patriotic as the three States named, and which are only thus mentioned because they were in the order named the largest numerical contributors, but excelling in nothing else. Not since the dawn of creation, or since men have lived under any form of government has the world known a truer, braver or nobler half million of patriotic men who fought for their country with all the principles and ideas involved in a great and protracted struggle, only ending at Appomattox when

> "Flodden's fatal field
> Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear
> And broken was her shield."

Perhaps an error in judgment prompts the writer to relate an additional incident of memorable Sharpsburg. However, he makes bold to assert that it rightly belongs with this authentic record of the gallant "Old Fifteenth" Virginia Infantry.

A TELLING ONE ON PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

In one of the companies of the "Old Fifteenth"—I think Company E—there was a tall, stout, robust fellow; a dare-devil, rollicking chap, who gloried in a fight; in the Sharpsburg fight when about half the regiment had been killed and wounded my comrade and hero, "Beauregard"—a nickname given him in the regiment—was badly wounded and left on the field; the enemy already in superior force and receiving additional reinforcements drove us from that part of the terrible field, compelling us to leave "Beauregard" with many others; he was taken to the Federal field hospital, where he received as good attention as the crowded condition permitted.

A bright, sunny day of the week following the great battle, there was a grand review of the Federal army which had failed to defeat "Marse Robert's" veterans. President Lincoln did the reviewing, riding a tall horse—both rider and steed being tall—and all under a very tall silk hat. The President was not considered a striking military figure (he was at his best as a tall, gaunt, rawboned, angular citizen in ill-fitting clothes and awkward manners). Our wounded hero, with other badly wounded comrades had been brought out on stretchers and placed on cots in front of the hospital, doubtless with the idea of impressing them with the grand parade: several hundred pieces of artillery had passed in most imposing array when the President rode up and drew reins near our "Beauregard" whom he noticed and thus addressed: "Now, Johnnie, tell me what do you think of our artillery, honest, now, a square opinion?"

"Well, Mr. President, I will tell you, it surely does look fine, and there's lots of it too. In our army we haven't got so much, but it looks jest like yours, on nearly all the limber chests there's the letters U. S. same as yours." This retort courteous, and straight from the shoulder greatly pleased Mr. Lincoln, who never failed to see and enjoy a good joke no matter at whose expense, or whose undoing.

The kindly and tactful Lincoln was quick to see such a palpable hit, he knew full well how often the ranks of the Federal Army had been rent, shattered and torn by the captured "U. S." guns so well served by the Confederate artillerists.

GAMEST FIGHT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

There were more men killed and wounded on the Union side in the one day at Antietam than in the two days' battles of Shiloh, Corinth, Stone River and Chickamauga; more than in the three days' battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Cold Harbor; more than in the five days of Groveton, Second Manassas and Chantilly; more than in the seven days on the Peninsula; more than in the eleven days' campaign ending at Appomattox; more than in all the battles around Atlanta, and more than in all the operations around Vicksburg, including the siege from May 1, to July 4, 1863.

Between daybreak and the setting sun of September 17, 1862, forty-three years ago, over 93,000 men of kindred blood (56,300 Union and 37,300 Confederate) and 520 cannon engaged on this field in a desperate struggle, and when the sun went down and mercifully put an end to the strife 3,634 were dead and 17,222 wounded, an aggregate of 20,856; Union, 12,400; Confederate, 9,600. About 1,770 were missing, some of whom were dead, but most of whom were carried as prisoners from the field. It was the bloodiest day of American history. Every state from the Great Lakes, on the North, to the Gulf of Mexico on the South, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and, with the exception of Iowa and Missouri, every state watered by the Mississippi, contributed to this carnival of death and suffering.

The most desperate fighting and the great part of the loss was in this vicinity. Here, within 1,200 yards of the Dunkard Church, 55,728 infantry (Union and Confederate) were engaged; with a loss of 2,845 killed and 13,661 wounded, an aggregate of 16,515, or nearly 30 per cent. of the number engaged. All this loss occurred before 1 P. M., more than three-fourth of it in the little over four hours, from 6 o'clock to half-past 10, and on a field not over 1,500 yards from North to South, with an average width, East and West, of 900 yards, an area of about 300 acres. No other equal area on the American continent has been so drenched in human blood. It was a gamer fight than Waterloo, more stubborn, more desperate; and all culminating in a drawn battle.

MY PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN TAKING UP ARMS AND IN THE BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

GETTYSBURG—PICKETT'S CHARGE.

Addresses by James F. Crocker, Before Stonewall Camp Confederate Veterans, Portsmouth, Va., February 6, 1889, and November 7, 1894,

[The following articles from the unmistakable sincerity of the author, as from his heart—the fount directive of his being, and in logical rights not to be defined in sophistry—expresses purely the animus of the Confederate soldier. It is no less a duty than a pleasure to embody them in this serial.

The Address, "Gettysburg—Pickett's Charge," about which so much has been published, in rival claims as to precedence in merit in the charge, and as to faults conspiring to thwart the plans of a consummate soldier and peerless leader, that farther dissension should be deprecated.

It has never been my privilege to meet Judge Crocker, but his brother, by the second marriage of his mother, Hon. Richard S. Thomas, of Smithfield, I have had cause to rejoice in the friendship of for years. They come of worthy life-springs in an ancestry dating to the settlement of "Ould Virginia."

James Francis Crocker, the second son of James and Frances Hill (Woodley) Crocker, was born January 5th, 1828; was graduated from Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg, in the class of 1850, and was its Valedictorian; for a time was a teacher, latterly as Professor of Mathematics at Madison College, Penn.; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1854.

Was elected to the House of Delegates from Isle of Wight county and served the session 1855–6; became a member of the law firm of Godwin & Crocker, Portsmouth, Va., in 1856, and continued in successful practice, until it was dissolved by the election of the partners respectively to be Judges of the Corporation Courts of the cities of Norfolk, and of Portsmouth, Va.

Judge Crocker resigned in 1906.

As Adjutant of the Ninth Virginia Infantry he was severely wounded at the battle of Malvern Hill; wounded and taken prisoner at Gettysburg, and sent first to David's Island, N. Y., and later to Johnson's Island.

By his comrades of the trying days of the momentous struggle of the South, he is warmly beloved for admirably exemplified traits, nor is he less regarded universally in his honorable civil career.

Hon. R. S. Thomas is the second son of the mother of Judge Crocker, by her second marriage with James Thomas, and as "Mister Dick," as he is familiarly called by those of his section who know well why they should love him, writes: "His (Judge Crocker's) father died six months after he was born, and my father died some four years after my birth. My brother is nine years older than I am, and he has always been as a father to me, taking me by the hand to mould and shape my character and life."

The addresses here printed are from revised copies by Judge Crocker.

For a graphic account of the battle of Malvern Hill, by a gallant participant therein, see the address of Captain John Lamb, Vol. XXV, *Southern Historical Society Papers.*—EDITOR.]

My Experience in Taking up Arms and in the Battle of Malvern Hill.

Commander and Comrades:

It is my turn, by appointment, to give to-night reminisences of the war. It is expected, as I understand it, that these reminisences may be largely personal and that it is not to be considered in bad taste to speak of one's self. In fact our soldier lives were so much the same, our experiences and performances, our aspirations and devotion to our cause were so common to each and all, that to speak of one's self is to tell the story of the rest.

Let it be understood at once that no true soldier can speak of of himself and of his services in the Confederate Army, however humble the sphere of his service, without a tone of self commendation. And if I seem to speak in self praise, remember I but speak of each of you. Comrades! I would esteem it the highest honor to stand an equal by your side. For here before me are men—heroes—in courage and in patriotism equal to those who fell at Thermopylae—who with those to whose sacred memory you monu-

ment is erected, aided in achieving a lustre of arms such as is not recorded in all the annals of the past.

The one thing in my personal history touching the war which I recall with most delight and hold in my supremest pride and satisfaction before all else, is the ardor with which I took up arms. This ardor was not the mere ebullient force of a passionate excitement, but the inspiration of unquestioning conviction that our duty to ourselves, to posterity, to our State, imperiously demanded that we should at all hazards and whatever might be the outcome, take up arms in defence of our rights as a free, independent and liberty-loving people and to repel any invasion of our soil by hostile forces. You recall the glow of this ardor—you felt it—it burned in every true heart of the South. May those who come after us ever bear it in honorable memory, for it was a most sacred feeling, akin to what we feel for our religion and our God in our most devout moments.

It was a bitter alternative that was presented to Virginia, either to submit unresistingly and unconditionally to the determined and persistent encroachments on her equality under the Constitution, or to withdraw herself from the Union of the States which she had been chiefly instrumental in forming and which for that reason, she, more than all the other States, loved pre-eminently. She did all she could to avert this alternative. She sent her most illustrious citizens to Washington to implore for adjustment, for peace and for the perpetuity of the Union. Their petition was most haughtily disregarded. Notwithstanding this, she, through her people in solemn convention assembled, repressing all resentment, still stood majestically calm, though deeply moved, with her hand on the bond of the Union, refusing to untie it. And thus she stood until she was summoned to take up arms against her kindred people of the South and to receive on her soil an advancing hostile force. Put to this alternative, she resumed her delegated rights and sovereignty. In that solemn act, I was passionately with her with my whole soul and mind. And standing here to-night after the lapse of upwards of a quarter of a century, summing up all she suffered and lost in war—in the waste of property, in the desolation of homes and in the blood of her sons, and also fully realizing the blessings of the restored Union, I still declare from the deepest depth of my convictions, that she was right. Yes, I rejoice that my whole being responded in approval and applause of that act of my State. I rejoice in recalling with what willingness I was ready to give my life in its support,

and it is the summation of the pride of my life that I served humbly in her cause.

Well do I remember that memorable day, the 19th of April, 1861. Animated by the feeling I have described, fully realizing the immediate imminence of strife, and determined to be ready for it how soon soever it might come, at my own expense I armed myself with musket and accoutrements, took my stand at the Ocean House corner, and there with eagerness awaited the first beat of the first drum that sounded in Virginia the first call to arms.

You remember the profound interest and emotion of that hour. It stifled all light feelings, and gave to each brow a thoughtful aspect, and to each eye a depth of light which comes only when the heart is weighed with great moving concern. Men pressed in silence each others hands, and spoke in tones subdued by the solemnity and intensity of their inexpressible feelings. All knew that when that long roll once sounded, it would thrill the land, and that it would not cease to be heard, day or night, until silenced in victory or defeat. The long roll beat; and the vulcan sounds of destruction in the navy yard, and the flames of burning buildings and blazing ships told that an unproclaimed war had commenced.

Comrades, is it all a dream? Sometimes to me and doubtless sometimes to you, absorbed and environed as we are by the present, the war seems a mystical and mysterious thing, and we feel that its reality is in some way slipping from us. If in us who were its active participants there may be such tendency, what must it be in those who are taking our places. It is on account of this tendency to lose the reality and meaning of the great war that I have dwelt on this part of my theme. And I cannot allow this occasion to pass without availing myself of it—the occasion of the organization of "Sons of Veterans," who are now before me—to say to them: Believe and know that your State and your fathers in taking up arm, were right. Fail never to know and learn to know that the posterity of no race or people have inherited from their fathers such a legacy of true patriotism, such sublime devotion to duty, such imperishable wealth of arms as you have received from yours, and let the precious memory of this enoble you, enrich your spirit, and make you the worthy inheritors of their fame and glory.

The personal reminisence of the war which I next most value and cherish is the feeling with which we made that memorable charge at Malvern Hill. It was our first battle, for the occurrences in

which we shared at Seven Pines, did not amount to an engagement. It can never be indifferent to note the feelings with which a soldier enters his first battle. Of all things battle is the most terrible. And to us all life is the dearest thing, and the love of life is by nature made the first law of our being. We instinctively shrink from imperilling our lives, and yet with what glad shout we have seen soldiers rush into the fiercest battles. What a glorious thing is manhood! How God-like is the devotion of man to duty—to a cause—in cheerfully giving up life to its service. What a noble and master passion is patriotism. How it exalts and glorifies man. To have once felt it propitiates ones self esteem and makes us ever a hero to ourselves. Shall I say it? Yes, for it can be equally said of each of you who were there. I have ever seemed to myself to have been a hero at Malvern Hill—if to be a hero is to feel the loftiest enthusiasm of patriotism—to disdain danger—to stand in the raging storm of shot and shell with a glad sense of duty and privilege to be there, and to be unreservedly willing to meet death for the good of one's country. All this you felt with me on that memorable charge.

It was in this spirit of devotion, the good, the brave and the loved Vermillion gave there to his country his life. This hero's name bids us pause. How tenderly we all remember him as the warm, generous, frank hearted friend. Brave and chivalrous in spirit, ardent and devoted to duty, graceful in deportment, manly in character, true and proud in self-respect, he commanded the admiration and love of all who knew him. In peace and in war—at home and in camp, he was the same true, manly man. He was ardently patriotic and was passionately devoted to his State and to its cause. He fell while gallantly leading his company on this charge. He fell in the flush of young manhood when life to him was full of high hopes and full of all the sweet endearments of home. He cheerfully gave his life to his country, and his blood was a willing libation to its cause. As among the departed braves Heaven tenderly keeps his happy spirit, so may his memory be ever lovingly cherished among the living. In this same spirit of devotion there fell Prentis, Dozier, Lewer, Parker, Bennett, Fiske, White and others dear in the memory of us all.

Let us recall the part which our own regiment, the Ninth Virginia, took in this memorable charge. Armistead's Brigade, to which our regiment belonged, were the first troops to reach the

immediate vicinity of Malvern Hill, arriving there at 10 A. M. Tuesday, July 1st, 1862. On arrival our regiment was detached from the brigade to guard a strategic point and did not rejoin it until after the battle. From 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. we lay exposed to the shells of the enemy. At this hour we were sent for and conducted to a deep wooded ravine which ran along the very edge of the open field on which the enemy had made a stand, and where they had planted many batteries and massed a great body of infantry. When we took our position in the ravine we found that General Magruder was there in command with a considerable force, all lying down in successive lines on the steep sloping side of the ravine. Nearest its brow was Cobb's Legion; next to them and almost in touching distance was Wright's brigade; next below them was our own gallant regiment forming a line by itself; below us was Mahone's brigade and other forces—near us were Generals Magruder, Cobb, Wright and Armistead. The day was fast declining. The deep shade of the majestic trees with which the valley was filled and the smoke of the enemy's guns brought on twilight dimness before the close of day. As we lay in close rank, we marked the flash of exploding shells that kissed the brow of the ravine and lit it up with a weird light, while the incessant firing of the massed batteries filled the air with constant roar and deafening crash. At one time, as the sun approached the horizon, the air seemed to change; it gained a new elasticity—a clear ring, so that from the sound of the enemy's artillery you would have thought that they were approaching nearer to us. General Magruder must have also thought so, for he gave direction that some men should ascend the brow of the hill and see if the enemy were advancing. The enemy had not and were not advancing, but from an elevation in the open field they poured from their batteries a living fire and a constant flow of shells.

The scene was solemn and grandly inspiring. We felt that the very genius of battle was astir, and the martial spirit was thoroughly aroused. All waited with impatience for the order to charge—that order which whenever given either fires the heart or pales the face of the soldier. At last Magruder gives the order. It is first repeated by General Cobb, and his brave Legion with a shout that for the moment drowned the roar of the artillery, arose and rushed forward. Then Wright repeats the order to his brigade, and as quick as thought his men spring forward. Then

came from General Armistead: "Ninth Virginia, charge!" The men arose with a shout—a joyous shout that rose above the din of battle and with a passionate enthusiasm we rushed forward. Danger seemed to be banished from every bosom. Victory and glory absorbed every other feeling. We rushed on and forward to within a short distance of the crown of the hill on which the enemy was massed. On us was concentrated the shell and cannister of many cannon and the fire of compact masses of infantry. It was murderous and a useless waste of life to go further. Our regiment was halted and it took position in line with other troops which had preceded us in the charge along and under the slope of the field, and here held its ground until the morning disclosed that the enemy had left. This gallant charge immortalized the Ninth Virginia and gave it a fame which it was its pride ever after to maintain in all the great battles in which it was engaged.

On this charge there came to me a new experience—a common experience on the battlefield—that of being wounded. When our regiment had taken its position just described by moving to the right, I found myself on its extreme left standing up on an open field in the face of the enemy a short distance off with a storm of shot and shell literally filling the air. I remember as I stood there I looked upon the enemy with great admiration. They were enveloped in the smoke of their guns and had a shadowy appearance, yet I could easily discern their cross belts, and I watched them go through the regular process of loading and firing. They seemed to be firing with as much steadiness and regularity as if on dress parade. It was a grand sight and I was impressed with their courage and discipline. I had not then learned the wisdom and duty of a soldier to seek all allowable protection from danger. I had a foolish pride to be and to appear fearless—as if it were a shame to seem to do anything to avoid danger. I remember that immediately on my right a soldier had sheltered himself behind a low stump. While silently approving his conduct in this respect yet apprehending he might only shelter himself, I said to him, "Do not fail to fire on the enemy." I had scarcely uttered these words when I heard and felt that sounding thud of the minie ball which became so familiar to our soldiers. My left arm fell to my side and the blood streamed from my throat. I staggered and would have fallen had not two members of the Old Dominion Guard stepped quickly up and caught me and bore me

off the field. I was shot through the throat, through the shoulder and through the arm. And I to-day wear six scars from wounds then received, scars more prized by me than all the ribbons and jewelled decorations of the kingly grant. When Moses P. Young and James H. Robinson came to my relief I delivered to them what was my first and what I then regarded my last and dying request, for I then thought the wound through my throat must soon prove mortal. It was in these words which I have ever since borne freshly in memory: "Tell my friends at home that I did my duty." These words expressed all that was in me at that moment —friends they express all that is in my life. Well do I remember that supreme moment, how I was without fear, and was perfectly willing to die—to die the death of the patriot,—and how then came upon me the tender thought of home and of home friends, and all my earthly aspirations concentrated into the one wish that my memory might be kindly linked to the recognition that I gave my life honorably and bravely in duty to myself, to my country and to my God.

GETTYSBURG—PICKETT'S CHARGE.

You command me to renew an inexpressible sorrow, and to speak of those things of which we were a part.

It is now nearly thirty years since there died away on the plains of Appomattox the sound of musketry and the roar of artillery. Then and there closed a struggle as heroic as ever was made by a brave and patriotic people for home government and home nationality. The tragic story of that great struggle has ever since been to me as a sealed, sacred book. I have never had the heart to open it. I knew that within its lids there were annals that surpassed the annals of all past times, in the intelligent, profound, and all-absorbing patriotism of our people—in the unselfish and untiring devotion of an entire population to a sacred cause—and in the brilliancy and prowess of arms which have shed an imperishable glory and honor on the people of this Southland. Yet there was such an ending to such great deeds! The heart of this great people, broken with sorrow, has watered with its tears those brilliant annals until every page shows the signs of a nation's grief.

And with it all there are buried memories as dear and as sacred as the ashes of loved ones. No, I have had no heart to open the pages of that sacred yet tragic history. Not until you assigned me the duty of saying something of Pickett's charge at the battle of Gettysburg have I ever read the official or other accounts of that great battle; and when I lately read them my heart bled afresh, and my inward being was shaken to the deepest depths of sad, tearful emotions, and I wished that you had given to another the task you gave to me.

On the 13th day of December, 1862, Burnside lead his great and splendidly equipped army down from the heights of Fredericksburg, crossed the Rappahannock, and gave battle to Lee. His army was repulsed with great slaughter and was driven back bleeding and mangled to its place of safety. The star of Burnside went down and out. General Hooker was called to the command of the Army of the Potomac. After five months of recuperation and convalescence, with greatly augmented numbers and with every appliance that military art and national wealth could furnish in the perfect equipment of a great army, it was proclaimed with much flourish amidst elated hopes and expectancy, that his army was ready to move. To meet this great host Lee could rely for success only on the great art of war and the unfailing courage of his soldiers. Hooker crossed the Rappahannock and commenced to entrench himself. Lee did not wait to be attacked, but at once delivered battle. The battle of Chancellorsville was fought—the most interesting battle of the war—in which the blended genius of Lee and Jackson illustrated to the world the highest achievement of generalship in the management of the lesser against the greatly superior force. Again was the Army of the Potomac crushed and driven across the Rappahannock.

And now there arose a great question in the camp and in the council of State. It was a question of statesmanship as well as of arms. The question was answered by Lee withdrawing his army from before Hooker and proceeding through the lower Shenandoah Valley to Pennsylvania, leaving the road to Richmond open to be taken by the enemy if he should still prefer the policy of "on to Richmond." The motive of this movement was two-fold—to relieve Virginia of the enemy by forcing him to defend his own country, and by a possible great victory to affect public opinion of the North, and thus to conquer peace. The first object was

accomplished; for as soon as Hooker discerned the movement of Lee, he hastened to follow and to put his army between Lee and Washington. Had Lee gained a crushing victory Baltimore and Washington would have been in his power, and then in all probability peace would have ensued. Public opinion in the North was greatly depressed, and sentiments of peace were ready to assert themselves. An incident illustrated this. As we were marching from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, I observed some ladies near the roadway wave their handkerchiefs to our passing troops. It excited my attention and curiosity. I rode up to them and said, "Ladies, I observed you waving your handkerchiefs as if in cheer to our army. Why so? We are your enemies and the enemies of your country." They replied: "We are tired of the war and want you to conquer peace." I was greatly impressed with their answer, and saw that there might be true patriotism in their act and hopes.

The invasion of Pennsylvania was wise and prudent from the standpoint of both arms and statesmanship. Everything promised success. Never was the Army of Northern Virginia in better condition. The troops had unbounded confidence in themselves and in their leaders. They were full of the fervor of patriotism—had abiding faith in their cause and in the favoring will of Heaven. There was an elation from the fact of invading the country of an enemy that had so cruelly invaded theirs. The spirit and elan o our soldiers was beyond description. They only could know it who felt it. They had the courage and dash to accomplish anything—everything but the impossible. On the contrary, the Federal army was never so dispirited, as I afterwards learned from some of its officers. And this was most natural. They marched from the bloody fields of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the scenes of their humiliating and bloody defeat, to meet a foe from whom they had never won a victory.

But alas, how different the result! Gettysburg was such a sad ending to such high and well assured hopes! Things went untoward with our generals. And Providence itself, on which we had so much relied, seems to have led us by our mishaps to our own destruction.

The disastrous result of the campaign, in my opinion, was not due to the generalship of Lee, but wholly to the disregard of his directions by some of his generals. The chief among these, I re-

gret to say, was the failure of General Stuart to follow the orders* of Lee, which directed him to move into Maryland, crossing the Potomac east or west of the Blue Ridge, as, in his judgment, should be best, and take *position on the right of our column as it advanced.* Instead of taking position on the right of our column as it advanced, Stuart followed the right of the Federal column, thus placing it between himself and Lee. The consequence was that Lee from the time he crossed the Potomac had no communication with Stuart until after the battle on the 1st of July, when he heard that Stuart was at Carlisle, and Stuart did not reach Gettysburg unitl the afternoon of July 2d. Lee, referring to Stuart, says: "By the route he pursued the Federal army was interposed between his command and our main body, preventing any communication with him until he arrived at Carlisle. The march toward Gettysburg was conducted more slowly than it would have been had the movements of the Federal army been known."† These are solemn, mild words, but they cover the defeat at Gettysburg. Had Lee known the movements of the Federal army he could easily have had his whole army concentrated in Gettysburg on the 1st of July, and could easily have enveloped and crushed the enemy's advanced corps, and then defeated Meade in detail. But as it was, the encounter of the advance of the Federal army was a surprise to Lee.

Hill had on the 30th of June encamped with two of his divisions, Heth's and Pender's at Cashtown, about eight miles from Gettysburg. Next morning he moved with Heth's division, followed by Pender's toward Gettysburg. They encountered the enemy about three miles of the town. The enemy offered very determined resistance, but Heth's division, with great gallantry, drove him before it until it reached Seminary Heights, which overlooked Gettysburg. At this time, 2 p. m., Rodes' and Early's divisions of Ewell's corps—the first from Carlisle and the other from York, made their opportune appearance on the left of Heth and at right angles to it; then Pender's division was thrown forward, and all advancing together drove the enemy from position to position, and through the town, capturing 5,000 prisoners, and putting the enemy to flight in great disorder. Referring to this juncture of affairs, Col. Walter

*Lee's Report July 31, 1863, War Records, Series I, Vol. 27, Part 2, p. 308

†Id. p. 307.

H. Taylor, in his "Four Years With Genl. Lee," says: "Genl. Lee witnessed the flight of the Federals through Gettysburg and up the hills beyond. He then directed me to go to Genl. Ewell and to say to him that from the position he occupied he could see the enemy retiring over the hills, without organization and in great confusion; that it was only necessary to press 'those people' in order to secure possession of the heights, and that, if possible, he wanted him to do this. In obedience to these instructions I proceeded immediately to Genl. Ewell and delivered the order of Genl. Lee." Genl. Ewell did not obey this order. Those heights were what is known as Cemetery Hill, which was the key to the Federal position. The enemy afterward, that night, with great diligence fortified those heights; and subsequently the lives of thousands of our soldiers were sacrificed in the vain effort to capture them. It was a fatal disobedience of orders. What if Jackson had been there? Col. Taylor would not have had any order to bear to him. Lee would have witnessed not only the fleeing enemy, but at the same time the hot pursuit of Stonewall Jackson. Ah! if Stuart had been there, to give one bugle blast and to set his squadrons on the charge! Alas! he was then twenty-five miles away at Carlisle, ignorant that a battle was on.

That afternoon after the fight was over, Anderson's division of Hill's corps arrived on the battle field and took position where Pender formerly was. At sunset Johnson's division of Ewell's corps came up and took line of battle on Early's left, and about midnight McLaws' division and Hood's division (except Laws' brigade) of Longstreet's corps encamped withing four miles of Gettysburg. The troops which had been engaged in the fight bivouacked on the positions won. I am thus particular to locate our troops in order to show who may be responsible for any errors of the next day.

Inasmuch as Meade's army was not fully up, it required no great generalship to determine that it would be to our advantage to make an attack as early in the next morning as possible. And it was no more than reasonable that every general having control of troops should feel and fully appreciate the imperious necessity of getting ready to do so and to be ready for prompt action.

General Lee determined to make the main attack on the enemy's left early in the morning. This attack was to be made by Longstreet, who was directed to take position on the right of Hill and on the Emmittsburg road. After a conference with the corps and di-

vision commanders the previous evening, it was understood that this attack was to be made as early as practicable by Longstreet, and he was to be supported by Anderson and to receive the co-operation of Ewell. General Fitzhugh Lee in his "Life of Lee," says: "When Lee went to sleep that night he was convinced that his dispositions for the battle next day were understood by the corps commanders, for he had imparted them to each in person. On the morning of July 2, Lee was up before light, breakfasted and was ready for the fray."

Can you believe it? Can you even at this distant day altogether suppress a rising indignation—that Longstreet did not get into line of battle until after 4 P. M., although he had the previous night encamped within four miles of Gettysburg? In the meanwhile Sickles had taken position in what is known as the Peach Orchard and on the Emmittsburg road, which were the positions assigned to Longstreet, and which he could have taken earlier in the day without firing a gun. The forces of the enemy had come up from long distances—Sedgwick had marched thirty-four miles since 9 P. M., of the day before and had gotten into line of battle before Longstreet did.

The attack was made. Sickles was driven from the Peach Orchard and the Emmittsburg road. Little Round Top and the Federal lines were penetrated, but they were so largely reinforced that the attack failed after the most courageous effort and great expenditure of lives. It has been stated that if this attack had been made in the morning as directed, Lee would have won a great victory, and the fighting of the 3d would have been saved. The attack on the left also failed. There, too, the lines and entrenchments of the enemy were penetrated, but they could not be held for want of simultaneous and conjoint action on the part of the commanders. Col. Taylor, speaking of this, says; "The whole affair was disjointed."

Thus ended the second day. General Lee determined to renew the attack on the morrow. He ordered Longstreet to make the attack next morning with his whole corps, and sent to aid him in the attack of Heth's division under Pettigrew, Lane's and Scales' brigades of Pender's division under General Trimble, and also Wilcox's brigade, and directed General Ewell to assail the enemy's right at the same time. "A careful examination," says Lee, "was made of the ground secured by Longstreet, and his batteries placed in position, which it was believed would enable them to silence

those of the enemy. Hill's artillery and part of Ewell's was ordered to open simultaneously, and the assaulting column to advance under cover of the combined fire of the three. The batteries were directed to be pushed forward as the infantry progressed, protect their flanks and support their attacks closely." Every word of this order was potentially significant. You will thus observe Lee's plan of attack. It was to be made in the morning—presumably in the early morning—with the whole of Longstreet's corps, composed of the divisions of Pickett, McLaws and Hood, together with Heth's division, two brigades of Pender and Wilcox's brigade, and that the assaulting column was to advance under the cover of the combined fire of the artillery of the three corps, and that the assault was to be the combined assault of infantry and artillery—the batteries to be pushed forward as the infantry progressed, to protect their flanks and support their attack closely. The attack was not made as here ordered. The attacking column did not move until 3 P. M., and when it did move it was without McLaws' and Hood's divisions and practically without Wilcox's brigade, and without accompanying artillery. The whole attacking force did not exceed 14,000, of which Pickett's division did not exceed 4,700. General Lee afterwards claimed that if the attack had been made as he ordered, it would have been successful.

In order to appreciate the charge made by the attacking force, it is necessary to have some idea of the relative strength and positions of the two armies, and of the topography of the country. Before the battle of Gettysburg opened on the 1st of July, Meade's army consisted of seven army corps which, with artillery and cavalry, numbered 105,000. Lee's army consisted of three army corps which, with artillery and cavalry, numbered 62,000. On the 3rd of July the enemy had six army corps in line of battle, with the Sixth corps held in reserve. Their right rested on Culp Hill and curved around westerly to Cemetery Hill, and thence extended southerly in a straight line along what is known as Cemetery Ridge to Round Top. This line was well protected along its whole length with either fortifications, stone walls or entrenchments. It was crowned with batteries, while the infantry was, in places, several ranks deep, with a line in the rear with skirmish lines in front. The form of the line was like a shepherd's crook. Our line extended from the enemy's right around to Seminary Ridge, which runs parallel to Cemetery Ridge, to a point opposite to Round Top. Between these two ridges lay an open, cultivated valley of about

one mile wide, and through this valley ran the Emmittsburg road in a somewhat diagonal line, with a heavy fence on either side. The charge was to be made across this valley so as to strike the left centre of the enemy's line. The hope was that if we broke their line, we would swing around to the left, rout and cut off their right wing, where Stuart waited with his cavalry to charge upon them; and thus destroy or capture them, and put ourselves in possession of the Baltimore road and of a commanding position.

Such were the plans of the assault and such was the position of the hostile forces. Lee's plan to make an assault was dangerous and hazardous, but he was pressed by the force of circumstances which we cannot now consider. The success of his plan depended largely on the promptness and co-operation of his generals. Without this there could be little hope of success. He gave his orders and retired for to-morrow.

All wait on the to-morrow. And now the 3d of July has come. The summer sun early heralded by roseate dawn, rises serenely and brightly from beyond the wooded hills. No darkening clouds obscure his bright and onward way. His aspect is as joyous as when Eden first bloomed under his rays. Earth and heaven are in happy accord. The song of birds, the chirp and motion of winged insects greet the early morn. The wild flowers and the cultivated grain of the fields are glad in their beauty and fruitage. The streams joyously ripple on their accustomed way, and the trees lift and wave their leafy branches in the warm, life-giving air. Never was sky or earth more serene—more harmonious—more aglow with light and life.

In blurring discord with it all was man alone. Thousands and tens of thousands of men—once happy fellow countrymen, now in arms, had gathered in hostile hosts and in hostile confronting lines. It was not the roseate dawn nor rising sun that awoke them from the sleep of wearied limbs. Before the watching stars had withdrawn from their sentinel posts, the long roll, the prelude of battle, had sounded their reveille, and rudely awoke them from fond dreams of home and loved ones far away. For two days had battle raged. On the first, when the field was open and equal, the soldiers of the South, after most determined resistance, had driven their foe before them from position to position—from valley to hill top, through field and through the town, to the heights beyond. On the second day, on our right and on our left, with heroic valor and costly blood,

they had penetrated the lines and fortifications of the enemy, but were too weak to hold the prize of positions gained against overpowering numbers of concentrated reinforcements. The dead and wounded marked the lines of the fierce combat. The exploded caissons, the dismounted cannon, the dead artillery horses, the scattered rifles, the earth soaked with human gore—the contorted forms of wounded men, and the white, cold faces of the dead, made a mockery and sad contrast to the serene and smiling face of the skies.

From the teamsters to the general in chief it was known that the battle was yet undecided—that the fierce combat was to be renewed. All knew that victory won or defeat suffered, was to be at a fearful cost—that the best blood of the land was to flow copiously as a priceless oblation to the god of battle. The intelligent soldiers of the South knew and profoundly felt that the hours were potential—that on them possibly hung the success of their cause—the peace and independence of the Confederacy. They knew that victory meant so much more to them than to the enemy. It meant to us uninvaded and peaceful homes under our own rule and under our own nationality. With us it was only to be let alone. With this end in view, all felt that victory was to be won at any cost. All were willing to die, if only their country could thereby triumph. And fatal defeat meant much to the enemy. It meant divided empire—lost territory and severed population. Both sides felt that the hours were big with the fate of empire. The sense of the importance of the issue, and the responsibility of fully doing duty equal to the grand occasion, impressed on us all a deep solemnity and a seriousness of thought that left no play for gay moods or for sympathy with nature's smiling aspect, however gracious. Nor did we lightly consider the perils of our duty. From our position in line of battle, which we had taken early in the morning, we could see the frowning and cannon-crowned heights far off held by the enemy. In a group of officers, a number of whom did not survive that fatal day, I could not help expressing that it was to be another Malvern Hill, another costly day to Virginia and to Virginians. While all fully saw and appreciated the cost and the fearful magnitude of the assault, yet all were firmly resolved, if possible, to pluck victory from the very jaws of death itself. Never were men more conscious of the difficulty imposed on them by duty, or more determinedly resolved to

perform it with alacrity and cheerfulness, even to annihilation, than were the men of Pickett's division on that day. With undisturbed fortitude and even with ardent impatience did they await the command for the assault. The quiet of the day had been unbroken save on our extreme left, where in the early morning there had been some severe fighting; but this was soon over, and now all on both sides were at rest, waiting in full expectancy of the great assault, which the enemy, as well as we, knew was to be delivered. The hours commenced to go wearily by. The tension on our troops had become great. The midday sun had reached the zenith, and poured its equal and impartial rays between the opposite ridges that bounded the intervening valley running North and South. Yet no sound or stir broke the ominous silence. Both armies were waiting spectators for the great event. Upwards of one hundred thousand unengaged soldiers were waiting as from a grand amphitheatre to witness the most magnificent heroic endeavor in arms that ever immortalized man. Still the hours lingered on. Why the delay? There is a serious difference of opinion between the general in chief and his most trusted lieutenant general as to the wisdom of making the assault. Lee felt, from various considerations, the forced necessity of fighting out the battle here, and having the utmost confidence in his troops he fully expected victory if the attack be made as he had ordered. Longstreet, foreseeing the great loss of assaulting the entrenched position of the enemy and making such assault over such a distance under the concentrated fire, urges that the army should be moved beyond the enemy's left flank, with the hope of forcing him thus to abandon his stronghold or to fight us to our advantage. Longstreet pressed this view and delayed giving the necessary orders until Lee more pre-emptorily repeated his own order to make the assault. Even then Longstreet was so reluctant to carry out the orders of Lee that he placed upon Lt-Col. Alexander, who was in charge of the artillery on this day, the responsibility of virtually giving the order for its execution.

At last, in our immediate front, at 1 P. M., there suddenly leaped from one of our cannons a single sharp, far-reaching sound, breaking the long-continued silence and echoing along the extended lines of battle and far beyond the far-off heights. All were now at a strained attention. Then quickly followed another gun. Friend and foe at once recognized that these were signal guns.

Then hundreds of cannon opened upon each other from the confronting heights. What a roar—how incessant! The earth trembled under the mighty resound of cannon. The air is darkened with sulphurous clouds. The whole valley is enveloped. The sun, lately so glaring, is itself obscured. Nothing can be seen but the flashing light leaping from the cannon's mouth amidst the surrounding smoke. The air which was so silent and serene is now full of exploding and screaming shells and shot, as if the earth had opened and let out the very furies of Avernus. The hurtling and death-dealing missiles are plowing amidst batteries, artillery and lines of infantry, crushing, mangling and killing until the groans of the men mingle with the tempest's sound. The storm of battle rages. It is appalling, terrific, yet grandly exciting. It recalls the imagery of Byron's night-storm amidst the Alps:

> "The sky is changed, and such a change! * * *
> * * * * * * * * * * * Far along
> From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
> Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
> But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
> And Jura answers from her misty shroud
> Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud."

After two hours of incessant firing the storm at last subsides. It has been a grand and fit prelude to what is now to follow. All is again silent. Well knowing what is shortly to follow, all watch in strained expectancy. The waiting is short. Only time for Pickett to report to his lieutenant-general his readiness and to receive the word of command. Pickett said: "General, shall I advance?" Longstreet turned away his face and did not speak. Pickett repeated the question. Longstreet, without opening his lips, bowed in answer. Pickett, in a determined voice, said: "Sir, I shall lead my division forward," and galloped back and gave the order, "Forward march!" The order ran down through brigade, regimental and company officers to the men. The men with alacrity and cheerfulness fell into line. Kemper's brigade on the right, Garnett's on his left, with Heth's division on the left of Garnett, formed the first line. Armistead's brigade moved in rear of Garnett's, and Lane's and Scales' brigades of Pender's

division moved in rear of Heth, but not in touch nor in line with Armistead. As the lines cleared the woods that skirted the brow of the ridge and passed through our batteries, with their flags proudly held aloft, waving in the air, with polished muskets and swords gleaming and flashing in the sunlight, they presented an inexpressibly grand and inspiring sight. It is said that when our troops were first seen there ran along the line of the Federals, as from men who had waited long in expectancy, the cry: There they come! There they come! The first impression made by the magnificent array of our lines as they moved forward, was to inspire the involuntary admiration of the enemy. Then they realized that they came, terrible as an army with banners. Our men moved with quick step as calmly and orderly as if they were on parade. No sooner than our lines came in full view, the enemy's batteries in front, on the right and on the left, from Cemetery Hill to Round Top, opened on them with a concentrated, accurate and fearful fire of shell and solid shot. These plowed through or exploded in our ranks, making great havoc. Yet they made no disturbance. As to the orderly conduct and steady march of our men, they were as if they had not been. As the killed and wounded dropped out, our lines closed and dressed up, as if nothing had happened, and went on with steady march. I remember I saw a shell explode amidst the ranks of the left company of the regiment on our right. Men fell like ten-pins in a ten-strike. Without a pause and without losing step, the survivors dressed themselves to their line and our regiment to the diminished regiment, and all went on as serenely and as unfalteringly as before. My God! it was magnificent—this march of our men. What was the inspiration that gave them this stout courage—this gallant bearing—this fearlessness—this steadiness—this collective and individual heroism? It was home and country. It was the fervor of patriotism—the high sense of individual duty. It was blood and pride of state—the inherited quality of a brave and honorable ancestry.

On they go—down the sloping sides of the ridge—across the valley—over the double fences—up the slope that rises to the heights crowned with stone walls and entrenchments, studded with batteries, and defended by multiple lines of protected infantry. The skirmish line is driven in. And now there bursts upon our ranks in front and on flank, like sheeted hail, a new storm of

missiles—cannister, shrapnel and rifle shot. Still the column advances steadily and onward, without pause or confusion. Well might Count de Paris describe it as an irresistible machine moving forward which nothing could stop. The dead and wounded—officers and men—mark each step of advance. Yet under the pitiless rain of missiles the brave men move on, and then with a rush and cheering yell they reach the stone wall. Our flags are planted on the defenses. Victory seems within grasp, but more is to be done. Brave Armistead, coming up, overleaps the wall and calls on all to follow. Brave men follow his lead. Armistead is now among the abandoned cannon, making ready to turn them against their former friends. Our men are widening the breach of the penetrated and broken lines of the Federals. But, now the enemy has made a stand, and are rallying. It is a critical moment. That side must win which can command instant reinforcements. They come not to Armistead, but they come to Webb, and they come to him from every side in overwhelming numbers in our front and with enclosing lines on either flank. They are pushed forward. Armistead is shot down with mortal wounds and heavy slaughter is made of those around him. The final moment has come when there must be instant flight, instant surrender, or instant death. Each alternative is shared. Less than 1,000 escape of all that noble division which in the morning numbered 4,700; all the rest either killed, wounded or captured. All is over. As far as possible for mortals they approached the accomplishment of the impossible. Their great feat of arms has closed. The charge of Pickett's division has been proudly, gallantly and right royally delivered.

And then, at once, before our dead are counted, there arose from that bloody immortalized field, Fame, the Mystic Goddess, and from her trumpet in clarion notes there rang out upon the ear of the world the story of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. All over this country, equally North and South, millions listened and returned applause. Over ocean Fame wings her way. Along the crowded population and cities of Europe she rings out the story. The people of every brave race intently listen and are thrilled. Over the famous battlefields of modern and ancient times she sweeps. Over the ruins and dust of Rome the story is heralded. Thermopylæ hears and applauds. The ancient pyramids catch the sound, and summing up the records of their hoary centuries, searching, find therein no story of equal courage. Away over the mounds of buried

cities Fame challenges, in vain, a response from their past. Over the continents and the isles of the sea the story runs. The whole world is tumultuous with applause. A new generation has heard the story with undiminished admiration and praise. It is making its way up through the opening years to the opening centuries. The posterities of all the living will gladly hear and treasure it, and will hand it down to the end of time as an inspiration and example of courage to all who shall hereafter take up arms.

The intrinsic merit of the charge of Pickett's men at Gettysburg, is too great, too broad, too immortal for the limitations of sections, of states, or of local pride.

The people of this great and growing republic, now so happily reunited, have and feel a common kinship and a common heritage in this peerless example of American courage and American heroism.

But let us return to the battlefield to view our dead, our dying and our wounded. Here they lie scattered over the line of their march; here at the stone wall they lie in solid heaps along its foot; and here within the Federal lines they are as autumnal leaves—each and all precious heroes—each the loved one of some home in dear, dear Virginia. Now we seem to catch the sound of another strain. It is more human; it touches pathetically more closely human hearts. It is the wailing voice of afflicted love. It is the sobbing outburst of the sorrow of bereavement coming up from so many homes and families, from so many kinsmen and friends; and with it comes the mournful lamentations of Virginia herself, the mother of us all, over the loss of so many of her bravest and best sons.

Of her generals Garnett is dead, Armistead is dying; and Kemper desperately wounded. Of her colonels of regiments six are killed on the field, Hodges, Edmonds, Magruder, Williams, Patton, Allen, and Owen is dying and Stuart mortally wounded. Three lieutenant-colonels are killed, Calcutt, Wade and Ellis. Five colonels, Hunton, Terry, Garnett, Mayo and Aylett, are wounded. Four lieutenant-colonels commanding regiments, Martin, Carrington, Otey and Richardson are wounded. Of the whole compliment of field officers in fifteen regiments only one escaped unhurt, Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph C. Cabell. The loss of company officers are in equal proportion. It is a sad, mournful summing up. Let the curtain fall on the tragic scene.

But there are some of those who fell on that field whom I cannot pass by with a mere enumeration.

Gen. Lewis A. Armistead, the commander of our brigade, is one of these. Fortune made him the most advanced and conspicuous hero of that great charge. He was to us the very embodiment of a heroic commander. On this memorable day he placed himself on foot in front of his brigade. He drew his sword, placed his hat on its point, proudly held it up as a standard, and strode in front of his men, calm, self-collected, resolute and fearless. All he asked was that his men should follow him. Thus in front he marched until within about one hundred paces of the stone wall some officer on horseback, whose name I have never been able to learn, stopped him for some purpose. The few moments of detention thus caused were sufficient to put him for the first time in the rear of his advancing brigade. Then quickly on he came, and when he reached the stone wall where others stopped, he did not pause an instant—over it he went and called on all to follow. He fell, as above stated, amidst the enemy's guns, mortally wounded. He was taken to the Eleventh Corps' Hospital, and in a few days he died and was buried there.

Another: Col. James Gregory Hodges, of the 14th Virginia, of Armistead's brigade, fell instantly killed at the foot of the stone wall of the Bloody Angle, and around and over his dead body there was literally a pile of his dead officers around him, including gallant Major Poor. On the occasion of the reunion of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg, 1887, General Hunt, chief of the Federal artillery at this battle, who had known Col. Hodges before the war, pointed out to me where he saw him lying dead among his comrades. He led his regiment in this memorable charge with conspicuous courage and gallantry. He was an able and experienced officer. At the breaking out of the war he was Colonel of the Third Virginia Volunteers, and from 20th April, 1861, until he fell at Gettysburg he served with distinguished ability, zeal and gallantry his State and the Confederacy. He was with his regiment in every battle in which it was engaged in the war. He commanded the love and confidence of his men, and they cheerfully and fearlessly ever followed his lead. His memory deserves to be cherished and held in the highest esteem by his city, to which by his virtues, character and patriotic service he brought honor and consideration.

Col. John C. Owens, of the Ninth Virginia, Armistead's Brigade, also of this city, fell mortally wounded on the charge, and died in the field hospital that night. He had been recently promoted to the colonency of the regiment from the captaincy of the Portsmouth

Rifles, Company G. As adjutant of the regiment I had every opportunity of knowing and appreciating Col. Owens as a man and officer. I learned to esteem and love him. He was intelligent, quiet, gentle, kind and considerate. Yet he was firm of purpose and of strong will. He knew how to command and how to require obedience. He was faithful, and nothing could swerve him from duty. Under his quiet, gentle manner there was a force of character surprising to those who did not know him well. And he was as brave and heroic as he was gentle and kind. Under fire he was cool, self-possessed, and without fear. He was greatly beloved and respected by his regiment, although he had commanded it for a very short time. He fell while gallantly leading his regiment before it reached the enemy's lines. He, too, is to be numbered among those heroes of our city, who left home, never to return; who after faithful and distinguished service, fell on the field of honor, worthy of the high rank he had attained, reflecting by his life, patriotism and courage, honor on his native city, which will never let his name and patriotic devotion be forgotten.

John C. Niemeyer, First Lieutenant I, Ninth Virginia, was killed in that charge just before reaching the famous stone wall. He was a born soldier, apt, brave, dashing. He was so young, so exuberant in feeling, so joyous in disposition, that in my recollection of him he seems to have been just a lad. Yet he knew and felt the responsibility of office, and faithfully and gallantly discharged its duties. He was a worthy brother of the distinguished Col. W. F. Neimeyer, a brilliant officer who also gave his young life to the cause,

And there, too, fell my intimate friend, John S. Jenkins, Adjutant of the Fourteenth Virginia. He, doubtless, was one of those gallant officers whom General Hunt saw when he recognized Colonel Hodges immediately after the battle, lying dead where he fell, who had gathered around him, and whose limbs were interlocked in death as their lives had been united in friendship and comradeship in the camp. He fell among the bravest, sealed his devotion to his country by his warm young blood, in the flush of early vigorous manhood when his life was full of hope and promise. He gave up home which was pecularly dear and sweet to him, when he knew that hereafter his only home would be under the flag of his regiment, wherever it might lead, whether on the march, in the

camp or on the battle field. His life was beautiful and manly—his death was heroic and glorious, and his name is of the imperishable ones of Pickett's charge.

Time fails me to do more than mention among those from our city who were killed at Gettysburg: Lieut. Robert Guy, Lieut. George W. Mitchell, John A. F. Dunderdale, Lemuel H. Williams, W. B. Bennett, John W. Lattimore, W. G. Monte, Richard J. Nash, Thomas C. Owens, Daniel Byrd, John Cross and Joshua Murden—heroes all—who contributed to the renown of Pickett's charge, gave new lustre to the prowess of arms, and laid a new chaplet of glory on the brow of Virginia, brighter and more immortal than all others worn by her.

"Let marble shafts and sculptured urns
Their names record, their actions tell,
Let future ages read and learn
How well they fought, how nobly fell."

GENERAL LEE AT GETTYSBURG.

A Paper Read Before the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts, on the Fourth of April, 1905.

By JAMES POWER SMITH, Captain and A. D. C. to General Ewell.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the
Military Historical Society of Massachusetts:

Last year I had the pleasure to read before this Society a paper on Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville. As you have done me the honor to ask me to return to Boston and to this platform, I have thought to read to you a companion paper on General Lee at Gettysburg. I am aware that this is an ambitious theme, because of the very critical hour in American history which it brings before us, and because so much has been written apparently from every possible standpoint. Yet it has seemed to me that I might make my own contribution to the literature on the subject, or, at least, afford you an evening's entertainment.

You will not be surprised that the story I am to tell is from the Confederate side, and may be the more interesting that it is less familiar.

After Chancellorsville, the army of the Potomac, under General Hooker, was again gathering itself together. It showed no desire to renew the attack, and on the Stafford heights it could not be assaulted. In his tent on the Old Mine Road, near Hamilton's crossing, General Lee promptly addressed himself to his maps and the planning of a forward movement. The financial condition of the Confederacy and the scarcity of supplies made time very precious. The Commissary General at Richmond said: "If General Lee wants rations, let him seek them in Pennsylvania." Such an aggressive movement would compel the Federal army to retire from the unassailable north bank of the Rappahannock, would remove the campaign from Northern Virginia, and give the country opportunity for recuperation. For a time, at least, the Confederate forces would find supply in the abundance of the rich fields and barns of Pennsylvania. If a successful battle could be fought on Northern soil, it might result in some change of sentiment in the

North, and a cry of peace; and it might bring recognition by foreign powers, and a close of the war. All things pointed to the invasion, conditions compelled it; and General Lee, knowing the odds which were against him and the perils of the movement, had the audacity to undertake it.

The reorganization of the Army of Northern Virginia brought General Longstreet with two divisions, Hoods's and Pickett's, from the Southside of Virginia. With Longstreet in command of the First Corps, General Ewell returning from long sick leave was put in command of the Second Corps succeeding General Jackson; and General A. P. Hill in command of the Third, newly organized. All were men of high class, graduates of the Military Academy at West Point, soldiers of experience and officers of renown. Organization and preparation were speedily made. Thirty days after Chancellorsville, May 31, 1863 the Army of Northern Virginia was again an organized force of 54,356 infantry, 9,563 cavalry and 4,460 artillery, a total of 68,352 officers and men, with over two hundred field guns. It was a compact, mobile army, well officered, somewhat equipped with arms and stores imported and captured, and in spendid morale. On that day, May 31, General Lee writes, "I pray that our merciful Father in Heaven may protect and direct us. In that case I fear no odds and no numbers."

THE MOVEMENT BEGUN.

On June 2nd, Ewell's corps began the advance and moved by Germanna to Culpeper Courthouse, and two days later Longstreet's corps followed, General Lee with it, while General A. P. Hill was left on the lines at Fredericksburg to watch Hooker and to follow. With less than 20,000 troops, Hill was now between Hooker and Richmond, sixty miles away. The Washington authorities would not consent to Hookers adavance. "Lee's army, not Richmond, is your true objective point," Mr Lincoln said. In one of his picturesque dispatches to Hooker, he said: "I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river like an ox jumped half over the fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other."

On June 9th, the Federal cavalry, making a reconnoisance in force, attacked Stuart and his cavalry in Culpeper and fought the memorable cavalry engagement of Brandy Station. On the 10th, General Ewell passed through the Blue Ridge and crossed the

Shenandoah at Front Royal, sending Imboden's cavalry off to the west of Romney. On the 13th, General Ewell attacked the Federal force at Winchester under Milroy, capturing 4,000 men and 28 guns with a large amount of ordnance and other stores; on the same day General Hooker ordered a concentration of his army at Manassas, an old field, already having its "twice-told told tale," with his own headquarters at Dumfries, on the Potomac. Mr. Lincoln humorously wired Hooker: "If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg, and the tail of it on the plank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere. Could you not break him?"

As Lee went north, Hooker moved on a parallel line between Lee and Washington. Ewell had gone west of the Blue Ridge, by Winchester, Martinsburg and Williamsport, in Maryland; Longstreet moved on the east side of the ridge with Stuart on his front and left flank; and Hill passed behind Longstreet into the Valley, and northward following Ewell, and then was followed by Longstreet's corps. General Lee instructed General Stuart to keep on General Longstreet's right, or at his discretion to move on the rear of Hooker to and across the Potomac, and as soon as possible come in touch with the right of Ewell's advance. Stuart passed the rear of Hooker's army and crossed the Potomac at Seneca, about thirteen miles west of Washington. General Ewell with rapid movement passed through Chambersburg, and on June 27th reached Carlisle, threatening Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania. General Lee had written, "If Harrisburg comes in your way, capture it;" while General Early with his division from Ewell's corps turned east and went by Gettysburg, to cut the railroad from Baltimore to Harrisburg and seize the important bridge over the Susquehannah at Wrightsville. Certainly there was vigor in the movement, and audacity. The invasion spread itself over an extended territory, with Jenkins and a cavalry brigade going west to McConnellsburg, at its own pleasure, and Early on the Susquehannah to the east with Ewell scouting before Harrisburg. It was Lee's purpose to collect horses, beef cattle and supplies; while the Army of the Potomac was drawn away from Washington. The day Ewell reached Carlisle, Longstreet and Hill reached Chambersburg, with army headquarters in the outskirts of the town. General Stuart was performing with his usual dash and gaiety, not on the west and north of Hooker, but using the discretion given him, on the east, between

Hooker and Washington. He captured wagon trains, the nearest being but four miles from the capitol at Washington, burning many, and carrying two hundred away, greatly retarding the progress. He burned bridges, and cut wires and received and sent conflicting messages to his great delight. He fought Kilpatrick at Hanover, he delayed two corps in their advance, and after his three brigades drew two cavalry divisions, and reached Dover in Pennsylvania, July 1st, with horses and men in an exhausted condition, but with the utmost satisfaction.

At Chambersburg, General Lee issued an address, to his army in which commending their spirit and fortitude, and forbidding injury to private property, and reminding them that civilization and Christianity forbade retaliation against their foes; he said: "It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered, without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorance has been excited by the atrocities of our enemies, and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain."

At Chambersburg, on the 28th, General Lee learned from a cavalry scout that Hooker had crossed the Potomac, and moving northwest was approaching the South Mountains in Pennsylvania. As Hooker was without his cavalry at Chancellorsville, so General Lee in Pennsylvania was greatly embarrassed by the absence of his main cavalry force. Stuart was not there, as Lee had designed, to cover his own movements, and keep him informed of the movements of all parts of Hooker's forces,

A PERSONAL INCIDENT.

A personal incident finds its place at this point. After the death of Jackson and his burial at Lexington, Va., by the wish of the staff, I was the escort of Mrs. Jackson and her babe of seven months, to her father's home in lower North Carolina. Returning to Richmond, I learned of Lee's advance into Pennsylvania, and received appointment to the staff of General Ewell, Jackson's successor in command of the Second Corps. By rail I went to Staunton, and there I found my mount and rode to Winchester. Crossing the Potomac at Williamsport, I was among the last of the invaders to reach Pennsylvania soil. It was not so much the courage of a soldier as the thoughtlessness of youth which led me to ride on alone,

in the uniform of a Confederate captain, with side arms rather ornamental than useful. About sunset I reached the town of Greencastle, in Pennsylvania, and rode slowly through the long street. About the corners were groups of farmers, with their horses at the store racks. I had gone half through the town before the thought came that these men, well mounted, could so easily capture my small force. But riding slowly through the middle of the way, I had the presumption to bow to the young farmers and to lift my cap to the astonished ladies, until I had reached the northern end, when I put spurs to my steed, and for a mile or two let the space grow rapidly behind me. Through the night, I rode alone to Chambersburg, entering the Confederate lines with some difficulty and a large assumption of authority, before the day broke on the morning of the 29th of June. From the town, turning east, about a mile away I found the camp of army headquarters, and as I rode into a grove, General Lee was pulling on his gauntlets, and preparing to mount Traveller, brought to him by an orderly. Beckoning me to him, the General received me in his grave and kindly way. He asked me where I came from, expressing his great loss by the death of General Jackson, and spoke with affectionate sympathy of Mrs. Jackson. Quite properly he asked whether I had any knowledge of General Stuart. I told him that I had forded the Potomac the evening before with two cavalryman, whom I left at Williamsport, who said they had left General Stuart the day before in Prince William county, Va., with dispatches for cavalry detachments, and orders to join the cavalry train in Pennsylvania. The General was evidently surprised and disturbed. He asked me to repeat my statement. When I turned away and joined the staff, Colonel Walter Taylor, his Adjutant-General, asked me aside the same question about General Stuart's whereabouts, and I told him what I had said to General Lee. I asked Colonel Taylor why General Lee was concerned about General Stuart, and whether they were not informed about his movements, and he replied that General Lee expected General Stuart to report before that time in Pennsylvania, and that he was much disturbed by his absence, having no means of information about the movements of the enemy's forces.

EASTWARD FROM CHAMBERSBURG.

General Lee was now moving eastward for the concentration of his army at Cashtown. Ewell that morning left Carlisle, and Hill left Chambersburg, Longstreet following the next day, leaving Pickett's

division at Chambersburg as the rear guard. Cashtown is a village on the eastern side of the low mountain range, which runs north and south. Eight miles east is the town of Gettysburg, a topographical centre, with roads from west and northwest meeting roads from the south and east.

GETTYSBURG.

It was a small town of about three thousand people, in middle Pennsylvania, but ten or twelve miles north of the Maryland line. It was in the middle of a fertile and picturesque country. To the west, sloping over the rising ridges of well cultivated farms, and to the east, a broken land of rocky ridges and small cove-shaped mountains of rudely broken stone. On the western slopes are the College and the Theological Seminary, which give character somewhat to the town. Quiet and retired, no one in Gettysburg dreamed of any coming battle, nor of the pathetic and undying fame that would come to the peaceful place. Neither General Lee nor General Meade ever thought of making it a battlefield, nor that its village cemetery would be the centre of a greater city of the dead, and the burying place of the hopes of a new Confederacy of the States of the South.

GENERAL LEE ON THE FIELD.

On July 1st, General Lee and staff rode east from Cashtown and about three miles from Gettysburg, coming into the open country, he came in sight of the first day's battle. Turning into a grass field on his left he sat on his well-bred iron gray, Traveller, and looked across the fields eastward, through the smoke rising in puffs and long rolls. He held his glasses in his hand and looked down the long slope by the Seminary, over the town to the rugged heights beyond. A rod or two away, I sat in my saddle and caught the picture which has not faded from memory, and grows more distinct as the years go by. He was fifty-six years old, with a superb physique, five feet and eleven and one-half inches in height, about one hundred and seventy-five pounds in weight, and in perfect health. His son, Captain Lee, writes, "I never remember his being ill." He was a gentleman by blood and breeding, so truly that he was unmindful of it. He was plain and neat in his uniform of gray, so careful of his dress that there was nothing to attract attention. He wore a hat of grey felt, with medium brim and his boots fitted neatly, coming to his knee with a border

of fair leather an inch wide. He was himself a soldier and lived as a soldier in a tent, and on the plainest fare. He neither knew tobacco nor cared for wine. He had the quiet bearing of a powerful yet harmonious nature. An unruffled calm upon his countenance betokened the concentration and control of the whole being within. He was a kingly man whom all men who came into his presence expected to obey. His son, recalling all his life with his father, says: "I always knew it was impossible to disobey my father." With his natural dignity and reserve he was by no means inaccessible. He had a fine knowledge of men and conversed with his generals and younger men that he might know them better. He had a shrewd perception of the enemy's purpose. He had the general's courage to do great and perilous things. He was strong in the formation of his lines, and imperious in pressing them to battle to the utmost of victory. He was amiable and considerate of his generals; with an unwillingness to wound their feelings that did honor to his gentleness, if it did not weaken his power over them. To one of his sons, he once wrote, in one of those model letters of a father: "Duty is the sublimest word in the language. You cannot do more; you should never wish to do less."

THE CORPS COMMANDERS.

About General Lee were three corps commanders. Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, forty-three years of age, was born in South Carolina, long a resident of Alabama, and after the war resided in Georgia. He graduated at West Point in 1842. He was an officer of infantry in the United States army, and commanded the companies which stormed the gates of Monterey, with Lieutenant George Meade, against whom he fought at Gettysburg, as an engineer officer. He was calm, self-possessed, unobtrusive, though determined, and a hard fighter of troops when he got them into position. At Gettysburg he was unwilling and recalcitrant to say the least, and many think he was seriously disobedient to the wishes of his commander. But there, as before and after, he fought with a vigor and determination that made him always a lion in the way.

Lieutenant-General Richard Stoddard Ewell, forty-six years old at Gettysburg, was a native of Prince William county, Va. He graduated at West Point in 1845. He became a captain of cavalry and served his country in the West with gallantry and distinction. As Fitz Lee says: "He was a brave officer and a

most lovable old man." Commanding a brigade of infantry at the First Manassas, he became a trusted division commander under Jackson. At the second battle of Manassas he lost a leg, and lay invalided for some time in Richmond, until after Chancellorsville he was made a Lieutenant-General and returned to the field to command the Second Corps. He was much disabled by the loss of his leg, was dyspeptic, and to his staff both affectionate and irritable. With loyalty unquestioned, and supreme confidence in his commander, at Gettysburg he lacked initiative, and at a critical moment waited for orders.

Lieutenant-General Ambrose P. Hill, commanding the Third Corps, was thirty-nine years of age. He was a native of Culpeper, Va., and graduated in 1847, with Burnside. He was small and neat in form, and soldierly in bearing, a fine division commander. Under forty, he still had enough of initiative to act for himself at Gettysburg, and to bring on the first day's action, contrary to General Lee's wishes, and with serious consequences.

Lieutenant-General J. E. B. Stuart was but thirty years of age at Gettysburg. He was a native of Patrick county, Va., and graduated at West Point in 1854. He was an officer of the First Cavalry, with General Sumner as Colonel, and Joseph E. Johnston as Lieutenant-Colonel. He was an aid of Colonel R. E. Lee at Harper's Ferry in the John Brown rebellion. A superb horseman, he was an officer of energy, vigilance and personal courage, and irrepressible gaiety of spirits, with entire freedom from every form of dissipation. As a superior officer, the only criticism ever made was that he preferred a hundred times to lead a charge himself, rather than send another to do it.

THE FIRST DAY.

On June 30th, General A. P. Hill being at Cashtown, Pettigrew's Brigade, of Heth's Division, was permitted to go forward to levy from the stores of Gettysburg shoes for some of his barefooted men, but he found Buford's cavalry about the town, and retired without the shoes. On that day, the 30th, General Lee was with Longstreet's camp, at Greenwood, just west of the mountain at Cashtown. Ewell with two divisions was a short distance north, coming east from Carlisle, and Early was retiring from York toward Cashtown; Stuart, of whose whereabouts General Lee knew nothing was fighting Kilpatrick at Hanover.

Early on June 1st, while General Lee rode with Longstreet to Cashtown, General A. P. Hill sent two divisions, Heth and Pender, down towards Gettysburg, as he says, "to discover what was in my front," or as Heth says "to get those shoes," a premature movement contrary to the spirit at least of Lee's instructions. It made the great battle, not one of defense on the eastward slopes at Cashtown, but of offence at Gettysburg. Heth's advancing skirmish line found Buford's cavalry pickets at Willoughby's run, on the west side of McPherson's ridge, and forced them back with a vigor which was, to say the least, unfortunate for the Confederates. The sound of battle went west to call Ewell forward along the road from Carlisle and brought General Lee to the front from Cashtown.

General R. H. Anderson, with a division of Hill's corps, says, that, at Cashtown, General Lee, listening to the guns toward Gettysburg, said, "I cannot think what has become of Stuart. I ought to have heard from him long before now. He may have met with disaster, but I hope not. In the absence of reports from him, I am in ignorance as to what we have in front of us here. It may be the whole Federal Army, or it may be only a detachment. If it is the whole Federal army we must fight a battle here; if we do not gain a victory these defiles and gorges through which we are passing this morning will shelter us from disaster."

Contrary to Lee's warning, Hill was giving battle against the advanced corps of the Army of the Potomac. At 10 A. M., Reynolds found the First Corps of the Federal army on Seminary ridge, a mile west of Gettysburg. Advancing with a division to the support of Buford, Reynolds drove Archer's brigade back over Willoughby's run, capturing General Archer, and falling himself slain on the field. At noon, Hill's divisions, Heth and Pender, held the first corps at bay, and the Eleventh Corps arrived under General Howard, who took command of the Federal lines. Leaving one division with batteries on the Cemetery hill, Howard led two divisions to the front on Seminary ridge. At 2:30 P. M., Ewell came down the Heidlersburg road, and Rodes' fine division swept down against Howard's right flank.

At 3:30 Early came into the battle from the York road, attacking the right and rear of Howard's line. At 4 P. M. Ewell's divisions drove the Eleventh Corps through the town, and Hill advancing, drove the First Corps, completely routed. At 4:30 P. M., How-

ard's whole command was broken, and retired to find refuge with the reserve division on Cemetery Hill. They left 5,000 prisoners behind, with three guns, and a field with many dead and wounded. Nearly fifty thousand were engaged, almost equally divided on the two sides, though the Confederates when all got into battle, were somewhat stronger.

At first there was no thought of delay; General Lee sent Colonel Walter Taylor to order Ewell, "Press those people and secure the hill if possible." Early's and Rodes' men went out of the town and on the slopes of Cemetery Hill, undaunted and in high spirits. But just then, General William Smith, one of Early's brigadiers, guarding the left flank on the York road, sent word that a Federal force was moving on his front, and Early sent General Gordon and his brigade to support General Smith. But it was a false alarm, and a serious loss of time. Edward Johnson's division of Ewell's corps was not up. Anderson's division of A. P. Hill's corps was yet in the rear, caught in a tangle of wagon trains. The four Confederate divisions on the field had fought a battle against a force of unknown numbers, and had left many officers and men on the field.

About 5 P. M., I rode with General Ewell and staff into the town square of Gettysburg. The square was filled with Confederate soldiers, and with them were mingled many prisoners, while scarcely a citizen was to be seen. As our corps commander sat in his saddle under the shade of a tree, a young officer brought from a cellar a bottle of wine, which the General pleasantly declined, while he chatted amiably with his men, and the Federal prisoners gathered about him. It was a moment of most critical importance, more evidently critical to us now, than it would seem to any one then. But even then, some of us who had served on Jackson's staff, sat in a group in our saddles, and one said sadly, "Jackson is not here." Our corps commander, General Ewell, as true a Confederate soldier as ever went into battle, was simply waiting for orders, when every moment of the time could not be balanced with gold. General Early and General Rodes came with great earnestness and animation to tell of the advanced position. They desired General Lee to be informed that they could go forward and take Cemetery hill if they were supported on their right; that to the south of the Cemetery there was in sight a position commanding it which should be taken at once; and I was sent by General Ewell to deliver the message to the commanding general. I found General Lee quite well to the

right, in an open field, with General Longstreet, dismounted, and with glasses inspecting the position to the south of Cemetery hill. When I delivered my message, General Lee gave me his glasses and said that the elevated position in front was he supposed the commanding position of which Early and Rodes spoke, that some of "those people" were there (a few mounted men, apparently reconnoitering), that he had no force on the field with which to take that position; and turning to Longstreet asked where his troops were, and expressed the wish that they might be brought immediately to the front. General Longstreet replied that his front division, McLaws, was about six miles away, and then was indefinite and noncommittal. General Lee directed me to say to General Ewell that "he regretted that his people were not up to support him on the right, but he wished him to take the Cemetery hill if it were possible; and that he would ride over and see him very soon." Whatever the opportunity was, it was lost. Early and Rodes were ready for the assault; A. P. Hill felt the losses in his command and waited for third division, Anderson's, and General Ewell, waiting for his third division, Johnson's, and diverted by the false alarm on his left, lacked initiative and looked for instructions from his commander.

General Hancock, of date, January 17th, 1878, writes: "In my opinion, if the Confederates had continued the pursuit of General Howard on the afternoon of the first day of July, at Gettysburg, they would have driven him over and beyond Cemetery Hill. After I had arrived upon the field, assumed the command, and made my disposition for defending that point, I do not think the Confederate force then present could have carried it."

Colonel John B. Bachelder, the historian of Gettysburg, said "there is no question but what a combined attack on Cemetery hill made within an hour, would have been successful. At the end of an hour the troops had been rallied, occupied strong positions, were covered by stone walls, and under the command and magnetic influence of General Hancock, who in the meantime had reached the field, they would, in my opinion, have held the position against any attack from the troops then up." Col. Batchelder states in support of his opinion that there was but one brigade that had not been engaged, Smith's, of Steinwher's division, with not a battery in reserve on Cemetery hill. "The best chance for a successful attack was within the first hour and unquestionably the

great mistake of the battle was the failure to follow the Union forces through the town, and attack them before they could reform on Cemetery hill. It was no fault of Early and Rodes and their divisions, that the Cemetery hill was not taken. Instead of sending Gordon's brigade away, Smith's brigade could have been ordered from the flank; and Ewell without waiting for the support desired upon his right from A. P. Hill, could have easily taken the hill and held it that night. It would have saved the day, and thrown the inevitable battle back on another line, probably Pipe Clay Creek, with a field more hopeful for General Lee.

As the sun went down, Edward Johnson arrived on the northwest of the field. General Lee came over and conferred with Generals Ewell, Early and Rodes, outside of the town, on the Carlisle road. All had abandoned attack for that evening. Federal troops had arrived with Hancock in command, and Slocum was placed in line across Culp's hill and the Cemetery hill. General Lee spoke of an advance by General Ewell by daylight next morning. Early and Rodes again suggested advance from the ground to their right, the more gradual slope affording opportunity for success against the Cemetery hill. General Lee asked as to the possible movement of the corps to his right, that the line might not be so long. But Ewell thought he could take Culp's hill on his left, and threaten the enemy's right. "Well," said General Lee, "if I attack from my right, Longstreet will have to make the attack." Then with bowed head he added, "Longstreet is a very good fighter when he gets in position, but he is *so slow*." It was concluded that the advance should be made from the right. General Lee rode away and joined General Longstreet near the Seminary, and Longstreet urged that he should move to his right and place his force between Meade and Washington. The interview ended with a distinct statement made by General Lee in the hearing of his staff, that he expected General Longstreet to attack from the right "as early as practicable."

Whatever was to be the result, the battle was now joined. There was no retreat without an engagement. Instead of the defensive, as he had planned, General Lee was compelled to take the offensive, and himself endeavor to force the enemy away. It was not by the choice of Lee nor by the foresight of Meade that the Federal army found itself placed on lines of magnificent defence. Just east of the little town, across a narrow valley, there lay on the ground a great "fish-hook," as Swinton first and aptly called it, a fish-hook

of rocky ridge and rugged hills. The lower convex curve of the hook was the Cemetery hill opposite the town. To the northeast the ridge curved back to the barb of the hook, the rocky sides of Culp's hill, and to the south and east the long shank lay across the country for several miles to find its head in the double Round Top. Two main roads from the east came within the hook on their way to Gettysburg, the Baltimore and the Tarrytown roads, and along them Meade's rapidly arriving corps found ways prepared. They occupied at once the concave curved lines; and were near, each to the other, for support in any time of need. Meade on the defense had both the natural position and the inner lines, while Lee on the offensive had the open field and steep and rugged slopes, and the longer outside lines. Lee was compelled to make a larger fish-hook, and extend a thin line from the left, before Culp's hill, by the town and away off to the head of the hook at Round Top.

THE SECOND DAY.

There can be no question that General Lee intended to attack very early in the morning of the second day, July 2nd. He said so to Ewell and his generals the night before on the Carlisle road. He said so to Longstreet a little while later, near the Cemetery Hill. General Pendleton, his Chief of Artillery, an Episcopal clergyman, says that General Lee told him that night that he "had ordered General Longstreet to attack on the flank at sunrise next morning." General Long, of General Lee's staff, writes that in his opinion "orders were issued for the movement to begin on the enemy's left as early as practicable."

Longstreet's leading brigade, Kershaw's, was in bivouac only two miles from Gettysburg. McLaws, about six miles back, was ordered to move at 4 A. M., and, singularly, this order was changed during the night to read "early in the morning." General Lee was himself in the saddle before the day dawned. He looked eagerly for the arrival of Anderson of Hill's corps, and for McLaws and Hood, of Longstreet's corps. But it was seven o'clock before Anderson began to move; it was nine o'clock before Hill's divisions were formed along Seminary Ridge, and "Longstreet's men consumed more than three hours of sunlight in making a journey of from two to four miles." (Dr. H. A. White, p. 201.)

It was Lee's purpose to turn the enemy's left flank with Longstreet's command, while the other corps were to make demonstra-

tions to their front, to prevent the removal of troops to the front of Longstreet, and make real and vigorous advance if Longstreet was at all successful. But, as Fitzhugh Lee says (p. 277), "His chariot of war had hardly started before he found his corps team were not pulling together; the wheel horse selected to start it was balky and stubborn, and after stretching his traces, did not draw his share of the load with rapidity enough to be effective." At sunrise, General Lee sent a messenger to General Ewell, on the left, to ask whether he could not attack from his flank; but Ewell at daylight found Culp's hill already occupied, and axes and spades were making a fort of that barb of the fish-hook.

At sunrise that morning Meade's divisions were widely scattered. Less than ten thousand of his First and Eleventh corps were on the Cemetery hill. Right and left, were the 8,600 of Slocum's corps. Near at hand was the Third corps of 8,000. At any time before 7 o'clock Lee would have found less than 27,000 men to contest his way. But at 7 A. M., came the Second corps, and at 8 A. M., the Fifth was on the ground. At 9 A. M. came part of the Third, and at half-past 10 the artillery reserve was on the Seminary ridge.

General Lee, in the presence of General Longstreet, directed McLaws to place two divisions in position away to the right, near the peach orchard, and perpendicular to the Emmittsburg road, and to get there without the observation of the enemy. He wished him to envelop the Federal left on the Emmittsburg road and drive him in. He told General A. P. Hill that General Longstreet's line would be on his south, and nearly at right angles to his own line, and directed Hill to move into battle with Longstreet's left. After giving orders in person to Longstreet and Hill, General Lee rode into Gettysburg, to examine Ewell's position on the left. Since 2 o'clock in the morning, Early was in line at the foot of the slope, ready to scale the Cemetery hill, and eager for the order to advance. In Gettysburg, General Lee waited anxiously for the sound of Longstreet's guns. He was exceedingly impatient. "What can detain Longstreet," he said, "He ought to be in position now." It was 1 o'clock before General Longstreet set his column in motion, losing three golden hours of sunlight after he was ordered to move. Two more hours were taken in bringing the troops to the position assigned, taking a long circuitous route. It was 4 in the afternoon, when the force was in line of battle before Little Round Top. General Sickles had placed his command on

the Emmettsburg road, at the peach orchard, by misunderstanding of instructions, quite in advance of the natural position on the ridge and at the Round Top. And Longstreet placed McLaws directly in front of him with Hood on the right; in a line perpendicular.

General Meade had instructed General Butterfield, his chief of staff, early in the morning to prepare an order for retreat, and later there was a conference of corps commanders to consider this order; but at 4 P. M., Longstreet's attack broke up this conference. General Law, on the right of Hood, urged the occupation of Round Top, his couriers finding the Federal flank unprotected. Three times it was urged. But Longstreet's reply was "General Lee's orders are to attack up the Emmittsburg road." After 4, Hood began the attack, his right going into Sickles' left about the Little Round Top and the Devil's Den. Then McLaws' division went in at the peach orchard with a terrific onslaught. Three Federal divisions came to Sickle's help, with 13,000 men, but all were forced back. A. P. Hill's line now moved forward, and soon sent the right of Sickle's corps in retreat to the Seminary ridge. And 7 o'clock in the evening found the complete defeat of Meade's left wing. Wright's Georgians went steadily up the slope, leaped the stone fences, and occupied the crest of the ridge, a short distance south of the Cemetery. But Hill's advance was in detail and was not supported. Wright could not stand alone, and with the converging forces pressing in on him, he was driven back, and the tide of Federal defeat was checked at the very summit of the ridge.

Slow and recalcitrant as he was, Longstreet's battle of the second day, was in itself a great success. Late as it was, he accomplished Lee's purpose and rolled back the Federal left towards Gettysburg, overwhelming Sickles with his tremendous attack. But if he had heeded Hood and Law, he would also have taken Round Top, and probably have occupied the Tarrytown road, in rear of Meade's army. And the opportunity of the second day was lost to the Confederates.

General Lee's left had not been idle. Edward Johnson and his division had fought bravely and persistently for Culp's hill, and entered the first line of the Federal entrenchments. Early sent two brigades gallantly against the cemetery, under withering fire, and breaking the line of the Eleventh corps, entered the Federal works on the summit. At three points that late afternoon the wave of

the Confederate attack crossed the stone walls and entered the defences—Wright's Georgians from the right centre, Hay's and Hoke's, under Colonel Avery, from the centre at the cemetery, bringing back some captured flags, and the Stonewall Brigade of Virginians from the left on Culp's hill. But in each case the spirited attacks were not supported, and the battle on the Confederate side was in detail and disconnected. Wright was not supported by brigades of Hill's command, that strangely, were not sent into battle. Early was not supported by Rodes', who, perhaps the finest division commander in Lee's army, was not ready, and Edward Johnson, on the left, found it impossible to move his whole command through and over the natural obstructions of Culp's hill in the face of the enemy.

The day was over, the day on which thousands on both sides gave their lives, willing sacrifices, for their convictions of right. It wrote in blood a victory for Longstreet's corps, and yet a defeat for General Lee. The extreme right, under General Law, held the Devil's Den, and at least the bases of the Round Tops. While the extreme left, under Johnson, held the crest of Culp's hill, almost in reach of the Baltimore road.

That night the Confederate forces were far from being a defeated army. They were in great spirits, and had the fervor of battle in high degree. Pickett, with three brigades, had arrived from the rear. Stuart, with his cavalry, had come up on the left, and the artillery was well up and in place. In the official report, General Lee says: "The result of this day's operations induced the belief that, with proper concert of action and with the increased support that the positions gained on the right, would enable the artillery to render the assaulting columns, we should ultimately succeed, and it was accordingly determined to continue the attack." The general plan was unchanged.

General Meade's council that night with his twelve generals was one of perplexity, and divided opinions. One of them says: "It was a gloomy hour." Twenty thousand men was the reported loss. But it was, at last, decided to remain one day and await Lee's assault. And during the night dispatches from Richmond to General Lee, which had been captured, were brought in. They relieved Meade's anxieties about Washington, and encouraged him to hold his ground.

THE THIRD DAY.

At daylight it was found that the Round Tops were heavily occupied. Meade had reinforced his left with the Fifth and Sixth corps and heavy artillery. General Lee, changing his plan, directed Longstreet to form a column of attack on the Federal left centre, and assault from the south, while Ewell attacked from the north, at Culp's hill, on the opposite sides of the fish-hook curve. Pickett's division, not yet in battle, was to be the centre, with Heth's division of Hill's corps, under Pettigrew, as a second line. Two brigades (Wilcox and Perry) of Anderson's division, supported the right and two brigades (Lane and Scales), under Trimble, supported the left. Ewell's left had begun vigorously on Culp's hill, when the order to advance was given to Pickett. Near the middle of Hancock's line was a clump of trees, which General Lee suggested to Longstreet as an objective point. It was not far from the position Wright's Georgians had gained the evening before. At 10 A. M., General E. P. Alexander opened the fire of fifteen guns along the Emmettsburg road, and General R. L. Walker opened from the Seminary hill a battery of sixty-three guns. The artillery was to go forward as the infantry column advanced and support the attacks.

Again Longstreet was reluctant. Three hours passed away in unnecessary delay. And in this time Ewell's attack on Culp's hill was a wasted opportunity. Not until 2 o'clock did the artillery duel begin. More than two hundred guns made a crash and roar that was indescribable and unearthly. The two ridges opposing were blazing volcanoes. The Confederate swept the Cemetery ridge. General Walker, of the Federal army, says: "The whole space behind Cemetery hill was in a moment rendered uninhabitable. Caissons exploded, destruction covered the whole ground, army headquarters were broken up. Never had a storm so dreadful burst on mortal man." The batteries in the Cemetery withdrew, partly to save ammunition. General Alexander, with the advanced guns, wrote a line to Pickett: "If you are coming at all, you must come at once." Pickett asked Longstreet: "Shall I advance?" and he was silent. Then Pickett said: "Sir, I shall lead my division forward!" And they went. Out of the woods, across the Emmettsburg road, two lines of gray, with glittering bayonets, 12,000 of them altogether, with their supports. A deep silence fell upon the field. Half-way to Hancock's salient and the clump

of trees, they met the cannister and the musket fire in their faces. But the Confederate batteries had nearly exhausted their ammunition, and were unable to help the charging column in its hour of sore need. General Lee says in his report: "Owing to the fact, which was unknown to me when the assault took place, the enemy was enabled to throw a strong force of infantry against our left, already wavering under a concentrated fire of artillery." Alexander, Longstreet's chief of artillery, had a reserve of nine howitzers, intending to take them with Pickett across the field. But when they were wanted they had been removed, and could not be found. Fifteen guns were taken out for the advance, but in the crisis, it was found that their chests had not been refilled. Federal artillery wore away the left of the attacking force, and a Vermont brigade charged upon its right. The guns on Round Top enfiladed the line. When Pickett's men reached one hundred yards from the wall, the Federal line broke to the rear. The left of Pickett's division and the right of Pettigrew's and Trimble's line reached the stone wall, silenced the guns and captured prisoners. Armistead's brigade, which was Pickett's second line, also reached the wall. And for a little while there seemed no enemy before them. In Meade's center a long space was held by men in gray, and the stars and bars waved over the stone wall. Above the stone wall was the crest of the ridge, and Armistead, with his hat on the point of his sword, sprang forward, crying, "Boys, we must give them the cold steel; who will follow me?" A line of Virginians leaped forward and reached the crest, when Armistead fell, and his line fell back to the wall. Some one without authority ordered a retreat, and many turned to flee. From the flanks, forces of Federal troops swarmed in upon them, and 4,000 men were cut off from the retreat, and were prisoners. Other brigades were sent forward, but too late, and only to be driven back. Two divisions in reserve, Anderson on the left and McLaws on the right, received no orders from Longstreet to advance.

Colonel Freemantle, of the English army, writes: "General Lee was perfectly sublime." Calm and quiet, he and his staff were earnestly engaged in rallying the returning men, encouraging them with many kind words. General Wilcox came to him much distressed, but General Lee said to him: "Never mind, General, all this has been my fault. It is I that have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it the best you can." During the immensely critical

action of the afternoon, a cavalry charge under General Farnsworth against the Confederate right had been repulsed. And Stuart, with the Confederate cavaly, had attempted to get around the Federal right beyond Culp's hill and reach the Baltimore Turnpike, but was repulsed by General Gregg.

Would General Meade advance in force? Lee's artillery was put in battery on Seminary Ridge, and the depleted ranks of the divisions were promptly drawn into line. But both had suffered enormously, and neither was capable of attack. The Confederate loss in the three days was something more than 20,000, one-third of a total of 63,000 of all arms. Dead on the field were Armistead, Garnett, Pender, Barksdale and Semmes. Seriously wounded were Wade, Hampton, Hood, Kemper, Heth, Pettigrew, Trimble, Scales, Jenkins, and S. T. Anderson, while Archer was a prisoner. In an unusual percentage of young regimental and company officers, the flower of the Southland, were left upon the field. Of many of them and a multitude of men in the ranks, the pride and hope of the best of homes, no tidings came back. In unknown graves they sleep, many of them in Hollywood, willing sacrifices, offered to their country and their God.

THE DAY AFTER.

One whole day—it was Saturday, the 4th of July—both armies rested, as if the memories of a common American liberty and achievement forbade a disturbance of the day sacred to all. On the night of the 4th, the trains began to retire, by Cashtown and Fairfield, through the gaps of the South Mountains. Long lines of ambulances wended their painful way in the darkness, over rocky roads, through the cold and damp of mountain passes. The artillery followed, and then the divisions which had left so many behind. Ewell's corps, as a rear guard, did not leave Gettysburg until the forenoon of July 5th. The sun was shining brightly when I rode with General Ewell out of the town square, and by the Seminary, which was filled with our wounded officers and men.

In an address to his command at Hagerstown, July 11th, General Lee said: "After long and trying marches, endured with fortitude that has ever characterized the soldiers of Northern Virginia, you have penetrated the country of our enemies, and recalled to the defence of their own soil those who were engaged in the invasion of ours. You have fought a fierce and sanguinary battle, which, if not

attended with the success that hitherto crowned your efforts, was marked with the same heroic spirit that has commanded the respect of your enemies, the gratitude of your country, and the admiration of mankind."

It was not until the night of July 13th that General Lee and his army recrossed the Potomac, and were once more at home in Virginia.

WAS IT A DRAWN BATTLE?

Was it in any sense a drawn battle? One day and two nights General Meade made no counter attack. In the retirement of the Confederate army there was no rear guard action. It was ten days after the close of the battle before Lee crossed the Potomac river, and he was not attacked by Meade. He carried nearly 5,000 prisoners away, and there was no attempt to recover them. He carried his artillery back and his long wagon trains almost without interruption and without serious loss. On Virginia soil his troops were an organized army, with splendid morale, and ready for battle at any moment. Whatever of defeat the army of Northern Virginia met at Gettysburg, it was neither destroyed nor yet overthrown, nor was it broken in spirit.

The battle was fought by the Confederate army for the first time in the enemy's country, with communications cut, with limited supplies, and, as soon as the action was joined, compelled to keep closely inside the narrow lines.

As to numbers, Colonel Livermore (p. 102) estimates the Union army, as total engaged, 88,289, and the Confederate army, as effectives, 75,000, a disparity of over 13,000 in favor of the army of General Meade. But on June 27th, General Hooker, urging a request for reinforcements, writes to General Halleck that his whole force of enlisted men present for duty would not exceet 105,000. General Meade testified that, on taking command, the returns called for 105,000, and that he had "upon that battlefield" a little under 105,000 men. General Humphreys confirmed these figures by his estimate of 99,475, to which were to be added troops that arrived and actually went into battle, making, say 103,000. Colonel Walter Taylor, Lee's Adjutant-General, has estimated Lee's effective force on the field at 67,000, making a disparity of 36,000. In round numbers, Meade's army was one-fourth more than Lee's.

The loss of Stonewall Jackson, a month before Gettysburg, was

a bereavement that was felt deeply by the whole army, by its commanding general and throughout the command. When Jackson fell, Lee, as he himself said, lost his right arm. The void which had been made was too great to be so soon closed; the wound which the army received, too deep to be healed in four weeks. Lee himself felt his great loss. He felt uneasy and without confidence, as many of his generals remarked. After the war, at Lexington, to Professor White, of the University, General Lee said: "If I had had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg, we should have won a great victory." The absence of Jackson accounted for the failure to take the Cemetery the first day, as it certainly accounted for the want of concert and confidence throughout the whole action. The compelling will was not there to move an army corps as an unit, with his own imparted strength, in one vigorous and persistent attack.

The absence of General Stuart and the cavalry was seriously felt by General Lee. He could neither ascertain the location and numbers of the various forces of his enemy, nor could he cover the movements of his own separated divisions. General Stuart used the discretion given, and believed he was doing a valuable thing by cutting the communication with Washington, but that was so temporary that it had no great value, and the movement seriously crippled his own army. It resulted in bringing on an engagement prematurely, and under conditions that gave General Lee the offensive, and the offensive in as difficult a place as could be found perhaps in all eastern Pennsylvania.

Yet the most serious obstacle which Lee had to overcome was the unwillingness of General Longstreet to obey the wishes of his commanding General. He had views of his own about the campaign, and because General Lee did not accept them, he resisted the will of his commander from the beginning to the end. With the head of his column a few miles from the field on the evening of the first day, and knowing well the necessity and General Lee's expressed wish, his troops were not brought up until well in the second day, and were not in action until 4 o'clock. On the third day he moved with the same reluctance and dilatoriness, and failed to support the attack made by Pickett's column, when he had two divisions of his own in hand. There is no great commander in history, except Robert E. Lee, who would not have found on the spot a solution for the behavior of General Longstreet. "Nothing that occurred at Gettysburg," says General Gordon, "nor anything

that has been written since of that battle, has lessened the conviction that, had General Lee's orders been promptly and cordially executed, Meade's center on the third day would have been penetrated and the Union army overwhelmingly defeated. (Gordon's Reminiscences of the Civil War, p. 160.)

Was the invasion of Pennsylvania a great mistake? So thought the Count de Paris in his able review of the campaign. But General Lee never thought it a mistake. In 1864, the next year, he said to General Heth: "If I could do so—unfortunately, I cannot—I would again cross the Potomac and invade Pennsylvania. I believe it to be the true policy, nothwithstanding the failure of last year." For the Confederacy, Gettysburg deferred for one year at least the advance on the Confederate capital, and by so much prolonged the hope of independence.

A GREAT SOLDIER.

Was General Robert E. Lee really a great soldier and a great commander?

One might call the roll of the distinguished Federal commanders who, with large advantage of numbers, equipment, resources, credit, and backed by great States, populous and rich, came out to try conclusions with him. They were George B. McClellan, John Pope, Ambrose Burnside, Joseph Hooker, George Meade, and Ulysses Grant, before whose almost unlimited numbers, at last, the Army of Northern Virginia, without reinforcement, without ammunition and without supplies, fought itself down to nothing.

Another answer might be the battles he fought on the Chickahominy, and in the defence of Richmond; of the Second Manassas, of Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and again on the Chickahominy, and the defence of Petersburg. Across these fields are written imperishably the generalship of Lee—in all the detail of preparation, in the skilful choice of topographical lines, in strategic movement, in the audacity of perilous advance, in knowledge of the capacity of his own officers and their troops, in fine perception of the enemy's thought and movement, and in masterly overcoming difficulties that came from inadequate supplies of ordnance, ammunition and army stores of every kind.

Yet another answer would be the four years of continuous and wasting struggle, by a blockaded country, without manufactures, without munitions of war, almost without a navy, without well de-

veloped transportation lines, without credit abroad, with supplies given by a willing people fast disappearing, with fields left untilled and unproductive because the young men were under arms on the battle lines, and with sections constantly widening in devastation and depopulation. And yet General Lee for three years led a patriotic army against superior numbers across victorious fields, and sent a line of notable commanders, defeated, home. Moreover, the historian of the future will discern that "The fall of Richmond and the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia were consequence of events in the west and southwest, and not directly of the operations in Virginia." (Early.)

Was he indeed a great commander? In 1861, General Winfield Scott said; "If given an opportunity, Lee will prove himself the greatest captain of history." To General William C. Preston, General Scott said: "I tell you, that if I were on my death's bed tomorrow, and the President of the United States should tell me that a great battle was to be fought for the liberty or slavery of the country, and asked my judgment as to the ability of a commander, I would say with my dying breath, 'Let it be Robert E. Lee!'"

During the war, Stonewall Jackson said: "General Lee is a phenomenon. He is the only man I would be willing to follow blindfolded."

After the war, Lord Wolsey said: "I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in grander mould and made of different and finer metal than all other men."

President Andrews, of Brown University, said: "I fail to find in the books any such masterful generalship as this hero showed, holding that slim, gray line, half starved, with no prospects of additions, and fighting when his army was too hungry to stand, and the rifles were only useful as clubs. His courage was sublime. He was as great as Gustavus Adolphus, or Napoleon, or Wellington, or Von Moltke."

Was he a great commander? In the esteem of the army he led he was—in victory, in defeat, and in surrender, there was a confidence and devotion that grew and deepened to the end of the struggle, a universal faith in his capacity, his energy, his untiring loyalty and zeal. In the esteem of the people of the South, the ability of Lee to lead their army in Virginia was unquestioned then, and remains unquestioned to this day.

A GREAT MAN.

Leaving the question of his military capacity, was Robert E. Lee a great man? In the Arlington mansion there is on the first floor, a small room, to the left of the hall, which was his office and library. One day in the spring of the year 1861 he paced the floor, and alone fought out the battle in his breast of a great decision. In the evening, with a clear conscience, and looking to God for his blessing, he lay down his commission and the offer of the supreme command of the United States army; he laid down the flag he had followed, and to which he had given the prime of his manhood; he gave up the hope of peace between the States of the Republic for which he had longed and prayed; he surrendered the ancestral home and its traditions, his property and the happiness of his family. And he took up instead the rights of his State under the Constitution, and the honor and hopes of a people without an army, at the beginning of a struggle over which hung a thick veil. *No small man ever made such a decision.*

Is magnanimity an element of greatness? After Chancellorsville he wrote to Stonewall Jackson: "I congratulate you on the victory, which is due to your skill and energy." At the close of the battle of Gettysburg, he said: "All this has been my fault. It is I that have lost this fight." After his return to Virginia, he urged upon President Davis the acceptance of his resignation. Of the army he said: "It would be the happiest day of my life to see at its head a worthy leader, one that would accomplish more than I can perform and all that I have wished. I hope your excellency will attribute my request to the true reason—the desire to serve my country and to do all in my power to insure the success of her righteous cause."

At Appomattox, returning from the negotiations of surrender, his men gathered around him, veterans of many fields, grim and ragged, weeping as with broken hearts, and blessing him as they wept. To them, with tones trembling with deep emotion, he said: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you. My heart is too full to say more?"

Are the love of peace and order marks of greatness? After the surrender of the worn remnant of his army, not for a moment would he consent to the schemes of fierce and foolish men for the continuance of the struggle and a guerrilla warfare in the mountains. He

counseled return to home and peaceable pursuits, and unquestioning obedience to law, and himself promptly set the example.

He spoke of a small farm to earn his daily bread, for retirement and simplicity and family happiness He declined every proposition of emolument and publicity in this country and abroad. Under abuse and threatening, he was patient and silent. To a small college in the Virginia Valley he went to a position, not conspicuous, not lucrative, and involved labor and anxiety, and there gave himself to the education of the youth of the South, as the truest and largest hope of the recovery of the people from the waste and calamity of war.

General Lee was distinctly a great college executive. In the prime of his manhood, he was the successful superintendent of West Point, and the last six years of his life were spent as president of Washington College. He impressed his great personality upon the entire college community, and established its high ideals of character and manhood. He gave attention to every detail of college activity, no matter how minute. His annual reports to the college trustees are models of conciseness, and show the hand of a master. He gave his energies to constructive work, anticipating Southern thought as to the necessity of scientific and practical education. He was a prophet of the modern theory that the college library should be the chief college "laboratory." He commended and strengthened the honor system in Virginia colleges. For himself he had a superb literary style, and his great interest in the college library marked him as a man of distinct literary tastes and aptitude. When he undertook to inform himself, he would exhaust the subject, by reading the great authorities consulted, by personal investigation of living sources, and by profound reflection. One day some competent person will bring to the knowledge of all the spirit and work of Robert E. Lee as an educator of youth. And over it all will be shown his intense love and admiration for youth, and his own personal devotion to the profession which in such large degree holds the future in its grasp.

You will permit me to say that, in the midst of all modern materialism and naturalism, and the various theories of what produces a noble manhood, that I still believe that religion is the one solid and sure bases of character, pure and peaceful, and the supreme guide into all lofty career—unselfish, generous, fruit-bearing for the hun-

gry multitudes. In the religion of Robert E. Lee there was faith without fanaticism, prayer without pretension, a reality, a gentleness and simplicity that kept him brave in peril and tranquil in disaster. He feared God and was strong. "He loved God and little children." In a life of simple Christian faith, of high and noble purposes, of unweary discharge of duty, he who had not won the independence of the Confederacy of the South, taught all his countrymen lessons that will not be obliterated, but will help to establish the American people in that righteousness which exalteth a nation, which is the strength and honor of any people, and gave them a monumental light that will never go out. The Confederacy of the South long ago furled its banner, and the people accepted the arbitrament of war. Whatever else it gave to the common country, not the least will be the memory of the young soldiers who, with valor and devotion, freely gave their lives at the stone walls on the heights of Gettysburg. And not the least splendid contribution to American history is the character of their great captain, ROBERT E. LEE.

No seed is lost that makes a fruitful Nature
Bring from her breast a grand, majestic tree:
Nor can a cause be wholly unavailing
That yields the world a perfect flower like Lee.

SOME OF THE DRUG CONDITIONS DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, 1861-5.

A Paper read before a meeting of the American Pharmaceutical Association held in Baltimore, Maryland, in August, 1898,

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[This highly interesting paper has been furnished through the kind mediation of Walter L. Fleming, Ph. D., Professor of History in West Virginia University, and the author of the important and thoughtful "Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama," etc. Dr. Fleming is a diligent and conscientious delver and makes effective use of his devoted investigations. The prayer due is that such exponents be multiplied! The author of the valuable article, which it is a privilege to preserve in these pages, was born in August, 1859. His father was a defender of the righteous Southern cause, serving as a member of the 14th Georgia C. S. A. The son, Joseph Jacobs, at the early age of thirteen, became an apprentice to the distinguished physician-pharmacist Dr. Crawford W. Long, the discoverer of the use of ether as an anæsthetic—one of the greatest boons ever conferred on humanity, as is justly urged in glowing tribute, and whose claim as the original discoverer is cogently maintained in an article in the "*Southern Advance*," by his pupil, now a leading druggist in Atlanta, and whose progressive spirit does honor to his famous preceptor. The admirable paper covers a much broader field than its title, "Some of the Drug Conditions," would imply, as it comprehends the conditions governing the supply of many other articles of vital importance in the stupendous struggle of the South. Dr. Jacobs writes that the facts presented by him, were "gathered from various sources, by interviewing men who were in the drug business during the war, and by having access to many interesting and valuable papers."

Some references for those interested may be added: "The Resources of the Southern Fields and Forests," by Francis Payre Porcher, surgeon P. A. C. S., and prepared and published by order of Surgeon General S. P. Moore in 1863, and the following in the

serial volumes of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*: "Where the South got its Chemicals and Medicines," by Prof. J. W. Mallet, XXI; "Report of Gen. Josiah Gorgas, Ordnance Department," XXIX; "Progress of Medicine in the South," by Dr. Hunter McGuire, XVII; "Memoir of Gen. S. P. Moore," by Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, XXVIII; "Medical History of the C. S. Army and Navy," and "Roster of Medical Officers," by Dr. Joseph Jones, XX and XXII; "Southern Genius, How War Developed It," by Gen. M. C. Butler, XVI; "How the Confederates Changed Naval Warfare," by Gen. D. H. Maury; "Iron Clads and Torpedoes," XXII, and further as to torpedoes IV, V, VI, IX, X, XXII, XXXI; "Resources of the Confederacy in 1865," "Report of Gen. Isaac M. St. John," II, III, and "Contributions of the South to the Greatness of the American Nation," by Gen. C. A. Evans, XXIII.]—EDITOR.

Here, in grand old Maryland, this border State of the by-gone Confederacy, at a time when men of that war generation who fought on either side of a great and memorable conflict, meet with the sons of both in friendly conference, at a time and place where none can be stirred to animosities by recalling the subject, I present a paper relating to the drug trade and the drug conditions as they appeared during the war of 1861–65, especially as they existed in the Southern States.

Whatever may be the final verdict of mankind as to the justice of the cause for which the seceding states engaged in war with their kindred commonwealths, it must follow the recorded admission of the heroism and magnanimity of the Southern people in maintaining that brave struggle in arms against the proud and wealthier section of our common country; and just as sure as that now the old soldiers of the South and their sons, stand as ready to answer any call of our splendid Union of States against any and every foe, as the old soldiers of the North and their sons, just as sure are the hearts of all willing to still all sentiments in reference to the old conflict of arms, excepting such as spring from pride in the valor of those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray.

There are few American citizens, to-day, who would not rejoice if the bloody record, of that war, with its story of suffering and death, had no place in history. Would that we, as brother Americans, had never been compelled to witness any of the scenes or consequences of that sad conflict, and that our children should never have been called upon to turn the pages of its annals.

We cannot doubt the existence of genuine reconciliation now, since the calls that have so recently assembled our gallant boys from every State in our Union, and who, mingled together, have illustrated the common valor of Americans in arms against the Spanish hosts, and whose, acts of heroism are now recorded in never dying lines that shall commemorate the worth of North and South, and East and West, alike.

As pharmacists, rejoicing in the existence of a truly re-united county, we should recognize that we must ever stand ready to do our part should foemen ever invade our territory, standing true and firm though we should be isolated from all the nations of the earth; and, so, looking back over the days of the war between the States, I have endeavored to see if there were not some lessons to be learned from the adversities in which the Southern people found themselves in the matters that particularly relate to our profession. For, when a people is put in straits and when overwhelming necessities confront them, invention is stimulated, experiment prompted, and, out of their very helplessness, often, intelligence is aroused, and action follows, which evolves new and valuable accomplishments.

The Southern people prior to the war were almost exclusively an agricultural people. The broad acres of the South yearly whitened in fleecy cotton, or waved with yellow grain, or sent forth from their soil the cane and rice harvests, or pastured the flocks within their confines. At the beginning of the war, except at Richmond and a few of the more northerly cities, there were very few machinery plants, and the factories and foundries which produced articles of cotton, or wool, or brass, or iron or steel, were small in number and in the extent and variety of their productiveness. The splendid waters of the Carolinas and of Georgia that now mingle the music of their falling with the hum and whir of textile mills, wasted over their rocks as they ran to the sea by the cotton fields in the broad, alluvial valleys. Boats that ran up the Mississippi and Ohio were laden with the cotton and what of Texas and the sugar and syrup of Louisiana, or the imported products of the Gulf countries, and they returned freighted with coal and iron, and all the varied manufactured products of the North and East. Tennessee, Arkansas, North Carolina, and Virginia were dotted with granaries and tobacco barns, and sent their "cattle from a thousand hills" into the markets of the country. Florida and Mississippi

were largely engaged, besides in the production of the usual Southern crops, in furnishing the fruits of their orchards and the output of their fisheries to commerce. The inexhaustible beds of iron ore and manganese and coal of Georgia and Alabama and Tennessee were still unexplored, and the vast quarries of Georgia marble and granite, now yielding rich profits to Northern investments, were then overlooked and unworked.

It can be imagined that a territory like this, unprepared for war and sustaining an ignorant slave population which amounted to at least two-fifths of the whole number of persons, suddenly confronted by an armed conflict, and at once invested by vigorous, watchful, and competent blockading fleets, full of natural resources, deficient in organized industries, rich in the possession of men of intellect and executive capacity, would be met by a situation calling forth every talent and resource of its people.

Side by side in the columns of the newspapers, with the stirring appeals to patriotism in editorial language and poetic meter, were official orders and advertisements; and scientific and literary men vied with one another in publishing suggestions and hints and descriptions of processes that would be useful in directing the minds of the people toward solving the problem of supplying necessary munitions of war, and all the articles for camp and field and hospital and household use.

To say nothing of the destruction of property and of the whole labor system of the South, with its attendant losses, some idea of the extent of the effects of that war may be gathered by reciting a few facts from official data.

Eleven out of the thirty-four States seceded. The men of military age, from eighteen to forty-five on the Southern side numbered 1,064,193, including lame, halt and blind, etc. On the Union side were more than four to one, or 4,559,892, not estimating monthly accessions from the world at large. In enlisted men the numbers were, for the South, 600,000; for the North, 2,865,000. The slave States of Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland, West Virginia and Tennessee, gave to the Union 300,000 men. Thus there were in the field four armies of the North, each as large as the entire Confederate forces, not including the 300,000 contributed by the slave States.

In numbers the Federal loss was 67,058 killed and 43,012 died of wounds; of Confederates, 53,873 were killed, and 194,026

was the number of killed and wounded on the fields of battle. More than one-third of the Confederates were confided to the surgeons, besides the sick and wounded prisoners of war.

The Confederate government, immediately after the formation of a provisional government at Montgomery, were confronted by strong facts and large figures as to supplies for the different departments. Agents were sent at once to Europe, most of whom were in London, and where they established a weekly newspaper, with local correspondents in nearly every Southern town from Virginia to Texas. Instructions were given that, as there were only two sources of supply, capture and blockade running, importance was to be given to securing first, arms and ammunition; second, clothing, including boots, shoes, and hats; third, drugs and chemicals, such as were most pressingly needed, as quinine, chloroform, ether, opium, morphine, rhubarb, etc. These agents were instructed to see that all blockade runners or any transport ships, barks or brigantines, that were clearing for Southern ports for cargoes of cotton or naval stores, were loaded with the above enumerated articles; the cargoes to be consigned to individuals, firms or agents of the government at any port to which they cleared.

At the outset of the struggle the question of drugs and medicines was the third in importance, and the druggists of the South had either to manufacture what they could from native barks and leaves and herbs and roots, or purchase at the Southern ports such supplies as the blockade runners brought in that were not intended for the government. In most cases these cargoes were offered at auction. This was a custom at Galveston, New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, Pensacola, Savannah, and Wilmington. The Gulf cities received large supplies from Cuba, while in Texas there was almost a continuous train of contrabanders, or smugglers, bringing goods across the Rio Grande from Mexico, but not much of this was medicine.

As to capture, while the army frequently captured the wagon trains of the enemy, thus obtaining some supplies of medicines and surgical appliances, these were barely sufficient to supply the most distressing needs in the army; so, it may be seen that home manufacture and blockade running were the only source of supply during nearly four years for between six and seven millions of people.

The interior towns suffered most, such places as Jackson, Meridian, Columbus and Aberdeen in Mississippi; Selma, Montgomery, Eufala, and Huntsville, in Alabama; Albany, Macon, Augusta, Athens, Rome and Atlanta in Georgia; Spartanburg, Greenville and Columbia, in South Carolina; Fayetteville, Goldsboro, Raleigh, Statesville and Charlotte, in North Carolina; and Danville, Lynchburg, Petersburg and Richmond, in Virginia. In nearly all of these towns one or more druggists manufactured from stock on hand of roots, herbs, and barks, or from home supply of such medicinal plants as he could secure, tinctures and like preparations.

The supply of whiskey was not so short as that of medicines. The so-called "moonshiners" of the mountains of North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia kept their stills, (often called gum-logs) running night and day, and could find a ready sale for all they produced. So far as I can learn, no tax was placed on whiskey. In New Orleans rum was made from molasses, one distillery turned out over one hundred barrels of this product every day for over a year.

Amongst the scarcest articles in a drug store in those days were paper, twine and corks. Some of the stores obtained old life-preservers from abandoned river boats and got a supply, thus, of hand-cut stoppers. Various fabrics were pressed together for small stoppers, and for large bottles, demijohns and jugs, different sized corn-cobs commanded the same price as XXX corks do to-day. In the museums of New York, Washington and Chicago can be seen some of the specimens of the attempts to manufacture glass bottles in Louisiana, Alabama and South Carolina.

In the interior districts and small villages the country doctors returned to the first principles and to the use of the plants of the fields and forests; and these agencies were about all they had to rely on, outside of whiskey and a little quinine, the latter frequently at $100 an ounce.

Interviewing one of our old Confederate surgeons, he said: "During the early part of the war, I was placed in charge of a railroad hospital in a small town where it was difficult to obtain medicine at almost any cost, and as I had my little hospital crowded nearly all the time, both with employes of the road and wounded and sick soldiers, afflicted with various diseases and all kinds of wounds and injuries, and being also engaged in general practice, it naturally followed that my mind was severely taxed in order to

supply the remedies and substitutes to meet the demands of such varied practice. I perused my dispensary and called into requisition an old botanic practice which had been handed down as a relic of the past, but from which I confess to have received valuable aid and very many useful hints in regard to the medical virtues of our native plants. I give you the following facts from a record I kept of the patients treated, and the remedies I used, and the principal substances I resorted to:

"Of that large class of medicines, so useful in surgery and so much in demand in war times, called antiseptics, most of them, I may say, have been discovered and appropriated to surgical use since our war. In fact, I had but litttle else at my command except the cold-water dressing for wounds. From experiment I learned to improve on the plain old method, as I think, by employing a decoction of red-oak bark added to the water, which acted as a disinfectant, and by its stimulating and astringent properties promoted the healing process. I also used a weak solution of bicarbonate of soda, which I found beneficial in the suppurative stages. When emollients were indicated, I used slippery elm and wahoo root bark, and solution of common salt often helped. In case of great pain I employed poppy heads, nightshade and stramonium.

"I had a number of cases of intermittent fever. I would give strong boneset tea, warm, until free vomiting was produced, and as a substitute for quinine I used, during the intermission, butterfly root or pleurisy root tea, which would nearly always shorten the febrile stage.

"Remittent or bilious fevers were treated much the same way, except that I invariably gave good doses of mandrake tea in the febrile stage. Virginia snake-root, yellow root, or Sampson's snake-root acted nearly as well, but I preferred the other. If I could have obtained blue mass or calomel I would have begun treatment with that, but none were to be had.

"Mayapple root or peach-tree leaves made into a strong tea and drank warm would act on the bowels as certainly as senna; but with children where too much tea is not desirable, I often gave beef's feet oil, hog's feet oil, or even lard heated with syrup

"In cases of pneumonia, pleurisy, catarrhal fevers, etc., I made local applications of mustard seed or leaves, stramonium leaves, hickory leaves, pepper, etc., warm, and gave alternately butterfly-root and sanguinaria, and continued to slightly nauseating, from

day to day (no need of anything else). The two last-named remedies took the place of Dover's powder, quinine and all other diaphoretics, febrifuges end arterial sedatives.

"Phytalacca or poke was another favorite remedy—the tincture when alcohol or whisky could be obtained; otherwise, tea of roots or berries. I used it in all cases of chronic rheumatism or neuralgia, enlarged glands, scrofula, syphilis, and all cases requiring alteratives, often combined with American sarsaparilla root, sassafras, alder and prickly ash.

"Female complaints gave me some trouble, but I soon learned the use of the black haw, squaw-weed, partridge berry, etc. I had been taught in the use of old text-books that opiates in large doses would control some cases of threatened abortion, when the patient had not lost too much from hemorrhage. I found that the black haw root tea would absolutely stop this tendency, not only in cases where there was but little hemorrhage, but where large quantities had passed, and would relieve the most severe cases of dysmenorrhœa, especially when combined with squaw-weed, partridge berry or red shank.

"In stomach and bowel diseases I found but little difficulty in obtaining plenty of substitutes for opiates, astringents and the like; in fact, I believe that an all wise Providence has especially provided the best antidotes in creation on the hills and dales, and by the vales and streams of our own Southland. In ordinary looseness of the bowels or diarrhœa, I gave an infusion of raspberry leaves or whortleberry leaves (both of which act finely on the kidneys and bladder). Where there was nausea or sick stomach, a handful of peach leaves steeped in water and drank will settle it, or what is perhaps better, the kernel of two or three seeds cracked and cold water drank off of them. If stronger astringent is necessary, the inner bark of red oak, blackberry or dewberry root tea, or red shank root, are sure remedies.

"Agrimony tea, and, as a last resort, the nut-gall or ink-ball made into what, from its color, I called black wash (made by squeezing the juice out and adding a little copperas). This black wash is not only a splendid ink, but is a destroyer of syphilitic sores, warts, corns, ringworm, and old ulcers and excrescences of nearly every kind, much superior to lime water and calomel. Weakened properly, it is good in obstinate bowel diseases, and can be used as an injection in gonorrhea, gleet, etc. Silk weed root put in whiskey

and drank, giving at the same time pills of rosin from the pine tree, with very small pieces of blue vitrol will cure obstinate cases of gonorrhae, and is a substitute for copaiba, cubebs, etc.

"I raised lobelia from the seed, and found it to be a reliable emetic, useful in cough medicines, croup and asthma. I have relieved asthma with lobelia, and by smoking stramonium leaves. We, of course, used turpentine as an adjunct in all cases where indicated, which is the case in very many diseases, and in many a positive curative agent.

"Onions and garlic were used as poultices in nearly all glandular enlargements, as are also poke-root, celery, pepper, parsley, sage, thyme, rue and other garden products. Many of the latter were used for the diseases of women and children.

"White sumac, red elm, prickly ash, and poke, will in connection with my black wash cure recent cases of syphilis. It will also cure many cases of chronic rheumatism. Peach-tree leaves and Sampson's snake-root will cure most cases of incipient dyspepsia. Gargle made of sage and honey will cure most cases of sore throat, tonsilitis, etc.

"For infants, calamus, catnip and soot teas are better than soothing syrups with opiates." * * *

Nearly every old practitioner in the South, to-day, is full of such reminiscences as the foregoing.

Notwithstanding the restrictions in inter-state commerce and the almost exclusive reliance on blockade runners for supplies, many druggists in these Southern towns and cities displayed much ingenuity in the disposition of the stocks bought at auction at the seaports.

Mr. B. Metcalf, of Montgomery, relates that he attended an auction sale, at Mobile, on one occasion, and, arriving late, found the cargo all sold except cod-liver oil and bees wax, which he succeeded in purchasing. His two barrels of cod-liver oil and 600 pounds of bees-wax were immediately reshipped to Montgomery on the Alabama river. Filling every shape and size bottle to be found, and placing a judicious advertisement in the papers, he was enabled to sell the oil, but what to do with the bees-wax was a puzzler. Discovering a set of candle moulds and using cotton yarn as a wick, he ran the entire mass into candles and succeeded in selling the whole stock at ten cents apiece.

Nashville fell early in the action, and there was but little suffering

there on account of failure to obtain medical supplies. One incident is related there showing the shrewdness of druggists at Nashville. When it became known that all manufacturing enterprises would be blown up on the evacuation of the town, a shrewd druggist went around and succeeded in buying all the window glass in town. Three days later the explosions, on the retreat of the Confederates, broke one-half the window glass in the city, and Mr. S. reaped a rich harvest from his corner in window glass.

Various small attempts were made to manufacture chemicals at Knoxville, Tenn., Greenville, S. C., Columbia, S. C., and Milledgeville and Macon, Ga., but, outside of producing a few gun caps and nitre for making gunpowder and a few carboys of sulphuric acid for charging the torpedoes in Charleston harbor, very little was accomplished. Later on, some small manufacturing was done at Richmond and Charlotte, but, owing to the want of machinery and proper apparatus, little was achieved. A blockade runner brought into Wilmington, N. C., a supply of apparatus for making sulphuric acid, which arrived only a few days before the city fell. Much might have been accomplished with this but for the fall of Wilmington, as the plant was said to be first-class, and, it is said, was disposed of for a large sum to a Philadelphia manufacturer.

The excessive high price of quinine made its handling a profitable employment. Almost every means known to human ingenuity were employed to smuggle it through the lines. Small packages were placed in letters which the Adams Express Company would guarantee for the sum of two dollars to deliver to the postoffice authorities at some point in the Confederacy. Officers speculating in it, buying and selling until this created a scandal almost equal to that of speculating in cotton, and it was finally stopped by a strong proclamation.

A large contraband trade was carried on by an almost continuous line of house-boats floating on the Mississippi river. When opposite Memphis the goods were either sent in at night or into the interior of Arkansas, where trusty parties soon disposed of the stock. The great bulk of this trade was sent out by traders and speculators in Paducah, Ky., and Cairo, Ill., and their main points of operation were Memphis, Tenn., Helena, Ark., Napoleon, Ark., and Greenville, Miss. In regard to Napoleon, very few of this generation ever heard of the town, nor can it be found on the maps of the present day; yet in war time Napoleon, Arkansas, was a

town of nearly 3,000 people, well built with brick business houses, and contained a large United States marine hospital, built of brick; and situated as it was on the Mississippi, at the mouth of the Arkansas river, it was at one time a rival of Memphis for trade. This village was entirely destroyed by flood in 1869 or 1870; the last vestige of the large marine hospital was carried into the Mississippi river in 1874, and to-day there is not a human habitation to show where Napoleon once flourished.

One of my Alabama lawyer friends, an ex-Confederate, famous for learning, for valor as a soldier, and for delightful humor as a reconteur, once related to me the following reminiscences:

To supply the trying necessities of the drug demand, he said he had heard of many amusing plans that were resorted to by the government itself, and by persons who were mainly prompted by neither impulses of humanity nor patriotism, but by the simple desire of gain. He said he heard of a woman who went into the Northern lines four times, returning always with a considerable quantity of the more costly drugs concealed beneath her skirts. On her return from the fifth trip, however, some portion of her paraphernalia, while on a ferry boat, was caught in a way to put too great a strain on some string or buckle, so that it gave way, and the walking drugstore was brought down to "dire combustion."

A Mr. Berg, a merchant of middle Alabama, says my Alabama friend, at the beginning of the war found himself with empty shelves and counters and no market from which to replenish his stock. He had some experience in the sale of drugs and medicines, so he determined to occupy his genius, being too old to go to the war, by carrying on a contraband trade in this profitable direction. He started on a dangerous enterprise as the South had interdicted trade in cotton and the North had placed the ban on drugs—especially on stimulating liquors. Mr. Berg selected Memphis as the base of his operations, and proceeded up to the northern part of Mississippi, a country alternately in the hands of the Confederates and the Federals. Here he purchased a common road wagon and four mules, and loaded the wagon with cotton. In a few days he arrived, with an assistant, within the Federal lines at Memphis, where he disposed of his cotton at war figures, for United States money. His wagoner, having received his reward, deserted, and Berg could find no one to go back with him to the South. He was about to abandon his enterprise of investing in drugs and medicines

for lack of proper means of transportation, when he accidentally, while looking after his own team and wagon, discovered a two-horse vehicle, considerably battered and disfigured, but surmounted by a white cloth covering, over which was a small yellow hospital flag, and upon the sides of which were painted in large letters "SMALL-POX." In a short time Berg had exchanged his four-horse vehicle for the smaller one, and selecting two of his best mules, hit upon the idea of transposing his hospital wagon into a blockade runner. He soon had a stock of quinine, morphine, ether and such other drugs as promised the greatest profit, stored away in a box under the yellow flag, and over these he placed several layers of leather fronts for making cotton and wool cards, over these some cheap clothing, and as a last layer scattered promiscuously a collection of such articles as are usually carried in a peddler's pack, including cambric needles. The enterprise might have been entirely successful had not Berg determined to add to his stock an eight-gallon keg of good rye whiskey, then exceedingly scarce in his native region.

Berg proceeded on his journey very slowly. The roads were bad, his team weak, and he inexperienced. The yellow flag upon his wagon and the legend upon its sides accomplished fully all that he had expected from them, so far as keeping him unmolested and preventing his contraband cargo from being detected. They were equal to the ancient cry, "Make way for the Leper."

Berg himself grew quite travel stained, and to ordinary observation had but recently recovered from the small-pox. The end of the fourth day found his stock of provisions, both for man and beast, entirely exhausted, while every attempt on his part to approach a farm-house in order to obtain these necessities was met with threats and the barking of dogs, and he and his teams went into a supperless camp. The next morning he concealed himself some distance from the highway, tied his mules out in a swamp to graze, and, having scrubbed himself up in a neighboring stream, started out afoot in hope of finding some farm-house remote from the highway where he might negotiate for provisions. Before starting, however, in order to fortify himself against the fatigue of the journey, Berg for the first time uncovered his hidden keg and drew off a bottle of its costly contents, drinking some of it before starting. An hour's wandering brought him at last to a farm which gave promise of creature comfort and refreshment. There was a woman in pos-

session of the house as Berg approached, who forbade his coming any nearer to the gate, firmly and positively denying all his entreaties to save him from starvation. At last, however, she told Berg, who had so far forced his way into her presence that she detected the smell of whiskey, that if he would furnish her a bottle of that article she would, in exchange, give him food for himself and his mules; and, as this was the only alternative, the bargain was made and she went to work preparing the provisions, while Berg returned to the wagon with the bottle which she furnished. Berg had just finished his chicken and onions and bread, and the mules disposed of their fodder, and everything was in readiness for the journey to be renewed, when, with shout and clattering hoofs, four blue-coated troopers rode up. In some way they had gotten hold of the whiskey from the woman and learned from her the source of supply, and tracked Berg to his camp. They had drank enough whiskey to render them utterly indifferent to death or contagion in any form, and while Berg was swearing he had no whiskey, they were prying into the wagon and were emptying the keg through its bung hole into their tin-cups as freely as if it were branch water; and then they began to torment poor Berg with all manner of pranks and tricks. Finally, one of them determined to make him swallow a paper of the cambric needles, and had actually placed them on his tongue, handing him a cup of his own whiskey and threatening to cut him down with their swords unless he swallowed the needles with a draught of whiskey.

Berg said that at that moment he lost consciousness, and did not know whether he swallowed the needles or not; that when he awoke a man was bending over him asking what was the matter with him. The shouts of the drunken soldiers had attracted a party of Confederates, who, coming up unawares, had killed two of Berg's tormentors and wounded one severely, allowing only one to escape.

In such conditions as these, it is not to be wondered at that every kind of makeshift and substitution had to be resorted to in the field, in the drugstore and upon the farms and in the household.

Many times the Confederate soldiers marched and camped and fought on half rations. The full ration was meagre enough. As prescribed it was as follows: ¾ lbs. of pork or bacon, or 1¼ lbs. fresh beef; 18 oz. bread or flour, or 1¼ lbs. corn meal. On campaigns or marches or on transports the ration of hard bread was one pound.

The following will give an idea of the economy that was enjoined in the matter of supplying general and post hospitals, the amounts stated being quantities for one year for one thousand troops: Acetic acid, 5 lbs.; arsenic, 5 oz.; muriatic acid, 8 lbs.; sulphuric acid, 8 lbs.; tartaric acid, 16 lbs.; sulphuric ether, 16 lbs.; alcohol 192 pint bottles; ammonia, 5 lbs; nitrate of silver, 8 oz.; assafoetida, 32 ozs.; camphor, 16 lbs.; catechu, 5 lbs.; cerea albae, 16 lbs.; chloroform, 8 lbs.; copabia, 40 lbs.; creosote, 16 ozs.; adhesive plaster, 40 yards; extract belladona, 16 oz.; fluidi buchu, 8 lbs.; columbae, 8 lbs.; gentian 8 lbs.; glycyrrhiza, 48 lbs.; hyoscyani, 16 ozs.; rhei, 8 lbs.; sarsaparilla, 16 lbs.; senna, 8 lbs.; valerian, 64 ozs.; mercuric chloride, 5 ozs.; iodine 16 ozs.; ammonia, 32 lbs.; magnesia, 5 lbs.; sulphate morphia, 16 drs.; myrrh, 5 lbs.; opium, 5 lbs.; ether, 5 lbs.; jalap, 32 ozs.; cantharides, 16 ozs.; aloes, 32 ozs.; sulphate quinine, 80 to 160 ozs.; sugar, 160 lbs.; strychnia, 8 drs.; digitalis, 32 ozs.; unguenti hydrarg, 8 lbs.

The same sparse quantities were applicable in hospital stores regulations and in the matter of surgical instruments, books, bedding, furniture, dressings, etc., and on the blanks furnished was printed the following: "It is urged that medicinal officers make requisition for such medicines only in the following tables as are deemed indispensable."

Dr. J. Julian Chisholm, professor of surgery in the Medical College of South Carolina, published in 1861 his "Manuel of Military Surgery for the use of the Surgeons in the Confederate Army." This book was widely used, and was a valuable contribution to war surgery, containing, as it does, a most exhaustive collection of hints and instructions relative to the treatment of sick or wounded men in camp, on the field of battle and in the hospital. In his preface he says (in part), as follows: "As our entire army is made up of volunteers from every walk in life, so we find the surgical staff of the army composed of physicians without surgical experience. Most of those who composed the staff were general practitioners, whose country circuit gave them but little surgery and seldom presented a gunshot wound. Moreover, as our country had been enjoying an uninterrupted state of peace, the collecting of large bodies of men and retaining them in health, or the hygiene of armies, had been a study without an object and therefore of little interest."

From my friend, J. F. B. Lillard, of New York, I learn the following names of some druggists who were in business at the South during those trying times: Benjamin Ward, of Mobile; H. Metcalf, at Montgomery, Ala.; J. A. Lee, New Iberia, La.; N. O. Mior, Columbia, S. C.; John Ingalls, Macon, Ga.; J. J. Shott, Galveston, Tex.; F. S. Duffy, New Bren, S. C.; G. W. Aymer, Charleston, S. C.; S. T. Dernoville, and A. H. Roscoe, Nashville, Tenn.; Robert Carter, Columbus, Ga.; A. Solomons, Savannah, Ga.; Crawford W. Long, Athens, Ga.

To afford an idea of the prices ruling in Richmond, June 1863, I append the articles in some original invoices purchased by R. W. Powers, from Kent, Paine & Co. Some are as follows: Three boxes ext. logwood, 47 lbs. at $4.00 per lb.; 1 keg bicarb. soda, 112 lbs. at $2.75; 1 case brown Windsor soap, $12.75 doz.; 1 bbl. camphor, 86 lbs. at $20.00; 112 lbs. of blue galls at $4; 100 lbs. tartaric acid, $2.25 per lb.; salt, 44c. lb.; hops, $2.50 lb.; 1 cask French brandy, $52.00 gallon; Indian ink, 75c. bottle; 9 dozen assorted pencils, $4 doz.; phosphorous, $14.00 per lb.; citric acid, $4.50; oil peppermint, $16.50; Epsom salts, $3.87½; 6 bottles capsules, $6.50; 12 pewter syringes, $1.25 each; 2 boxes blue pills, $6.00; 1 bottle syr. Ipecac, $10.00; 15 ozs. quinine, $22.25 per oz.; 60 drs. morphine, $28.00 per dr.; blacking, $1.40 per box; tallow candles, $2.37 per lb.

H. B. Metcalf, of Montgomery, wrote me February last in part as follows: "I find that all my books and papers were destroyed in the fire of last July. We were able to secure some drugs and chemicals during the war by attending the blockade sales at Charleston and Mobile. We did not have to substitute to a great extent in putting up prescriptions—those of us who were fortunate enough to be supplied at the sales. We found great difficulty in securing vials and corks, and were compelled to use second-hand vials, and corks made from tupelo trees answered very well. Prices were, of course, high. For instance, during the last year of the war all tinctures were sold at $1.00 an oz.; quinine, $25.00 per oz.; morphine, $10.00 per dr.; quinine pills, $1.00 each, and other pills $5.00 a dozen. Prescriptions ranged usually from $5.00 to $15.00. Whiskey sold at $150.00 a bottle. You must recollect that greenbacks were worth about twenty times our money, gold 100 times. I imported a great many goods through Evans' Sons, Liverpool, and regret exceedingly I now have none of the invoices."

It was quite an industry, I am told by an Atlanta lady, Mrs. Marcus A. Bell, for the country people to raise castor oil beans. The crushed beans were boiled and the oil skimmed off. She said that the grandmothers of those days revived the traditions of Colonial times. They made their own dyes and coloring matter from the roots and barks of native woods. Dog-wood, sumac and the roots of pine trees were largely used, and indigo was cultivated in the gardens. Instead of paregoric, fennel-seed tea was given to the babies.

For rash they used red-oak bark and alum. Goose grease and sorghum, or honey, was a standard remedy for croup, backed up with turpentine and brown sugar. Sassafras tea was given in the spring and fall as a blood medicine. Adults' colds were doctored with horsemint tea and tea from the roots of broom sedge. For eruptions and impure blood, spice-wood tea was given. Wine was made from the berries of the elder bush. For diarrhoea, roots of blackberry and blackberry cordial; and so, also, was a tea made from the leaves of the rose geranium. Mutton suet, sweet gum and the buds of the balm of Gilead was a standard salve for all cuts and sores. Balsam cucumber was widely used as a tonic, and was considered a specific remedy in burns. Catnip, elecampane, and comfrey root and pennyroyal were in every good housewife's pantry, in which, also, was the indispensable string of red peppers, a bag of sage leaves and of "balm." Calamus root for colic in babies was a common dose. The best known standard Georgia tonic was dogwood, poplar and wild cherry barks, equal proportions, chipped fine and put in whiskey and taken wineglassfull at meal times; it is still used in large quantities from "Yamacraw to Nickajack." In hemorrhages, black haw root was commonly used. All the white mustard we had was raised in our gardens.

She learned from experience that barks were best gathered while the sap was running, and when gathered the outer and rougher portion should be shaved off and the bark cut thinly and put in a good position in the shade to dry; that the roots ought to be gathered after the leaves are dead in the fall, or better, before the sap rises; that seeds and flowers must be gathered only when fully ripe, and put in a nice dry place, and that medicinal plants to be secured in the greatest perfection should be obtained when in bloom and carefully dried in the shade.

I here append a list of substitutes that were used by druggists and

physicians during the war in large quantities, in most of the instances being the only medicines of the kind to be had:

IMPORTED ARTICLES.	SUBSTITUTE.
Columbo, Quassia	Yellow root, Spanish flies, potato bugs, powdered leaves of butternut.
Jalap	Wild Jalap, Mulberry bark, Butternut, Dock, Wild potato vine, Amer. Columbo.
Quinine and Peruvian Bark	Tulip tree bark, Dogwood, Cotton-seed tea, Chestnut root and bark, Thoroughwort, Spanish oak bark, Knob grass, Willow bark.
Digitalis	Blood-root, Wild cherry, Pipsissiwa, Bugle weed, Jasmine.
Conium	American hemlock.
Opium	American hemlock, Mother-wort.
Sarsaparilla	Wild Sarsaparilla, Soapwort, Yellow parilla, China briar, Queen's delight.
Chamomile	Dogwood.
Flaxseed	Watermelon seed.
Gum Arabic	Low mallows, apple, pear and quince gum, Balm, Watermelon seed.
Ergot	Cotton-root.
Guaiacum	Boxwood, Poke, Prickly ash.
Ipecac	Wild Jalap, Carolina hipps.
Mezereon	Prickly ash.
Kino and Catechu	Cranesbill.
Senna	Wild Senna.
Colocynth	Alum-root.
Tannin	Smooth sumac.
Olive oil	Peanut oil, Beech-nuts oil, Cotton-seed oil.
Laudanum	Hops, Mother-wort.
Acacia	Slippery elm bark, Sassafras pith.

Bougies	Slippery elm bark.
Corks	Black gum roots, Tupelo wood, Corn-cobs.
Allspice	Spice-bush.
Pink root	Cardinal flower.
Assafoetida	Wild chamomile.
Calomel	Dandelion, Pleurisy root, Butterfly weed.
Belladonna and Hyoscyamus	Jamestown weed.
Valerian	Lady's slipper.
Colchicum	Indian poke.

From various physicians, intelligent ladies, and from old Confederate magazines and books and newspapers, I have gathered the following data in reference to the peculiar and unusual uses of articles that are incident to our trade, that seemed to be of more or less general employment in the South by physicians, druggists and in Confederate households.

Wood anemone was employed as a vesicatory in removing corns from the feet. Powdered may-apple mixed with resin was used as a caustic in treating horses, the farriers using it for escharotic purposes. On the farms the juice of the pulp of the maypop seeds was made into a summer drink instead of lemonade. Powdered bloodroot, snuffed up the nose, made a powerful sternutatory and was applied as an escharotic to fungous flesh. Pond-lily poultices was extensively applied to ulcers. Button snakeroot, or globe flower, was used largely as an expectorant and diuretic. Tooth-ache bark (aralia spinosa) was used to allay pain caused by carious teeth, and in South Carolina the negroes relied on it almost exclusively for rattlesnake bite. Side-saddle or fly-catcher was used in the various forms of dyspepsia. Ink was made from the rind of the pomegranate fruit and from poke berries. Where during convalescence an astringent tonic was indicated, dogwood supplied the need. This with blackberry and gentians and pipsissiwa as tonics and diuretics, and sweet gum, and sassafras for mucilaginous and aromatic properties, and wild jalap as a cathartic, supplied the surgeon in camp with easily procurable medicinal plants, which proved sufficient in many times of need.

I here relate another reminiscence of my Alabama soldier friend, Col. Sumpter Lea, of Birmingham, using his own language as near as I may be able to repeat it.

"I never heard of but one physician who was promoted on the field. The army once encamped at Tullahoma, Tenn., and obtained their water from a small stream which flowed as well as it could through a dense wood, where the leaves were as thick as in the 'vale of Vallambrosa.' The eddying pools were crystal, bright and clear, but disease and death lurked in their beautiful eddies, for bowel diseases were produced, unusually, among officers and men, and, in the abscence of any pharmaceutical attachment to the army, it was without remedy until Dr. Cowan, attached as a physician to a Tennessee regiment, adopted the use of what is now the famous tablespoon remedy, consisting of a tablespoon of Epsom salts, and equal quantities of bicarbonate soda and laudanum, this dissolved in water and taken a tablespoonful at a dose. This remedy acted magically, and being so widely adopted, attracted the notice of General Forrest, who, out of admiration and gratitude, promoted Dr. Cowan to his personal staff with rank of major. There was another doctor who ought to have been promoted for this same sort of service, for diseases of the bowels, during long encampments, became pestilential. The food, especially the bread, when prepared by the ordinary mess soldier, seemed to be especially invented for the production of irritation. Such camp-made biscuit would these days prove a successful rival and threaten the 'rubber trust.'

"An Alabama surgeon named Langhorne, with his hospital assistant, a good-natured fellow called 'Sonk,' grieving over these miseries, determined to find a remedy in his total lack of drugs for these multiplied woes, characterized under the synonyms 'diree' and 'diseremus.' After drawing largely on all their genius, they invented a pill composed of equal parts of red pepper and crude rosin, the latter of which they gathered from the nearby trees, and which they consigned to immortality under the name of the 'Diseremus Pill.' It was amusing, despite the sadness of the scene, to watch the doctor and his assistant, each with their cup full of their invention, going out to meet the weak and melancholy throng, who, in answer to the surgeon's call, emerged from their tents, morning after morning, and in single file marched wearily and languidly along, each in turn receiving in his feverish palm a dozen or more of 'Diseremus Pill,' with the laconic instructions to 'take two after each loose operation'; and even these instructions, when the tongue of the doctor grew weary with their constant repetition, was shortened into a sort of ejaculation as the pills were dropped, 'two after each loose,' this grew into a sort of by-word about the camp."

The bark of the dogwood and swamp willow was mixed with tobacco for smoking. Watermelon juice was made into syrup, and the rind into preserves. The seed of the watermelon and those of the gourd were used as a diuretic. Gourd rind was used as mould for buttons. The ladies of St. John's Parish, S. C., used prickly pear for hardening tallow in candle making, one pound to four pounds of tallow taking the place of wax. The hand-leaved violet formed an emollient application. Red maple made an astringent wash.

In the process of dyeing it was found that maple and sweet gum barks with copperas made purple; maple, red oak and copperas, dove color; maple and walnut, brown; sweet gum and copperas, nearly black; peach tree leaves and alum gave yellow; the artichoke and black oak bark also gave yellow; sassafras root with copperas, a drab; smooth sumac, root and bark and berries, gave black; black oak bark with a basis of alum gave a bright yellow; with oxide of tin, tints from pale yellow to bright orange; with oxide of iron, a drab; black oak galls in a solution of vitriol made purple, which as it grows stronger, passed into a black; alum and alder, yellow; hickory bark and copperas, olive; hickory bark and alum, green; white oak and alum, brown; walnut root and leaves, alone, black; blacksmith's dust was frequently used in place of copperas.

Buckeye lotion was used for gangrenous ulcers, and by some for the toothache.

Among the substitutes for coffee, at home and in camp, the following were a part: Rye, parched okra seeds, cotton seeds, parched sweet potatoes, parched corn hominy, peanuts. It was stated in printed articles "that half the coffee sold in New York and Boston the past twenty-five years has been composed chiefly of rye."

Cotton-seed decoction was used for inflammation in mucous passages. The roots of the cotton plant were employed in asthma, and by the negroes as an abortant. Soap was made from cotton seed by treating them direct with lye.

Among the substitutes for tea were Ceanothus Americanus, known as red root, or New Jersey tea, and holly leaves and blackberry and raspberry leaves and rose leaves.

The Amelia azedarach (China berry) furnished some valuable uses. The berries were employed in making whiskey; the bark of the root used as an anthelmintic. The leaves were said to prevent

"botts" in horses, and were used to pack with dried fruits to preserve them from ravages of insects. A soap was made from the berries, called "Poor Man's Soap."

The ox-eyed daisy was used in place of Persian insect powder—an insecticide used as far back as 1857. In the country, fresh elderberry leaves were laid near the head of a bed-ridden person to keep away flies.

In the households on the farms many interesting expedients were resorted to. The newspapers were full of directions about soap-making and for preparing and obtaining the materials. The Richmond *Dispatch* and Wilmington *Journal* published minute directions for making soda from sea-weed and corn-cobs, and receipts for making soaps.

Blackberry wine was used almost exclusively as a substitute for foreign wines, and some wine was also made from wild grapes and the berries of the elder bush. All the newspapers published recipes for making these wines, and there is scarcely a housewife in the South who does not know how to make them to perfection.

In the Mobile *Register* I find the following: "To alleviate the suffering and perhaps save the lives of many of our soldiers, when sickness may be traced to the use of unwholesome water in limestone regions, blackberry cordial is recommended. The following is a good receipt: Bruise the berries and strain through a bag; to each quart of juice add half a pound of loaf sugar, heaped teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, the same of cloves, and a grated nutmeg; boil twenty minutes, skimming well. When cool add half pint of brandy for each quart, or add good whiskey."

Compound syrup of blackberries was recommended and used as a vehicle for medicines. It was made by adding half ounce each of cinnamon, allspice, nutmeg, cloves, to half a gallon blackberries. These were boiled twenty minutes in a kettle and strained through a piece of flannel. To this was added loaf sugar to make it very sweet, and half pint of cognac brandy to two quarts.

A decoction of the blackberry root and the rind of the pomegranate fruit boiled in milk was a common remedy in diarrhoea.

The roots and leaves of the cockleburr were considered serviceable in passive hemorrhages, diarrhoea, gonorrhoea, and as a deobstruent in obstructions of the spleen and diseases arising from torpid liver.

One or two ounces of a decoction of Indian physic root (Gillonia

trifloriata) was given as one emetic, the dose of the powdered root being thirty grains, persisted in until vomiting occurred.

The liquor called piquette was largely substituted for cider, wine and beer. It was considered to serve as a tonic, and tended to quench thirst. Directions for making it was as follows: Water was filtered through the pressed and fomented mash of grapes. The mashed grapes were put into a cask, pressed very full, and afterwards hermetically sealed and put in a cool place. When to be used, the head was taken out of the cask, water was added until the whole mass was moistened and water stood on top. Thus, at the end of the fourth or fifth day the liquor could be drawn off for daily use, the place of the portion used being furnished by a new supply of water. In this way a cask of thirty-six gallons furnished about four gallons of piquette for about twenty days. Piquette was also made from pears, cherries, plums, figs and juniper berries. The rinds of oranges, lemons and aromatic plants, angelica roots, peach leaves, etc., were often added when the drink was too sweet.

Engravers found that the different woods were of hardness as follows: First, the wild current or service tree and the apple or pear; next, the dog-wood, red-berry (azalea nudiflora), and kalmia latifolia; then the holly, when well dried; but of all, the boxwood was preferred.

The peach tree furnished a number of uses. The gum was used instead of gum arabic; a tea of the leaves given in whooping cough; the leaves used to season creams instead of vanilla; the leaves used in dying.

Beer was made from maize, the persimmon and the sweet locust.

Calycanthus (sweet shrub) was employed as an anti-spasmodic tonic in cases of chronic agues, a strong decoction of the bark of the root or of the seed being given. It was noticed that the root was strongly camphorated.

As an antidote for poison oak the bruised leaves of the Collinsonia canadensis (stone root) were employed; and also the Verbena urticifolia.

Rhus glabra (smooth sumac) was used as a gargle for cleansing the mouth in putrid fevers; and a decoction of the root employed in gonorrhoea and gleet. A vinegar was made from the berries.

Beech-tree leaves, collected in autumn in dry weather, were used for filling beds, the odor being grateful and they being very elastic.

Black oak was considered efficacious in leucorrhoea, amenor-

rhoea, chronic hysteria, diarrhoea, rheumatism, cynanche, tonsillaris and asthma. The powder of the bark, mixed with lard, was a remedy in painful hemorrhoids, and used as a fomentation in prolapsus uteri and ani, and for deflections in these parts.

I quote from an article of Dr. Daniel Lee, in the *Southern Field and Fireside* of 1860: "It is poor economy for the South to destroy all its valuable tan-bark in clearing oak land, cutting rail timber and firewood, and thereby deprive our descendants of the power to manufacture their own leather. To send a million dollars worth of hides to the North, have them tanned into leather, made into shoes, boots, saddles and harness for Southern consumption, is to pay about eight million dollars for the support of that Northern economy which never wastes the bark that grows on oak and hemlock trees, and that industry which turns this bark into gold." Such advice as the following was published: "Every farmer ought to save all the tan-bark that he can, for we speak advisedly when we say that the Confederate States are even now short of oak bark if they are to manufacture all the leather they are to consume in saddles, bridles, harness, saddle-bags, buggy and carriage harness, caps and hat linings, book bindings, boots and shoes. Since the mechanical trades are essential to our happiness, we should encourage our sons to become scientific mechanics as well as farmers, lawyers, doctors, priests and soldiers."

As substitutes for hemp the following were used: The sunflower stalk, Asclepias syriaca, Urtica diœcia and Yucca filamentosa, or bear grass. The juice of the skin of the blue fig made a red ink. Fig twigs were used as pipe stems. Rope was made of wahoo (Ulmus alata), and used in baling cotton. Wax myrtle (Myrica cerifera) was employed in making candles, and as a basis for fine soap. The soap was obtained from the berries by boiling and skimming. Four pounds of the wax made forty pounds of the soap, with other ingredients counted. Candles made by the addition of grease are of a green color. Says the *Charleston Courier* of 1861: "We have been so long dependent on our Yankee enemies for soap and candles that we have forgotten that we can make them ourselves. To our shame, we admit that even on our plantations in the low country and seaboard there are abundant materials for making the best candles in the world, but millions of pounds have been permitted annually to decay unused. The low bush myrtle, indigenous to our coast from Virginia, *ad libitum*, south,

the berries of which are now mature, will afford a supply of wax that, with the addition of one-third tallow, will furnish candles sufficient to light every house in the Confederacy for the next year. So, also, on every plantation, nay, in almost every kitchen, the monthly waste of ashes and grease, with the addition of a little lime and salt, and the labor of one person for one day, will make soap enough for our purposes. Now, why should we continue to pay the Yankees 30 cents a pound for soap and 60 cents for candles?" Candles in war time were made of rosin. A model, economical candle, sixty yards long, was recommended for the camp and for plantation purposes; it was said to burn six hours a night for six months, and all at a cost of only a few cents. One pound of beeswax was added to three-fourths pound of rosin, and melted together; four threads of slack-twisted cotton was used for a wick, and drawn through the melted wax or rosin three or four times, was wound into a ball, which on pulling the end up and lighting, furnished a good candle.

Among the recipes that were published for making soap in the Southern papers, I note the following: 1. Yellow or rosin soap: dissolve one pound of concentrated lye in half a gallon of water and three and a half pounds of fat or tallow, and boil; put in three-fourths pound powdered rosin, and let it boil down by constantly stirring until the soap sticks on the kettle and gets very thick. Put into a mould. 2. Hard fancy soap: dissolve half pound concentrated lye in two and a half pounds of hot water, and let cool; then melt by a low heat five pounds of clear fat or tallow; pour in the lye in a very small stream and stir rapidly. Keep stirring until all has assumed the appearance of thick honey. Let it stand for 24 hours, when it will have set in a fine hard soap, which may be perfumed or variegated with colors by stirring in the desired perfume or coloring matter, just before covering. 3. Soft soap: one pound concentrated lye and three gallons soft water and five pounds of fat or tallow. Boil till the mass grows transparent and all the fat has disappeared. Add fifteen gallons of water and boil a few minutes, and the soap will be ready for use."

In making gunpowder the lighter woods, such as willow, dogwood and alder charcoal were recommended. I append an advertisement taken from the Augusta, Ga., *Chronicle* of 1862: "To our contractors—Willow wood wanted! 500 cords will be contracted for, to be delivered on the line of the canal at the govern-

ment powder factory at Augusta, Ga., at the rate of not less than 100 cords a month, commencing December 1st next."

Out of the wood of the white poplar, split into shavings like tape or braid, the stuff called sparterie was made, used in the manufacture of hats. It is said that one workman with the aid of a child to carry off the shavings could keep a dozen plaiters employed.

Shoes were made from canvass for uppers and tupelo wood for soles, for the negroes on the plantations. They had been patented, so it was said, by Henry Wyatt & Co., of New York, who offered wooden-soled brogans for the negroes of the South. Ropes and baskets were made from the bark of the Canada leatherwood.

The following was published concerning the sassafras tree: "The sassafras wood stripped of its bark is very durable and strong, resists worms, etc. It forms an excellent post for gates. Bedsteads made of it are never infested with bugs. The pith of the young shoots and the leaves contain much mucilage and are used extensively in New Orleans to thicken pottage and in making the celebrated 'gumbo' soup."

A cheap and wholesome beer for soldiers, or as a table beer, is prepared from the sassafras. Take eight bottles of water, one quart of molasses, one pint yeast, one tablespoonful ginger and one and a half tablespoon of cream tartar; mix and stir in an open vessel after standing twenty-four hours. As far back as 1857 it was suggested in the Patent Office Reports (says a Confederate publication), that the Pyrethrum would be found to answer the purpose of destroying insects, lice, etc., on plants and animals, and up to now, so far as I know, this has not been sufficiently experimented with.

W. Gilmore Simms wrote a friend that the "persimmon beer made in Orangeburg Dist., S. C., by Hon. J. M. Felder, equalled the best sparkling 'Jersey champagne,' or carbonated cider." The old Southern song ran: "Christmas comes but once a year, eggnog and 'simmon beer." It was customary to mash the fruit, strain through a coarse sieve, knead with wheat bran, and bake in an oven. This persimmon bread could be put away for winter use in making beer when wanted.

A correspondent in the Charleston *Mercury* wrote from Waresboro, Ga.: "You speak of black moss for mattresses. Our common palmetto leaves, split into shreds with fork and hackle, boiled, dried in the the sun a few days, make a light, clean, healthy and durable mattress. Let me suggest that palmetto pillows would be

light and comfortable for our soldiers on the coast. Their corn and flour sacks, in the absence of anything better, furnish ready-made pillow ticks. Our negroes are busily employed making light, durable and handsome palmetto hats for our soldiers. A bed made from the downy swamp plant, which our people call 'cat's tail,' took a premium at a late agricultural fair in South Carolina."

I enumerate a few more medicinal uses that were made of some of the products of our Southern fields and forests by our physicians and housewives, and will close.

Phytolacca decandra, or poke, was largely used in diseases affecting the scalp and in ulcers, eruptions, itch and hemorrhoids. Knot grass was considered a powerful astringent in diarrhoea and uterine hemorrhages. Water pepper, says a writer at Manchester, South Carolina, was used in his family in 1862 in dysentery, and every case was improved and cured. Mountain laurel was employed with claimed success in rheumatism, gout and glandular enlargements. Black alder used as wash in cutaneous troubles. Holly leaves used as an emetic, and birdlime made from the middle bark. Love vine used as a laxative tea. Pinckneya pubens, Georgia bark, useful in intermittent fevers. It is said that "Dr. Fair detected a considerable amount of cinchonine in it, but was prevented from continuing his examination."

Woodbine was given in asthma, and a decoction of the flowers administered to calm the pain of colic following childbirth. A decoction made by pouring boiling water over the leaves, flowers or berries of the elder bush was used as a wash for wounds to prevent injuries from flies. Sea myrtle was used in popular practice in South Carolina as a palliative in consumption and coughs, a strong decoction given several times a day. Ragweed used in whiskey in place of quinine in Maryland. Catweed employed in popular practice in diseases of the chest and bowels. Hound's tongue employed in domestic practice as a mucilaginous drink, and the roots made into a poultice in case of bruises, sprains, etc. Gravel root given as an emetic. Horse nettle used as an aphrodisiac among the negroes. Virginian silk used as a diuretic decoction in gonorrhea. The buds and inside bark of the long-leaved pine and bits of pine steeped in gin were favorite domestic remedies in coughs and colds, and as a diuretic.

What I have here collected has been put together in a busy

season and during the war excitements that have just been engaging the attention of all our people. The result is not intended as a complete history of the conditions named. It could, necessarily, only be a part of the history of those conditions.

In designing this paper, I had hoped to make it more complete by using contributions from surgeons of the Confederate army and navy, and druggists engaged in business during the period, so far as they were living, and from papers to be loaned me by them. Out of scores of letters addressed to living men of this character, I received but few replies. In obtaining some of the matter, railway trips had to be taken, and much of it was collected at considerable expense and labor. When it is remembered that the conditions that are suggested here lasted for a period of nearly four years, then the sufferings and the achievements and heroism of seven millions of people are in a measure made manifest.

If I have succeeded in recalling by way of suggestion some facts that in the present may be of use, or in the future may be evolved into utility, I will have been rewarded for my outlay and my efforts.

The war of 1861-1865 is now but a memory. The heroes of both sides—those "tented" on "fame's eternal camping ground" and the survivors—are now dear to a reunited people, who, proud of the common victories of their fellow-countrymen at Manilla and Santiago, and rejoicing in the vigor of American arms and the glory of American ideals, stand expectantly waiting and hopefully facing the great future in store.

SEALS, STAMPS AND CURRENCY

For the Confederate States Made by Julius B. Baumgarten.

[In a special article from the Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun* dated June, 1905, on the "Seal Maker for the Confederacy" it was stated that Herman Baumgarten, whose death had been announced, was the man who made all the seals for the Confederacy.

The article was extensively copied by the press, and elicited the correction, that it was an elder brother of the deceased, who rendered the valuable service, Julius B. Baumgarten, who, "hale and hearty at the age of three-score and ten," was still living in Washington, D. C., where he is engaged in business, and that he also made the first Confederate notes issued in Richmond, Virginia. This work was done at what was then No. 161 Main street.

In the spring of 1861, at the solicitation of Senator Judah P. Benjamin, he joined fortunes with the Confederacy. His interesting statement follows: [EDITOR.]

"I first went to Montgomery, Ala., which was then the seat of Government," said Mr. Baumgarten. "I was armed with letters of introduction to Alexander H. Stephens, who immediately offered me a good salary, which I declined, agreeing to do all the work—engraving—at a price to be set by myself. My offer was accepted and I at once set to work engraving the great seal.

"While at Montgomery I practically completed engraving all the seals for the several departments of the government. I secured the services of two experienced engravers from New Orleans, but after working two weeks and earning $800 each they threw up their jobs and left. I had only worked six weeks when I sent for my wife and child, and I was able to put $2,200 in my wife's hands when she reached me.

"When the seat of government was moved from Montgomery to Richmond I accompanied the officials, traveling on the special train. Immediately after reaching Richmond I set about establishing a plant, and soon had quite a shop. After finishing the seal I set about preparing to make designs for stamps and money on wood

plates. Eventually steel plates were obtained and beautiful specimens of the engraver's art were turned out, equaling the best work of the day."

Mr. Baumgarten ran the blockade in the closing days of the struggle. In the latter two years of the war the subject of erecting mints for the coinage of silver and gold was discussed, and Baumgarten was sent to England to make necessary arrangements for doing this. He was furnished with credentials to persons in England and drafts on the London fiscal agents of the Confederate States, amounting to more than £2,000,000 with which to purchase machinery.

He went from Richmond to Wilmington, where the start to run the blockade was to be made. Presenting his credentials to the officers in charge of the port, he was put abord a blockade runner due to get out at the first favorable opportunity.

After waiting an entire day, Mr. Baumgarten approached the Captain and asked the reason for the delay. The Captain handed him a pair of marine glasses and told him to take a look. The glasses revealed fourteen Yankee gunboats lying off the harbor in a semicircle.

"Do you think you'd try to get through that?" asked the Captain. "We can only go under the most favorable conditions, and I am ready, rather than be captured, to blow up the ship and all on board."

The vessel had a cargo of cotton, and most of the bales were ranged upon the desks along the rails, fastened together with chains and forming a bulwark about the height of a man's, being a splendid protection against a cannon shot. Mr. Baumgarten was led to a spot immediately over the forecastle. There the Captain, lifting a tarpaulin which covered the desk, displayed to the astonished gaze of Mr. Baumgarten about six bushels of coarse gunpowder which the Captain said was to be used in "blowing everybody to hell if capture seemed inevitable."

At midnight the blockade runner started. Bermuda was reached safely, but Mr. Baumgarten had to wait there two weeks to get a vessel to Liverpool and this delay proved disastrous to him in a financial way.

An uneventful voyage brought him to Liverpool and thence to London. There he presented his credentials and drafts, and sought to get down to business at once. The fiscal agent, how-

ever, was out of funds, and handing him £200 in gold as pocket money, directed him to put up at the Queen Hotel, where all his expenses would be paid until news could be received from Richmond.

What the fiscal agent next heard from Richmond was the news of the downfall of the Confederacy. This left the fiscal agent and Mr. Baumgarten in the lurch, but Mr. Baumgarten was provided with a ticket to Paris and a letter of introduction to Mr. Slidell, then representing the Confederate Government at the French capital. Mr. Slidell took care of him until the President issued the amnesty proclamation, when he pulled out for home.

"I got here in time," said Mr. Baumgarten, "to be arrested on an average of six times a day, and if I had arrived two weeks sooner I suppose I would have been torn to pieces."

THE LAST CHARGE AT APPOMATTOX.

(**See ante pages 69 to 70**).

[The following from the *Baltimore Sun*, of February 7, 1906, is published herein at the request of a correspondent.—EDITOR.]

The last Fighting at Appomattox.

Messrs. Editors:

That the last blow was struck, the last shot fired in defense of the Confederacy at Appomattox by the First Maryland, as claimed by "ExConfederate" and Col. W. A. Morgan, of the First Virginia Cavalry, who that day was in command of Lomax's brigade, is not borne out by the facts that did occur on that day. If you will allow me space in your valuable paper I will tell the story as I saw it. On the morning of the 9th, at 7 o'clock, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's division of cavalry, commanded by Gen. T. T. Munford, made a detour to the right of our army, passing in the rear of Gen. Grant's forces until we reached the road leading from Appomattox to Lynchburg, our forces skirmishing with the enemy the entire route.

When the Lynchburg road was reached Companies C and F of the First Virginia Cavalry were ordered in the direction of Appomattox Court House. We moved down the road a short distanee and halted. Col. Wooldridge, of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, was in command of Munford's brigade. General Munford ordered Colonel Wooldridge to hold the road leading to Appomattox Court House at all hazards. The writer was in command of the squadron composed of C and F, First Virginia Cavalry. My orders were to charge the enemy as soon as he came in sight. As we sat upon our horses the enemy came in view. They formed in line of battle, their lines stretching far to our right and left. It seemed to be the whole of Sheridan's cavalry corps. The enemy put out a heavy skirmish line. I ordered my squadron to deploy as skirmishers to meet the enemy. We opened on them; they returned the fire and advanced upon us; there were other troops on my right and left engaged with the enemy. They forced us back some distance and the firing continued briskly until the enemy commenced to fall back to their main line, when we followed them

up. The First Maryland Cavalry charged down the road in advance of my skirmish line, but soon fell back, after losing one of their men. We continued to follow the enemy up until we were able to open on them at close range. The firing was kept up some time, when I noticed that the enemy had ceased firing. An officer was seen coming down the road with a white flag. The firing ceased; we met the officer and he introduced himself as Captain Sheridan, of General Custer's staff. He informed us that Generals Grant and Lee were holding a conference looking to the surrender of General Lee's army. He asked us to cease firing until the result of the conference was made known. This we believe to have been the last blow struck and the last shot fired in defense of the Confederacy. If those who struck the last blow are entitled to any special honor, then Colonel Wooldridge and his men have a right to claim the proud distinction of having fired the last shot that was fired by the Army of Northern Virginia.

I would not pluck a single flower from the chaplet that adorns the brow of any. But in justice to Col. William B. Wooldridge and his brave men, I must say that while the First Maryland was far back in the rear, enjoying their "lunch of hardtack and raw bacon" until half-past 2 or 3 o'clock, Col. Wooldridge and his gallant men, without food for man or beast, had been grappling with the foe from sunrise until the closing scenes at Appomattox.

This bit of history can be substantiated by many of the Second Brigade, who were there that day, or the gallant Thomas Munford, who led it to victory on more than a hundred fields.

M. J. Billmyer,

Shepherdstown, Jefferson County, W. Va.

THE TWELFTH ALABAMA INFANTRY, CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.

By ROBERT E. PARK, Late Captain Company E, 12th Alabama.

[This compilation toward a sketch of the history of this gallant regiment, its organization, associations, engagements, casualties, etc., consists of extracts from the War Diary of Robert Emory Park, late Captain of Company "F," with other materials contributed and collected by him.

A portion of the War and Prison Diary covering the period January 27, 1864, June 15, 1865, appeared as a serial in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vols. I, II, III, (1876-7), at the request of the former Secretary of the Society, Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., who in prefatory note commends "its value in that it records the daily experience of the men who followed our distinguished leaders, and gives the impressions made upon the mind of an intelligent young soldier as he discharged his daily duty."

An earlier portion of the Diary, January, 1863, January 27, 1864, with account of the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Warrenton, Bristow Station, Mine Run, the march into Maryland and Pennsylvania, and reminiscences of the battle of Seven Pines, etc., appeared in Vol. XXVI. Its preservation was fortuitous, having been lost on the field of battle. It was returned in a somewhat mutilated condition in 1888 by Mrs Vine Smith, of Lebanon, N. H., to Capt. Park.

The prime value of contemporaneous record is indisputable, but the ingenuous Diary of this devoted and conscientious young soldier is in its convincing verity as the instantaneous photograph of passing events.

Capt. Park has proven himself in maturer years as progressive, public-spirited and successful as a citizen as he was gallant and faithful as a soldier. He was called to the responsible trust of Treasurer of the State of Georgia in October, 1900, and will doubtless retain it by general acclaim whilst he lives. The reverential spirit abides with him.

He is an active participant in the Reunions of Confederate Vet-

erans, and in that held in Macon, Ga., Nov. 9th, 1905, his presenee was signal in its inspiring influence.

He introduced a series of resolutions urging the Legislature of Georgia to make a liberal appropriation "as one of the original thirteen States" to be properly represented at the Ter-centenary Celebration in May, 1907, of the first permanent settlement of the Anglo-Saxon race in America, at Jamestown. He witnessed also the laying of the corner stone at Macon, Ga., of the first monument to the women of the South, who embody all of feminine virtue and blessing. He is also vice-president of the John B. Gordon Monument Association. Nor is the zeal of Mrs. Park to be less regarded. She is continuously re-elected the Regent for the State of Georgia of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, whose inestimable treasures are preserved in what was the White House of the Confederacy in this city, the whilom residence of President Jefferson Davis.

Mrs. Park is the daughter of the late Dr. George R. and Cornelia (Paine) Hendree, formerly of Richmond, Virginia. Mrs. Hendree, who died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Park, January 6th, 1906, in the 84th year of her age, was the daughter of the late Edward Courtenay and Caroline Matilda (Brinton) Paine. The father a distinguished lawyer, born in Baltimore, Md., having moved to the South, impressed himself by his abilities in a long life, and was revered as the Nestor of the Georgia bar.

Mrs. Hendree was the mother of three daughters and an only son: Mrs. Park, Mrs. Georgia Hendree Burton, the wife of Right Rev'd Lewis William Burton, D. D., for years the beloved rector of the appealing St. John's Church, Richmond, Va., and the first Bishop of the Diocese, of Lexington, Ky., which was organized in January, 1896, and of Mrs. Harrison, the wife of Col. Z. D. Harrison, the Clerk of the Supreme Court of Georgia.

The son, Edward Paine Hendree, a gallant youth, fell at the age of 19 years in the sanguinary battle of the Wilderness, Va., May 5th, 1864, in the command of the company from Macon county, Ala., 61st Alabama Infantry, C. S. A.

It is to be hoped that the continuous efforts of Capt. Park will eventuate in the publication of a history of the 12th Alabama adequate to its deserts as so nobly attested.—R. A. Brock, Ed.]

Sketch of the Twelfth Alabama Infantry.

While a student, in the last term of the Junior class, in what is now the Polytechnic College at Auburn, Ala., in May, 1861, I learned from my brother, Dr. J. F. Park of Tuskegee, that the last company which the Secretary of War would accept for a period of twelve months was being organized in that city. In response to this information I bade farewell to my college-mates and Professors and hurrying to Tuskegee, succeeded in having my name enrolled as one of the "Macon Confederates." A week afterward about a dozen more Auburn College boys joined the same company.

The officers of the company were, Hon. R. F. Ligon, State Senator, Captain, Prof. R. H. Keeling, First Lieut. Prof. W. D. Zuber, Second Lieut., Captain George Jones, Third Lieut.

After going to Greenville, Ga., and bidding my mother and sisters good-bye, I joined the company at La Grange, as it passed there on its way to Richmond, reaching that city on the 10th of June. On the 12th day of June, 1861, the company was sworn into service for a period of twelve months. For several days the company was drilled regularly by our accomplished First Lieut., who was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, and who had served as Adjutant of the First Virginia Regiment during the Mexican War.

We were detained at Richmond waiting for other companies, with the expectation of forming a regiment of ten Alabama companies. During our stay we had a visit from President Davis, who rode into camp and witnessed our company drill. He expressed his approval of the company and was very gracious and courteous to the officers, who held a brief conversation with him.

"Twelfth Alabama Infantry."

Contributed to "Brewer's Alabama," page 608, by Captain R. E. Park:

"The Twelfth Alabama was organized at Richmond in July, 1861, and at once moved to the Potomac front. It was first brigaded under General R. S. Ewell, of Virginia, who was soon after succeeded by General Rodes, of Alabama. The regiment reached Manassas

on the 22nd of July, the day after the great battle, and after forming camp was detailed to bury the Federal dead. The Confederate dead had already been properly interred, but the fields and woods seemed to be full of the bodies of men in blue. My detail spent the day burying Brooklyn Zouaves, who wore blue jackets and red pantaloons. These Zouaves had been lying on the ground for several hours, and were greatly swollen, and their faces and hands had become black. The sight was a horrible one, and the removal of them to the long trenches which we dug, was anything but a grateful task, but it was a humane duty which we did not shrink from performing. We placed their heads looking towards the East, and were careful to bury them so deep that they would not be disturbed by predatory animals. This furious battle, and these terrible sights as a result, made an indellible impression upon us all. The regiment remained there during the fall and winter, and moved to Yorktown in the spring of 1862. It was under fire there and suffered lightly at Williamsburg. At Seven Pines the regiment was in the advance that opened the battle, and stormed the redoubt held by Casey's division, carrying three lines of works by successive charges, with the loss of 70 killed and 141 wounded—more than half of its number engaged. It participated, to some extent, in the other battles before Richmond, and mustered 120 men for duty after the battle of Malvern Hill. Still under Rodes, and in D. H. Hill's division, and brigaded with the Third, Fifth, Sixth and Twenty-Sixth Alabama Regiments, the Twelfth was in the advance into Maryland. It bore a conspicuous part at Boonsboro, and also at Sharpsburg, losing in these bloody conflicts 27 killed, 69 wounded, and 33 missing, out of its thinned ranks. Retiring into Virginia with the army, the regiment wintered on the Rappahannock. It was under fire but not actively engaged at Fredericksburg, but, it was in the resistless column of Rodes at Chancellorsville, where Colonel O'Neal led the brigade, and where the Twelfth charged three lines of breastworks, and was badly mutilated. It skirmished at Brandy Station, and again led the way over the Potomac. At Gettysburg it was on the extreme left and pressed the enemy in confusion through the town, then supported the grand assault and afterward covered the rear. After the army had retired into Virginia, the Twelfth was engaged in several skirmishes—at Warrenton Springs, Mine Run, &c. The winter was passed near Orange C. H., and the regiment—General Battle now

commanded the brigade—was hotly engaged at the Wilderness and Spotsylvania, and in the continuous skirmishing of Grant's advance movement to Cold Harbor. The Twelfth again marched into Maryland when Early threatened Washington. It participated at Winchester with very severe loss, and in the further operations of the corps in the valley. On its return to Petersburg it took part—now in Gordon's corps—in the fierce struggles around that historic city, and laid down its arms at Appomattox. Of the original number of 1196, about 50 were at Appomattox, and of the 321 recruits received, about 70 were there. Nearly 250 died of wounds received in battle, about 200 died of disease, and 202 were discharged. The battle-flag of the Regiment is now in Mobile.

Field and Staff.

Colonel Robert T. Jones, of Perry, kiled at Seven Pines.

Colonel B. B. Gayle, of Morgan, promoted from Captain; killed Boonsboro.

Colonel Samuel B. Pickens, of South Carolina, promoted from Adjutant; wounded at Spotsylvania and Winchester.

Lieutenant Colonel Theodora O'Hara, of Kentucky, the author of the world renowned lyric, "The Bivouac of the Dead," and that almost as famous, "The Pioneer." Buried in Frankfort, Ky.

Lieutenant Colonel J. C. Goodgame of Coosa Co.

Major E. D. Tracy, of Madison; transferred. Promoted Brigadier General. Killed at Grand Gulf, Miss. Brother of Major Philip Tracy of the 6th Georgia, who was killed at Gettysburg. Was a college classmate of Major John W. Park of Greenville, Georgia, brother of Capt. R. E. Park.

Major John C. Brown of Coffee, resigned.

Major Adolph Proskauer, promoted from Captain, Company C, wounded at Chancellorsville and Spotsylvania.

Adjutant S. B. Pickens of South Carolina.

Adjutant L. Gayle of Virginia.

Captains and Counties from which the Companies Came.

The commissioned officers of the different Companies, as I can now recall them, and after diligent inquiry of survivors of the various companies that I have been able to reach by letter, were as follows:

COMPANY A, "GUARD LAFAYETTE," MOBILE, ALA.

Captain G. Heuilly, resigned June, 1862, died in Mobile, Ala., about the close of the war.

COMPANY C.

Jules L'Etondal, resigned the latter part of 1862 on account of ill-health, died in Mobile, Ala., in 1865.

F. A. Rogers, died since war in New Orleans.

First Lieutenants: Jules L'Etondal, F. A. Rogers. John R. Williams, promoted first lieutenant May, 1862, surrendered with the army at Appomattox, now living in Mobile, Ala., an honored citizen and harbor master.

Second Lieutenant E. Lambert, reported as deserter.

Second Lieutenant Olivia Eugene, resigned June, 1862. No record.

Second Lieutenant J. B. Conche, resigned June, 1862. No further record.

This company left Mobile for the front in June, 1862. From it the following members were killed:

Sergeant N. Leonard, June 22, 1862, at Cold Harbor.
Corporal Alexander Porter, at Boonsboro.
James Kearns, at Spotsylvania, May 11, 1864.
Thomas Bennett, in skirmish near Richmond, June 28, 1864.
Louis Earnest, at Gettysburg.
Charles Rominger, at Seven Pines.
William Carroll, at Sharpsburg.
S. Logue, at Seven Pines.
James Campbell, at Sharpsburg.
Louis Dendarro, at Wilderness.
A. Brickhart, at Spotsylvania.
Ben Hammond, at Sharpsburg.
S. Stansell, at the Wilderness.
J. A. Jones, at Charlestown, Va.
C. Lanier, at Seven Pines.
J. B. McElroy, at Winchester.
J. Nugent, at Chancellorsville.
C. Frisbie, at Sharpsburg.
John Canau, at Wilderness.
H. W. Robertson, at Sharpsburg.

B. Reily, at Gettysburg.

John Camuy, at Boonsboro.

William Muldoon, at Spotsylvania.

The following parties connected with this fine company should be recorded:

Sergeant W. M. Wilson. Was transferred to the navy in 1861, and died in Mobile, Ala., in 1882.

Corporal E. Pettit. Was transferred and killed in Tennessee in 1863.

John Perry. Transferred to navy in 1862, and was with Admiral Semmes on the Alabama in the sea fight with Kearsage.

J. A. McCreary. Surrendered with the army at Appomattox, and joined the United States army after the war and was killed on Plains.

I would add the following names as having been transferred from this company to the Confederate navy:

Angelo Eldridge. Died in Mobile September 20, 1902.

Edward Martin. Died in Mobile in 1887.

Thomas Hansel.

Thomas Martin. Died in Mobile in 1888.

COMPANY B "COOSA INDEPENDENTS"—COOSA COUNTY.

Captain J. H. Bradford was quite an old man, more than sixty years of age, wholly unacquainted with the duties of a Drill Master or of a Captain and soon resigned.

Captain John C. Goodgame, promoted from Orderly Sergt. to Captain, thence to Major and Lieut. Col. This gallant officer was killed after the War at Athens, Texas, being assassinated in his own house through an open window. He was Sheriff of his county.

Captain Henry W. Cox, promoted from First Lieut., killed at Chancellorsville.

Captain Pat Thomas, promoted from First Lieut., killed at Appomattox.

First Lieut. Thomas Marbury, promoted from Second Lieut. Obtained a substitute and resigned, but with his resignation in his pocket, he went into the battle of Chancellorsville, and fought gallantly through it, escaping unwounded.

Second Lieutenants; Wm. Leonard.

COMPANY C "INDEPENDENT RIFLES"—MOBILE COUNTY.

Captain Stikes, resigned.

Captain Fred C. Fisher, an excellent scholar and fine officer, who served until nearly the close of the war, since which, having inherited a considerable fortune in Germany, he removed to Hamburg where he now resides, unmarried.

Captain Adolph Proskauer, promoted to Major. An interesting circumstance connected with Major Proskauer is that he was a German Jew, of excellent education, very handsome personal appearance, and perhaps the best dressed man in the regiment. He became Senior Captain, and while we were encamped near Fredericksburg in 1863, there being a vacancy in the position of Major of the regiment, he made formal application for promotion. Col. Pickens did not favor his appointment but preferred Capt. John W. McNeely, of Company F, who was an able young officer and former teacher at Tuskegee and at Auburn, Alabama, and who was thoroughly equipped for the position of Major, and was second in rank.

In order to carry out his wishes the Colonel obtained the appointment of an Examining Court of the most distinguished character, namely, Gen. Junius Daniel, Gen. S. D. Ramseur, both of N. C. brigades, and Col. E. L. Hobson of the 5th Ala. It was stated in camp that Col. Pickens hinted to this Committee of Examiners that he hoped they would be so rigid that Capt. Proskauer could not pass the examination.

During the day of the examination there was unusual interest felt by the officers of the camp, and especially by the Colonel. Late in the afternoon, after an all-day examination had been concluded, one of the officers rode rapidly up to Col. Pickens' headquarters and in reply to an anxious inquiry, was told that the committee had done all they could to defeat Capt. Proskauer, but that after an examination squad drill, in company drill, in regimental drill, in brigade drill, in drill by echelon, and in the army movements as suggested in Jomini's tactics, Captain Proskauer did not fail to answer promptly and accurately every question. The General added, "he knows more about tactics than any of the Examining Committee, and we were forced to recommend his promotion."

I recall seeing this gallant officer at the battle of Gettysburg, calmly standing amid his regiment, smoking a cigar, issuing his orders and animating the men, until a bullet though his cheek disabled him, and he became a prisoner of war.

Major Proskauer was a prominent citizen of Mobile after the

war, represented Albama as a Democrat in the Legislature, was president of the Hebrew congregation of his city, and in 1895 he moved to St. Louis, Mo., where he soon became a prominent business man and highly esteemed citizen, becoming president of a Hebrew congregation in that city, and maintaining a reputation as a man of culture, refinement, integrity and rare business capacity. He died in 1900 greatly lamented.

Company C.

First Lieutenant A. Scheuerman.

Second Lieutenant E. Karcher. Lieutenant Karcher was a native of Germany and was a Jew. He was a gallant soldier, and after the war became Lieutenant of Police of Mobile, Ala., where he died, esteemed as an excellent citizen, only a few years ago.

Second Lieutenants A. Eichom, F. Mumme.

Company D, "Coffee Rangers"—Coffee County.

Captain John Canty Brown, promoted to major; resigned; died in Florida.

Captain Exon Tucker; killed at Sharpsburg.

Captain James T. Davis; killed at Gettysburg. This last brave officer, with his company, was resting by a fence as we approached Gettysburg, and under heavy fire of the enemy's artillery, when a cannon ball ricochetted, struck him in the head and instantly translated him to a better world. His brains spattered over me and my companions near by, and the experience was a most distressing one.

Company E.

Captain R. W. Higgins. This officer lived at Larkinsville, Ala., where he practiced law, and died soon after his resignation of his command. He died of consumption in November, 1861.

Captain L. D. Patterson. He was elected from private by unanimous vote of the company, and commanded it until April, 1862, when he was elected lieutenant-colonel of the regiment and immediately resigned his commission and returned to Alabama. He was a teacher of fine reputation. He died on the 20th December, 1885.

Captain William L. Meroney. He was promoted to succeed Captain Patterson, and resigned one year later and returned to Alabama and resumed his practice as a physician. He died in Comanche, Tex., in 1904.

Captain Philip A. Brandon, of Chattanooga, Tenn., a very intelligent and faithful member of this company, has written an excellent pamphlet called the "Muster Roll of Company E, 12th Alabama Regiment," and it is a souvenir of great interest and value, and should be in the hands, not only of every member of Company E, but of the 12th Alabama.

Captain C. M. Thomason. He succeeded Captain Meroney, but resigned his commission and joined the Seventh Alabama cavalry. He was a teacher of note.

Captain John Rogers was promoted captain of the company, and on May 12, 1864, while leading a charge at Spotsylvania Courthouse, was mortally wounded, and on the 19th of the month died. He was a gallant young man.

First Lieutenants: W. L. Meroney, C. M. Thomason, John Rogers.

Second Lieutenants R. H. McCampbell, W. A. Lankford, Alex. Majors. Of this officer I have written in connection with the battle of Snicker's Gap, where he was killed by my side.

Casualties.

At the battle of Seven Pines, May 31, 1862, twelve of this fine company were killed on the field, namely:

C. C. Bartles, Joel Coffey, J. C. Cunningham, W. H. Crow, William Fields, Joseph Moore, F. M. Merrell, F. P. Patterson, A. G. Roberts, William Taylor, James Hudson and W. W. Hartman.

Thirty-five (35) others of the company, were wounded but recovered. Fifty-six (56) of the company were in this battle. There were 101 members in the company originally.

The following were killed in various battles of the war:

J. E. Estes, at the Wilderness.

C. H. Hunter and N. B. Rucks, at Chancellorsville.

W. T. Keaton, at Winchester, Va.

Jacob Mitchell and J. A. Mikles, at Boonsboro, Md.

Captain John Rogers, at Spotsylvania, C. H., Va.

Jos. Singleton, at Petersburg, Va.

Noah Smith, at Brandy Station, Va.

John M. Walker, at Gettysburg, Pa.

John S. Withrow, at Strasburg, Va.

The following died of disease:

Corporal J. B. Findley, W. G. Austin, J. W. Appleton, A. B. Brindley, J. G. Beeson, J. M. Burnett, W. C. Brandon, G. Cunningham, J. C. Clayton, Peter Carroll, C. E. Drake, D. H. Duff, L. A. Dobbs, Thomas Dutton, J. K. P. Estes, F. M. Edwards, A. A. Fulcher, J. C. Fletcher, J. B. Frazier, J. P. Hunter, R. S. Hulgin, D. W. Kennedy, B. F. Lewis, A. W. Langford, S. M. McSpadden, T. K. B. McSpadden, M. Murphy, G. McPherson, I. R. Pendergrass, J. M. Sutherland, J. L. Ward.

From the above list will be seen the great mortality experienced by this patriotic company.

Mr. Brandon, in his souvenir book, states that the company participated in the battles of Seven Pines, Cold Harbor, Gaines' Mills, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Boonsboro, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville, Winchester, Wilderness, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Hagerstown, Petersburg, Strasburg, Mine Run, Snicker's Gap, Martinsburg, Warrenton C. H., Spotsylvania C. H., and Appomattox C. H., besides many severe skirmishes that could not be called battles. In these battles all the other companies of the Regiment also participated.

"Macon Confederates," Company F, Macon County.

Captain Robert F. Ligon. Elected to the Senate of Alabama and resigned April, 1862. Afterward elected Lieutenant-Governor of Alabama, and member of the United States Congress. Died in Montgomery, Ala., November, 1902, universally loved and lamented.

Captain Robert H. Keeling. Killed at Seven Pines. See sketch of him elsewhere.

Captain John W. McNeely. Wounded at Chancellorsville. Retired and placed on conscript duty in 1864. President of Soule University, Texas. Died about 1889.

Captain Robert E. Park. Wounded slightly at the Wilderness 5th of May, severely wounded at Gettysburg and Winchester, and left in the hands of the enemy. Three times elected treasurer of Georgia. Living at present in Atlanta, Ga.

First Lieutenants: R. H. Keeling, J. W. McNeely, R.E. Park.

Second Lieutenants: W. D. Zuber, not re-elected; George Jones, not re-elected; J. B. Fletcher, killed at Sharpsburg; J. W. Wright, resigned in 1863 and left the country; G. W. Wright, wounded at Gettysburg and retired; died as result of wounds about 1868.

COMPANY F.

The following were killed: Captain R. H. Keeling, First Lieut. E. P. Hendree, who was discharged and afterward promoted to First Lieut. in 61st Alabama, and killed 5th of May, 1864, at the Wilderness.

J. H. Attaway, mortally wounded and died, Winchester, Va.

J. T. Black, mortally wounded at Chancellorsville.

W. T. Cooper, killed near Petersburg.

M. A. Flournoy, mortally wounded at Seven Pines and died.

J. U. Ingram, killed at Seven Pines.

J. M. Lester, killed at Petersburg.

William Mimms, killed at Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864.

Corporal J. B. Nuckolls, killed at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862.

John Preskitt, killed at Gettysburg.

Ensign R. H. Stafford, killed at Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864.

W. B. (Tobe) Ward, killed near Petersburg.

P. W. Chappell, killed at Petersburg.

Lucius Williams, killed at Winchester.

Isaac Eason, killed 19th May near Spotsylvania C. H.

J. T. Eberhart, killed at Snicker's Gap, July 18, 1864.

William Howard, killed at Petersburg.

The following died of wounds or disease: S. M. Blackburn, C. H. Cobb, B. Fitzpatrick, G. P. Grimmett, M. G. Holloway, H. H. McPhaul, W. A. Noble, P. Philpot, W. P. Bowdon, W. F. Chesson, J. M. Germany, A. A. Gillespie, R. L. Hairston, W. J. Moody, R. J. Nobles, died in prison, S. L. Roberts, S. G. Starke, R. T. Simmons, M. W. Wright, R. P. Wynn, E. H. Strobell, A. J. Veasey, C. F. Wagner.

The following have died since the war: R. F. Ligon, Geo. Jones, J. H. Echols, who was Colonel of the 63rd Ala; A. S. Grigg, who was discharged from service; J. W. McNeely, J. R. Flewellen, was discharged in 1862; J. A. Cunningham, obtained substitute in 1862; J. R. Adams, H. J. Attaway, discharged 1861; A. J. Blount, discharged 1863; S. B. Brewer, sutler, died in Texas; W. H. Bilbro, discharged; David Clopton, promoted Quarter Master, elected to Confederate Congress, died while Justice of the Supreme Court of Alabama; W. F. Chesson, Serg. W. M. Carr, wounded and retired; J. W. Fannin, promoted Captain of 61st Alabama; Corp. R. R. Grimmett, obtained substitute; T. S. Crawford, M. Moore, F.

A. Manning, W. P. Zachry, H. R. Thorpe, promoted Surgeon; T. M. Kimbrough, W. F. Moore, in Texas; E. A. Ligon, promoted Surgeon; Corporal A. Wilkerson, J. Johnson, in 1861, W. R. Tompkins, J. R. Scroggins, N. R. Simmons, died December 9, 1904. S. H. Slaton, B. F. Smith, Sergeant A. P. Reid, in Texas. D. Oswalt, N. Richardson, died in 1904, 97 years of age; Dr. G. W. McElhany, T. N. Kesterson, J. Patterson.

Rev. E. J. Rogers, right leg shot off at Gettysburg.

B. F. Ingram, in Texas, 1903.

Corporal Henderson, died in 1868, editor Tuskegee *News*.

J. H. Upshaw.

B. F. Ward, arm shot off at Chancellorsville.

A. G. Howard, promoted Ordnance Sergeant, died in Atlanta, Ga. J. S. Porter, 1905.

As far as the writer can ascertain only the following are now surviving:

Captain R. E. Park, Atlanta, Ga.

T. H. Clower, who commanded the company the last eight months of the war, Opelika, Ala.

H. G. Lamar, Iredell, Texas.

Dr. J. F. Park, LaGrange, Ga.

R. F. Segrest, Hico, Texas.

R. W. Drake, Laneville, Ala., late sheriff of Hale county.

C. C. Davis, Tuskegee, Ala.

J. H. Eason, Tallassee, Ala.

G. P. Ware, Auburn, Ala.

G. W. Ward, Willhite, La.

Rev. W. A. Moore, Neches, Texas.

Fletch. S. Zachry, Tyler, Texas.

W. D. Zuber, Pine Level, Ala.

J. R. Walker, Dallas, Ga.

C. B. Florence, Golden City, Ark., Colonel U. C. V.

Company G, "Paint Rock River Sharpshooters" Jackson County.

Captain A. S. Bibb, resigned early.

Captain J. J. Dillard, killed on Sand Mountain, Ala., in 1863.

Captain P. D. Ross, who remained Captain until the close of the war, surrendering with Lee.

Captain Daniel Butler, died.

First Lieutenants: John J. Dillard, Rufus H. Jones, P. D. Ross, John S. Dudley, killed.

Second Lieutenants: R. H. Jones, Abner Hammond, killed at Seven Pines; Daniel Butler, J. M. Hardcastle, died after the war of wounds received at Seven Pines; J. M. Fletcher.

Captain P. D. Ross and Lieutenant J. M. Fletcher of Company G, were both wounded, as I was, at the battle of Gettysburg, and with Captain Hewlett of Company H, and Lieutenant George W. Wright, of my company—F, were occupants of the same tent near an old barn used as a field hospital, and during the night of the 3rd of July, 1863, I occupied a blanket near Lieutenant Fletcher, who had been shot through the body, and was suffering greatly, moaning and groaning during the night so that I was constantly inquiring whether I could do anything for his relief, and being told each time that nothing could be done. During the latter part of the night I slept, and upon waking the next day I found him lying by my side, cold in death. He was a quiet, modest, brave young officer.

This company had among its members a well known corporal named Henry Fowler. While we were in winter quarters, on one occasion he was detailed with two men from the Twelfth Alabama, as Brigade Headquarter Guard for General Rodes. General Rodes had had a twenty-five pound turkey given him and had invited some of the brigadiers and colonels in his command to a dinner. It was a current story that this superb gobbler, done to a crisp, with dressing and gravy, but no doubt without cranberries and celery, was on the table in a tent adjoining the General's sleeping quarters, and, while steaming hot, the cook invited the company to the table. In some mysterious way, before they could walk the ten or fifteen feet necessary to reach the table, the magnificent bird was wafted out of sight and never more seen, at least by General Rodes, or any of his company. The General is reported to have become very angry with Corporal Fowler and his two brother guards, and expressed himself in very positive language, and during this talk he spoke of Fowler as belonging to the "damned thieving Twelfth Alabama." This not very complimentary appellation abided with the Twelfth Alabama, from the time of this incident to the close of the war.

The Germans, French, Irish and Spaniards, and old sailors from Mobile, and the mountain boys from North Alabama, who com-

posed a large portion of the Twelfth Alabama, were noted as foragers, and the vast majority of them suffered very little from hunger, despite frequently limited rations issued to the regiment by the commissary. Many a time I have been aroused by Dick Noble, Wesley Moore, Wat. Zachry, Jim Lester and others of my company, when we were in bivouac, before the bugle sounded for a day's march, and told that I must get up and eat some fried chicken, or assist them in eating some biscuits and honey, which I was told had been presented (?) to them by some patriotic Virginian living near by.

Company G was made up at Woodville and Paint Rock in the southwest corner of Jackson county, with several members from East Madison and North Marshall counties. They left Woodville for Richmond, Va., the 26th of June, 1861.

When the Company was re-organized at Yorktown, Captain Bibb and Lieutenants Jones and Dillard were not re-elected.

I can find no record of what became of Captain Bibb.

Lieutenant Dillard became a recruiting officer, and was killed by Union men or Tories in the winter of 1864.

Lieutenant Jones joined the Confederate forces of North Alabama and served through the war.

At the re-organization Daniel Butler was elected Captain, P. D. Ross, First Lieutenant, J. M. Hardcastle, Second Lieutenant, and Abner Hammond Jr., Second Lieuteuant.

In a few weeks Captain Butler sickened and died, and on the 31st of May at Seven Pines Lieutenant Hammond was killed.

Early in June Lieutenant Ross was made Captain and John S. Dudley and J. M. Fletcher were elected lieutenants.

Lieutenant Dudley was killed at Chancellorsville on Saturday evening, the first day of the battle, and Lieutenant Fletcher was killed, as heretofore described, at Gettysburg.

The first man in Company G that was killed was Dr. Solomon G. Stevens. He had been transferred to the 9th Alabama as regimental surgeon, and was killed by a shell thrown in the camp near Yorktown. The next one to fall was Lieutenant Hammond at Seven Pines, and Sergt. Richard Bevil, privates George Kirkland, Rufus Crawley, N. T. Clifton, Jefferson Atchley, Michael Hoke and Thomas Smith. Private William Middleton and Mike Swister were killed near Culpepper C. H. Thomas Rogers and Stuart were killed at South Mountain. James Posey, W. H.

Burks, Abner Riggins, Edward Bevil and A. J. Grizzle were killed at Sharpsburg. W. J. Rogers, Ben Taylor and Brooks Taylor were killed at Gettysburg. Private Samuel Kennemer and Silas Wright were subsequently killed.

Captain P. D. Ross became a teacher at Alexandria, Ala., after the war, and also became clerk of the Circuit Court and was a deservedly popular and efficient officer, dying at Jacksonville, Ala., a few years ago.

Company H, Morgan County.

Captain B. B. Gayle. Elected lieutenant-colonel at Yorktown. Promoted colonel after the death of Colonel Jones. Killed at Boonsboro.

Captain J. H. Darwin. Promoted to captain at Yorktown. Killed at Seven Pines.

Captain M. B. Robinson, Jr. Promoted to captain after Seven Pines. Resigned after the battle of Sharpsburg.

Captain A. E. Hewlett. Elected from private to second lieutenant after retreat from Yorktown. Promoted to first lieutenant after Seven Pines, and to captain after Sharpsburg. Lives at Cullman, Ala. Editor of a paper and Register of the Court of Chancery. A very popular and excellent citizen.

First Lieutenants: J. H. Darwin; E. Ryan, promoted at Yorktown, killed at Seven Pines; A. E. Hewlett.

Second Lieutenant J. D. Graham. Elected from ranks second lieutenant after Seven Pines, resigned after Sharpsburg, died near Huntsville.

Second Lieutenant J. D. Spain. Wounded and disabled at Sharpsburg.

Second Lieutenant J. S. Brittain. Resigned. Died after the war near Decatur, Ala.

Second Lieutenant David Sams. Killed November 19, 1864, in the Valley of Virginia.

The following members of this company were killed in battle:

E. Brown, Seven Pines.

Dock Bishop, at Gettysburg.

Tom Dunn, at Seven Pines.

William Harris, at Seven Pines.

J. Hamilton, at Boonsboro.

F. M. Hamilton, at Spotsylvania.

Lud Hall, at Boonsboro.
Wm. Halbrooks, at Gaines Mill.
Sam Heflin, at Seven Pines.
Wyatt Martin, at Snicker's Gap.
Dick Priddy, at Seven Pines.
Carrol Ryan, at Gettysburg.
Jas. Ryan, died of wounds in Richmond hospital.
Nath. Smith, at Seven Pines.
Jourdan Waid, at Seven Pines.
The following died since the war:

J. L. Box, assassinated; J. H. Burt, Wm. Campbell, died in hospital at Richmond; Sim Garrett, J. R. Herring, died in hospital; Jesse Herring, Andrew Jenkins, Jack Little, J. Lemons, S. Lassiter, John McAnear, Dow Prater, Mac. Rominez, John Rominez, R. Ward, Frank Woods.

Private J. F. Winds obtained a substitue. Joined General Roddy's cavalry. Was elected lieutenant-colonel. Since died.

Company I, "Southern Foresters," Mobile County.

Captain Wm. T. Walthall, John J. Nicholson, E. H. Jones.

First Lieutenans John J. Nicholson, L. Walthall, afterwards Quarter Master for a short time.

Second Lieutenants E. H. Jones, J. O. Patton.

This Company was organized in June, 1861, left Mobile for the front July 4th, 1861.

First Lieutenant Nicholson became captain in May, 1862, on the resignation of Capt. Walthall. The latter was an accomplished teacher and scholar, and for a long time connected as editor with the Mobile *Register*. He assisted President Jefferson Davis in the preparation of his wonderful book, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate States."

This company was composed largely of young men who were employed around the wharves of Mobile and connected with the steamships and boating. They had a peculiar uniform of dark gray with blue trimmings.

Bruce R. Davis, of this company, was for some time the sergeant major of the regiment and a very bright man, who wrote a very beautiful hand.

Among the privates of the company was Edward W. Pettus, who bore the same name as the present United States Senator

from Alabama, General E. W. Pettus. I have no record of what became of him.

Lieutenant J. O. Patton was a native of Portland, Me., and a very gallant soldier and officer. He had the Down Easter brogue, and, later on, I will mention an incident in his career at the battle of Chickahominy.

Porter L. Myers went out as the Third Corporal of Company I, and was killed by my side, while we were fighting Hatch's Pennsylvania Bucktails on South Mountain. A very extended mention of this incident is given under the head of the "Battle of Boonesboro."

Company K, "Tom Watts' Rebels," Macon County.

This company was formed at Auburn, Ala., in May and June, 1861. The first captain was Prof. William H. C. Price, a graduate of the University of Alabama, an educator and editor of prominence, residing at Auburn. He was the youngest brother of Rev. G. W. F. Price, D. D., of Nashville, Tenn., and son-in-law of the renowned scholar, Prof. John Darby, LL. D.

The first lieutenant was William S. Goodwyn, a prominent planter of La Place, who subsequently became colonel of the 45th Alabama.

William A. Scott, a young lawyer of Auburn, and now judge of Clay county court, at Fort Gaines, Ga., was second lieutenant.

William Himes, a very bright and promising young man of eighteen years, was junior second lieutenant.

By August 15th the roll of this company, including officers and men, contained one hundred names.

About the 20th of July the company left Auburn for Richmond, and camped near the other companies of the regiment with which it was soon united, near the reservoir.

Company K joined the other nine companies of the 12th Alabama at Camp Walker, near Centreville, Va., early in August.

Dr. D. S. Patterson, a prominent citizen and druggist of Montgomery, Ala., carried a squad of this company from Pike county, reaching Virginia about the 15th of August.

This company was named "Tom Watts' Rebels" after Attorney General T. H. Watts of President Davis' Cabinet, and later one of the war governors of Alabama, who assisted in procuring

its organization and equipment. The following is a list of the officers:

Captains: William H. C. Price, resigned after one year's service; D. H. Garrison, E. H. Rowell.

First Lieutenants: W. S. Goodwyn, B. F. O'Neal, now an honored citizen of South Sulphur, Tex.; J. Thomas Scott, promoted from sergeant and resigned, now dead; D. H. Garrison, E. H. Rowell, now living at Funston, Tex., a physician.

Second Lieutenants Wm. A. Scott, resigned; Wm. Himes, resigned, recently Railroad Commissioner of Florida, and a popular citizen of that State, lives at Bushnell, Florida.

Twelfth Alabamians who Surrendered at Appomattox, April 9th, 1865.

Below I copy from Volume XV, pages 244–46 of the *Southern Historical Society Papers* a list of the paroles issued to the members of the Twelfth Alabama. It is a pitifully small list and painfully shows how dreadfully this noble band of heroic soldiers had diminished from the eleven hundred and ninety-six which formed the regiment on the 12th of June, 1861. These names deserve to be emblazoned forever on the rolls of fame, and to go down in history with the brave Spartans who fought at Thermopylae.

Of those who survive now from this list I can only locate a few. Among those are:

Sergeant George W. Thomas of Company B, who lives near Alexander city, in Coosa county, Alabama.

Sergeant James H. Eason of Company F, who lives at Tallassee, Alabama.

Private William A. Moore of Company F, who lives in Neches, Texas.

Dr. Daniel S. Patterson of Company K, who lives at Montgomery, Ala.

The post-offices of the others are not known to me, and I deeply regret that I cannot put them in this list.

Those who surrendered, as given in this book of "Paroles", are as follows:

Twelfth Alabama Regiment.

Company A.

Privates: John Arnold, T. S. Hazzard, detailed shoemaker, John Ford, Reuben Popewell.

Company B.

Sergeants: George W. Thomas, Richard H. Corley, detailed division Provost Guard.

Corporal John H. Phillips.

Privates: Robert L. Goodgame, David C. Hogan, James W. Hollinshaw, William B. Hardagree, Thomas Jacobs, Oliver P. Looney, John McKay, teamster, John O. McPherson, Robert H. J. Mallory, Benjamin F. Pinson.

Company C.

Sergeant Calvin Hoyt.

Privates: Reuben C. Edwards, Anderson McGraw, John G. Williams, William T. Walker, Robert Esterheld, division commissary department.

Company D.

Corporal Wade H. Cardwell.

Privates: James M. Buzby, Henry R. Cook, James P. McClenny, Jesse Pritchett, Robert Turner.

Company E.

Sergeant Robert B. Kirk.

Corporal Amos A. Cox.

Privates: John Tachett, detailed teamster, Jasper Rogers.

Company F.

Sergeants: James H. Eason, Azariah G. Howard, Orderly Sergeant 12th Alabama.

Privates: Thomas W. Collier, Micajah J. Moore, William A. Moore, Asbury F. Manning, James A. Parker, detailed teamster.

Company G.

Privates: Jasper W. Sawyer, detailed teamster, Chas. R. Smith, Green Swearingin, detailed teamster.

Company H.

Corporal Jesse Herring.

Privates: Andrew P. Calhoun, division Provost Guard, Lawson C. Meeks, Simon Mayor, Levi N. Oden, William Odom, Dock R. Priddy, John W. Rantz, detailed harness maker.

Company I.

Sergeant: Wesley Thomas, William Corbett.

Musician Henry C. Sweetzer.

Company K.

Privates: Chester W. Abercrombie, Ernest Buhler, detailed shoemaker, Thomas Craddock, Robert Marion, Jas. E. Morrison, Albert W. Seay, Daniel S. Patterson.

The Yorktown Election and Reorganization.

April 28th, 1862, orders were received from the War Department, at Richmond, permitting and directing the re-organization of all the twelve-months companies which had enlisted for the war. This order created a great deal of excitement and intense interest among the soldiers, particularly the Twelfth Alabama, nearly every company in which had enlisted for only twelve months.

Colonel Robert T. Jones, of Marion, Ala., a native of Richmond, Va., a graduate of West Point, and a very accomplished soldier, who had been a captain in the United States army, was a candidate for re-election, and opposed by Captain A. Stikes of Company C, from Mobile.

Captain R. H. Keeling, of Company F, was a candidate for lieutenant-colonel, and opposed by Captain L. D. Patterson of Company E. Captain Keeling was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute and had as his schoolmates General R. E. Rodes, General R. E. Colston and other distinguished officers.

Captain B. B. Gayle, of Company H, who had had military training at Portsmouth, Va., and had been teaching in Morgan county, Ala., was a candidate for major.

The result of the election was the choice of R. T. Jones for colonel, L. D. Patterson for lieutenant-colonel, and B. B. Gayle for major.

The defeat of Captain Keeling for lieutenant-colonel by Captain Patterson, who was an excellent soldier, having been promoted from private in his company to captain, and who was a teacher of good repute in North Alabama, greatly surprised the officers and many of the men in the regiment, as there was no doubt of the superior qualifications of Captain Keeling for the position. Colonel Jones was so disturbed and indignant that he refused to recommend Captain Patterson for the position of lieutenant-colonel, and the consequence was that Captain Patterson declined to contest for the place and resigned from his company and regiment. This caused another election and B. B. Gayle was elected lieutenant-colonel, and Adjutant S. B. Pickens was elected major.

The day before the election, Captain Keeling came to my tent, where I was sitting in conversation with Orderly Sergeant John W. McNeely, my mess-mate, and astonished me by asking me why I did not run for second lieutenant. I replied that I was a Georgian, in an Alabama regiment, and had not entertained the thought of such an aspiration. He replied: "You can be easily elected, for I have been talking among the men about it." He then informed me that the understanding was that Captain R. F. Ligon, who had been elected to the Alabama Senate, would decline a re-election to the captaincy, and that he himself would be elected captain without opposition; that Sergeant McNeely would be elected first lieutenant, and that it was believed that neither Lieutenant Zuber nor Lieutenant Jones would be candidates for re-election, and that the company were undecided as to who should be elected second and third lieutenants.

Encouraged by this conversation, and advice, I acted upon Lieutenant Keeling's suggestion and visited each one of the occupants of the nine tents used by members of Company F.

The first tent, or number one, fortunately, had its members sitting down ready for dinner, and I recall that there were present Sergeant M. A. Flournoy, of Opelika, Corporal E. P. Hendree, of Tuskegee, later promoted to first lieutenant in the Sixty-first Alabama regiment, and killed at the Wilderness on the 5th of May. Private James W. Fannin, of Tuskegee, afterwards captain in the Sixty-first Alabama. Private A. Fuller Henderson, son of the distinguished Baptist minister, Rev. Samuel Henderson, D. D., of Tuskegee, and who afterwards became editor and proprietor of the Tuskegee *News*, and who killed himself, whether intentionally or accidentally, is unknown, in 1867. Private Robert F. Hall, of Auburn, afterwards first sergeant, and who was wounded in the foot at Chancellorsville and retired from service, becoming foreman of the Montgomery *Advertiser*, being an accomplished printer. Private Robert W. Drake, now of Laneville, Ala., and perhaps two or three others.

In response to my statement that I would be a candidate for second lieutenant at the election the following day, the boys instantly spoke up and told me that they would vote for me.

I then visited the second tent in which were equally as good friends, and some of them former college mates at Auburn, as in the first tent, among them being Private Thomas H. Clower, of

Auburn, afterwards orderly sergeant of Company F, and recommended during the latter days of the war for a commission as second lieutenant, and who has recently been the popular mayor of Opelika, and is one of her most esteemed and highly respected citizens, a thorough gentleman and a brave and intrepid soldier. Private S. B. Brewer, of Tuskegee, afterwards regimental sutler. Private J. B. Fletcher, afterwards elected third lieutenant, and killed at Sharpsburg, Md. Private R. H. Stafford, afterwards the color sergeant of the regiment, and killed at Cedar Creek, Va., October 19, 1864. Corporal A. G. Howard, afterwards desperately wounded and promoted to ordnance sergeant of the regiment, and who died in Atlanta, Ga., where he had become a prominent and wealthy merchant, a few years ago. He had risen to the position of Grand Chief Templar of the Grand Commandery of Knight Templars of Georgia, and one of Georgia's most excellent citizens.

Upon making known my purpose to these young friends, they responded as did tent number one, and promised their cordial support.

I then visited the other seven tents in the line and spoke, among others, to James M. Lester, who was killed near Appomattox C. H., just before the surrender. Private W. F. Moore, who died recently in Texas; Private William Mimms, who was killed at Cedar Creek, Va., October 19th, 1864; Walter O. Nicholson, who was later discharged, under age; Dick Nobles who died at Elmira, N. Y., a prisoner, in 1865; Dan Oswalt who died since the war; John Preeskitt, who was killed at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863; Nat Richardson, who was discharged soon after for being over age, and died in 1904; A. P. Reid, afterwards second sergeant of the company and died in Texas three or four years ago; Ben F. Smith, the best fiddler I believe in the Army of Northern Virginia, an old bachelor, who died a few years since; Nathan R. Simmons of Opelika, who became a sergeant and died in Opelika, holding the position of superintendent of public works, in December, 1904; Dr. H. R. Thorpe, of Auburn, who later was promoted to assistant-surgeon of a North Carolina regiment; J. W. Wright, who was elected third lieutenant next day, but left the company and the confederacy very soon after; George W. Wright, who was afterwards elected second lieutenant and retired on account of wound received in the head at Gettysburg, and died afterwards at Loachapoka, Ala.; George Pierce Ware, of Auburn, Ala., the brave, Christian soldier

who was often wounded but is now living, a highly respected citizen, six miles from Auburn, Ala.; W. B. (Tobe) Ward, who was killed near Appomattox, Va.; Corporal Archy Wilkerson, who was badly wounded in the mouth, and died in Arkansas since the war, and the two gallant brothers, Walter P. and Fletcher Zachry. The latter is now living, a respected citizen of Tyler, Texas. Moses W. Wright, of Tuskegee, who died later during the war, and the two brave brothers, John U. and Ben. F. Ingram.

John was killed at Seven Pines May 31, 1862, just one month later, and Ben died at Garrison, Tex., in 1903.

Among all of these comrades I met a cordial reception, except at the hands of Corp. Wilkerson, who, speaking for his tent number 9, replied: "We have no objection to you, but if Lieutenant Zuber, who comes from our settlement, is a candidate, our mess will have to vote for him." I replied that the men in the other eight tents were unanimous for me and that I did not feel any concern if the lieutenant did decide to become a candidate.

The next day's result of the election in Company F was:

Robert H. Keeling, captain; John W. McNeely, first lieutenant; Robert E. Park, second lieutenant—all unanimously; John W. Wright elected third lieutanant over Sergeant M. A. Flournoy, A. S. Grigg and R. Flewellen.

The election of field officers, and the prompt refusal of Colonel Jones to endorse Captain Patterson as lieutenant colonel caused intense excitement, but it soon wore away.

The second day after my election I was detailed to act as officer of the guard, and reported in my private's uniform, with a borrowed sword, to Colonel Jones. The colonel glanced up and looked at me from head to foot, and from foot to head, and quaintly said, "I am glad, Lieutenant, that you were elected a commissioned officer, but I advise you to get a new uniform as soon as possible." He then quietly gave me instructions as to my new duties. It is a source of regret that I could not preserve a photograph or ambrotype of myself as I appeared when I reported to Colonel Jones. I was something over seventeen years of age. I had grown considerably and my round-a-bout gray coat had become too short and did not meet my pants, nor could it be buttoned in front. The end of the sleeves was fully six inches from my hand. The pants had been scorched in the rear, on the calf of the leg, and were a mass of dark strings. The bottom of the

trousers was fully four inches above my worn-out, soleless shoes. My soft wool hat was battered and torn until it didn't deserve to be dignified by the name of hat. It was scarcely a head covering.

A few days after this election we began our retreat between the York and James rivers to Chickahominy swamp, via Williamsburg, and in passing the 14th North Carolina I overheard this remark loudly spoken by one "Tar Heel" to another: "Look there, boys, see that uniform? there goes your new election." I was trudging along by the side of my company in the same uniform in which I had saluted Col. Jones, and with the borrowed sword buckled around me. The dilapidated condition of the whole regiment was a constant source of humorous remarks, not only by those who composed but by all who saw it. But they were not alone in this particular. The army at Yorktown was one clothed in rags.

The Battle of Williamsburg.

Yorktown was evacuated by Johnston May 4, 1862, at night. He marched steadily, but was delayed by mud, rain, slush and boggy roads caused by wagon and artillery trains.

Rodes' Brigade, during the afternoon of the next day, heard the firing of cannon and hastened forward in the direction of the fighting. As we passed through the Old Capital of Virginia, the doors, windows, balconies and side-walks were crowded with beautiful women and children who were wild with excitement, waving handkerchiefs and flags and handing us sandwiches, fresh water, etc., and speaking encouraging words. The men became enthusiastic, the very air rang with our shouts, and we pressed forward eager for the conflict. We hurried to the field, and were formed in line in the rear of General Early's command. Artillery and musketry and the shouts and shrieks of men; some in the tongues of triumph and others in those of pain, greeted us as we rushed along. Minie balls flew over the heads of our brave comrades in front, but none of our men were seriously wounded and we were not actively engaged.

Darkness fell and put an end to the fray, It was an unhappy night, we were wet and faint with hunger and fatigue. It was cold and we kept stamping our feet, marking time, and crowding together in groups to keep warm, as we halted and then moved on.

It was a memorable May day, this 5th of the month, and was our first actual experience in war. We marched before day through Williamsburg, and the men literally waded almost knee deep in

mud, as the road was rendered almost impassable from the constant rains and stirred by the artillery and baggage trains. I can never forget that some of my men, in pulling their feet along, left their shoes in the mud, and the rough words that came from Miller McCraw still ring in my ears, as I took his gun and knapsack and carried them for him. He was only 15 years old, and ought to have been at home at school.

The next day we had a new experience, that of eating parched corn, for our rations did not come up until late. Slowly we continued the retreat, or advance, as you may prefer to call it, and on the 13th of May we came to the Chickahominy river. Here we had a few drills, and the first day, I recall, that all of us, of the newly elected officers, were very ignorant of our duties, and when we were forming into divisions composed of two companies, as both Captain Keeling and Lieutenant McNeely were absent, I was thrown in command of Company F, and the captain of the company next to mine should have been in command of the division, but, with an imploring look, he placed himself along the line and called to me to take command of the division, that he didn't know what to do. Though I had but little more acquaintance with tactics than he, I had a little more assurance, and I assumed command of the division and held it until the close of a prolonged drill.

Next day I was sent with a squad of men to report to Major Early, a tall, dark-skinned, civil engineer, said to be a brother of General J. A. Early, and to assist in the construction of a pontoon bridge across the Chickahominy.

Seven Pines.

May 30, 1862, was warm and sultry. The Twelfth Alabama was kept under arms, and moved about frequently, as if expecting a battle. After sunset we went into bivouac and were ordered to prepare rations for the next day. The men were busy until very late that night, and then, tired out, they sought rest. Very soon a terrible thunder storm arose. It sounded as if heaven and earth were in conflict, while the rain fell in sheets and torrents. The men were poorly sheltered, many with little fly tents, others with only a single blanket on a pole, a poor substitute for a tent. This dreadful night, with its terrific storm raging, its sheets of lightning and torrents of rain, its sharp and deafening thunder, was a forerunner of the bloody strife to wage the next two days. The roads were deep with mud and water, and the woods and fields held water

as high as our ankles, and often went to our knees, and even to our waists.

May 31 and June 1, 1862, found General Joe Johnston and General McClellan fronting each other and fighting the great two-days battle of Seven Pines, called by some "Fair Oaks." This was one of the most desperate, hotly contested and bloody fields of the war. In the morning we noticed many federal balloons flying in the air taking observations. McClellan had 100,000 splendidly equipped soldiers, while Johnston had only 63,000. Our losses were 6,134 killed and wounded, and the federals lost 5,031, making a total of 11,165 brave men. The storm passed away on the morning of the 31, leaving the air cool and bracing. It was a lovely May morning and the sun rose bright and clear. Though they were wet, and had enjoyed little sleep, the men were full of life and courage, and the woods resounded with their cheerful voices and brisk movements. Breakfast was soon enjoyed and the order "fall in" was given. The Twelfth Alabama numbered 408 men and officers present for duty, and was led by Colonel R. T. Jones, Lieutenant Colonel B. B. Gayle, Major S. B. Pickens, while Captain R. H. Keeling commanded Company F, and I, as second lieutenant, accompanied our command, while Lieutenant McNeely was acting commissary of the regiment. Lieutenant Wright was also absent.

The Fifth Alabama under command of Colonel C. C. Pegues, Lieutenant Colonel J. M. Hall, and Major E. L. Hobson; the Sixth Alabama under Colonel John B. Gordon, Lieutenant Colonel B. H. Baker, and Major Nesmith; the Twelfth Mississippi under Colonel N. H. Harris, afterwards promoted to brigadier general. These regiments composed, with the Twelfth Alabama, Rodes' Brigade.

Early in the morning we were drawn up in front of the enemy's works under cover of a dense forest, within one-fourth of a mile of the enemy's batteries and redoubts. These redoubts bristled with artillery, and were supported by numerous infantry and flanked by breastworks. We moved forward through the mud, water and limbs of trees, cut down to form obstructions to our approach, and, as we moved, the enemy opened on us with their artillery, and a dreadful storm of shot, shell, grape and cannister tore through the trees, plowing up the ground on every side and cutting off limbs and small trees above and around us. We moved on to the assault, and under the terrible fire of musketry and artillery which we could not return, because of the abatis in our front, and the difficulty of

getting over them, but the brave and devoted men kept moving forward, until at last an open field was reached near the enemy's works. The men were placed in a hurried line of battle, and continued to rush upon the enemy, who seemed to renew their firing with redoubled fury. Our men fell rapidly, some dying, many dead, and others dangerously wounded.

I heard the clarion voice of Colonel Gordon calling to his men on our right, above the roar of battle. His major, Nesmith, was killed. Capt. Bell and 44 of his men were killed or wounded in one company.

The 12th's old superb commander, Col. R. T. Jones, was instantly killed. But we silenced the battery in front of us, rushed through the moat of water, climbed over the breastwork, ran through the tents, vacated by Gen. Caseys's troops, and moved on beyond the camp, halting in front of a collection of abatis, which was formed by cutting down a dense grove of old field pines and trimming and sharpening the limbs so as to impede our progress. While lying down here we could see the enemy a short distance in front, despite the smoke of battle, and it was at this point that Capt. Keeling was instantly killed. Private Nicholson called out to me: "Lieut. Park, Capt. Keeling is killed, you must take command of the company." I rose, walked down the line of the company and urged the men to avenge the death of our captain.

Kneeling by the side of Serg. Flournoy, of Opelika, and private J. W. Fannin, of Tuskegee, I heard Flournoy call to Fannin: "Shoot that officer in front of you." In response, Fannin gazed intently before him, but soon remarked that he could not see him. Flournoy's reply was, "The mischief you cant, I do," and with that he raised his gun, and deliberately pointing, fired; at the same time he received a bullet through the top of his head, laying his brains bare.

We continued firing for some minutes, until it became almost too dark to distinguish the enemy in front, and were then ordered to retire behind the redoubts now in our rear. I let the entire company fall back before I started, and, taking the hand of Sergt. Flourney in mine, I said, "Mack, dear fellow, I am sorry to lose you, but you see I am alone and must go." The poor fellow paralyzed by his wound, was unable to speak, but pressed my hand cordially and closed his eyes in assent, while the big tears rolled down his noble face. Then, leaving him, I hurriedly ran to over-

take my comrades, and miraculously escaped the thousands of minie balls that were being hurled above and around me.

It was appalling to see how few men formed in line with us after dark, how reduced we were in numbers. The strong, orderly line of the morning was now scarcely more than a line of skirmishers, and from 408 had been reduced to 203 present for duty, making a loss of 205 men from our single command. The ground seemed literally covered with the dead and wounded.

This was our first experience in real battle. The men were worn out, and were glad to stretch themselves upon the wet ground and slept soundly, though the air was filled with the agonizing cries and groans of the wounded and dying men and animals by whom they were surrounded. It is impossible for me to describe or properly eulogize the splendid conduct of the officers and men in this notable engagement. They showed coolness, deliberation, daring, in making their way through the pointed abatis while suffering from the galling fire at short range. I can never forget the calm resolve with which the men reformed their line after we had reached the open field, within a hundred feet of the enemy's breastworks. They did not wince nor dodge under the terrible and destructive fire, but, with the utmost coolness and precision, returned it, undisturbed by their trying situation. The gallant charge they made into the very jaws of death while crossing the works and through the forsaken camp, their stubborn courage as they retired, evinced a lofty heroism worthy of patriots of any age and any country. The names of these martyr patriots may never be recorded in history or known to fame, but it seems to me that such men not only illustrated their own states and section, but they ennobled humanity. The world was poorer by their loss.

Rev. Dr. J. L. Burrows, the distinguished Baptist minister, and many noble citizens of Richmond, spent the night walking among the wounded, relieving their necessities. The ambulance corps did not sleep, but were busy carrying the wounded into Richmond.

Early next morning I saw an ambulance pass by, and was attracted by the sight of a weeping negro man walking behind it, and recognized Mark, the cook and slave of Sergeant Flournoy. He had learned of his master's wound and had been with him all night, and was then following the ambulance, as it was being driven into the city. As he passed Company F, and saw us preparing breakfast, he burst into tears and it was a tender and pathetic sight to

witness his great grief over the condition of his beloved master. Sergeant Flournoy lived for a week in Chimborazo Hospital, conscious to the last, able to recognize any one, but wholly unable to speak, and then calmly gave up his generous and patriotic spirit. My gallant cousin, Colonel G. A. Bull, of the Thirty-Fifth Georgia, was killed bravely cheering on his men.

My own beloved Captain Keeling gave up, as I have stated, his life during the battle. His clear, ringing voice I can hear now, calling to and inspiring the men on that memorable battle-field. In speaking of Captain Keeling I am but obeying an irresistible impulse of my heart. He was my friend, ever generous and kind to me. We marched and fought side by side, and on that woeful and never-to-be-forgotten day, the 31st of May, 1862, amid the tempest of fire and hail of iron, he fell within a few feet of me, and his noble spirit winged its eternal flight to the land of the hereafter. Captain Keeling was born in Richmond, Va. His father, the Rev. Henry Keeling, D. D., was a noted Baptist minister, and for years editor of a church paper. He was a poet of no mean reputation. Captain Keeling's education was received mainly at the Virginia Military Intitute.

Soon after his graduation, at the age of 19, the Mexican war having broken out, he was chosen 1st lieutenant of a company of Virginia Infantry, and hastened to the scene of action. He commanded his company and acted as adjutant for twenty-two months in the regiment in which General Early was major. When the Mexican war was over he adopted teaching as a profession, and for several years taught successfully in Alabama. Just before secession he moved to Tuskegee, and was there military instructor in the Collegiate Institute. His career as a teacher was brilliant and successful, while his genial disposition and engaging manners secured for him hosts of friends and admirers wherever he lived. In May, 1861, soon after hostilities had actually begun, in conjunction with Captain R. F. Ligon, Hon. David Clopton, Colonel Nick Gachet, Captain George Jones, Captain John H. Echols, Prof. J. F. Park and others, he raised the "Macon Confederates," and on the 26th of that month left for Richmond, where his company was assigned to the 12th Alabama Regiment. While the battle of Manassas was raging, on the 21st of July, the regiment took the cars for the scene of action, but, as stated in another place in this sketch, owing to the treachery of the con-

ductor or engineer of the train, did not reach the field until the battle was over. For weeks and months after, near Fairfax, Va., Lieutenant Keeling and his brother officers employed themselves drilling, disciplining and training their command for the duties and realities of war, and the company was conceded to be the best equipped, the best instructed and the promptest and most intelligent in the regiment. Lieutenant Keeling's previous experience in the army proved of great advantage to his men, and his excellent advice and instruction was often afterwards found to be of great benefit. He was tall and commanding in figure, with a lofty brow and piercing eyes. These, together with talents, energy and intense devotion to the success of the Confederate cause, promised a brilliant career as a soldier. In April, 1862, the 12th Alabama was reorganized, and Lieutenant Keeling was unanimously elected captain of his company. During the trying Yorktown campaign, and in the arduous retreat to Richmond, before McClellan's advancing hosts, he cheered and inspired his men by his self-sacrificing example. On the night of the 30th of May the 12th Alabama was on outpost duty in the vicinity of Seven Pines. It had been raining incessantly during the day and increased in violence towards night. The writer of this shared with Captain Keeling his couch, consisting of blankets spread on rails, under a blanket stretched over us, for protection from the torrent of descending rain. Never shall I forget that night, nor the conversation I held with my departed friend. He gave me a retrospect of his life, replete with many interesting incidents, and full of instruction and wholesome advice. But I noticed that a certain degress of sadness marked his discourse, different from his usual genial and happy manner. He spoke of the certainty of a great and decisive battle between the opposing armies, and of the probability of his being killed or severely wounded, and all my efforts to banish the impression from his mind were unavailing. This feeling was but the harbinger of the approaching end. In our comfortless situation it was impossible to sleep, and early the next morning we arose ready for the daily routine of duties.

About ten o'clock an officer from Gen. Rodes' headquarters brought orders to Col. Jones to have white badges placed upon the arms of his men that they might distinguish each other in battle, and to prepare for immediate action. With alacrity each man donned his badge, inspected his cartridges, and carefully loaded his

musket. Pretty soon after, the command "fall in" was given, and Col. Jones, riding quickly forward, told his men that he was about to lead them into action, and that he expected every man to do his duty, and win for himself and his regiment a name. The 6th Alabama. under Colonel (subsequently Lieutenant General) Gordon marched by us with orders to deploy as skirmishers, and the 12th Alabama, filed in next. Many hundreds of hearts in that command which beat high with hope, and exulted in the prospect of meeting the despised foe, before sunset were stilled in death. On we moved, over fences, through mud and water waist deep and almost impenetrable under growth, across fields and ditches and fallen trees, listening to the oft repeated command "forward! close up! keep together!" and forward we went rapidly, and with yells, facing minie balls, grape and shells, reckless of danger. The 12th Alabama crossed the abatis and breastworks within twenty feet of the 12 captured Napoleon guns of the enemy. Twenty-eight dead horses and scores of lifeless and disabled Yankees were in our pathway. We moved through the camp of Gen. Casey, near his headquarters, and drove the enemy to a second abatis and a line of heavier earthworks. Just as we reached the abatis the command "halt," "fire and load kneeling!" were given, and scarcely had the order been repeated along the line, when Capt. Keeling fell, but the field was won, and his name, with thousands of his brave comrades, is worthy to live in the hearts of his countrymen forever.

It is proper to state that the above tribute to my friend, much extended, was written by me in 1867, and published in the Tuskegee *News*, edited then by my old comrade, A. F. Henderson.

In returning through the camp of the enemy I was handed from General Casey's tent a copy of "Casey's Tactics," written by himself, with his autograph in it, and I have preserved the book to this day. The men supplied themselves with many articles found in these tents, but with the exception of the desiccated food and articles of clothing, they could make little use of the trophies secured.

Private John U. Ingram of my company was killed, a gentle, manly youth, 18 years old.

It would be wrong not to mention the capital city of Richmond and her patriotic people in connection with the battle of Seven Pines. Every house in the city, whether stately or humble, was open for the Confederate wounded. The floors of the parlors, halls

and verandas were covered by them. Beautiful girls and graceful matrons handed fruit and food to the soldiers who were marching through the city to the support of their comrades, and then turned to minister, angelically to the wounded and dying within their doors. These devoted women were ready with unlimited sacrifice for the cause they held sacred.

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED OF THE TWELFTH ALABAMA REGIMENT, THIRD BRIGADE, COMMANDED BY BRIGADIER GENERAL R. E. RODES, AT BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES.

Field and Staff—Killed—Colonel R. T. Jones, Sergeant Major Robinson.

Company A—Killed—Sergeant C. Romanser, Corporals David Pajou, D. Holahan, Privates James (or Pat) Ward, George Sanford, J. McDermott, C. Sannier, J. Barribas—total 7.

Wounded—Corporal J. Hiter, Privates M. Gaynor, slightly; William Dickens, James Ryan, Samuel Loggee, John Monday, L. Dondero, Pat Lanaham, A. Knorr, Robert Seville, George Krebbs, all seriously; N. Rainey, Joseph Gambonie, both mortally—total 13.

Company B—Killed—Privates R. A. Mitchell, W. K. Blake, —— Epperson, J. D. Findlayson, —— Harman, C. Lipsey, J. Massengale, J. C. Thomas, W. B. Whitfield, J. T. Bice—total 10.

Wounded—J. Corby, —— Irwin, J. J. Smith, W. H. Veazey, all slightly; A. J. Gauron, A. Hollinshead, T. M. Kennedy, F. G. Little, F. J. Morgan, A. S. Martin, W. S. Phillips, A. G. Smith, H. C. Thomas, J. V. Wilkinson, all severely—total 14.

Company C—Killed—Privates J. D. Font, Thomas Pedue, F. Hullien, H. C. Reelen, B. Johnson—total 5.

Wounded—Sergeant Schermer, Corporal Husier, Privates Werneth R. Chapman, —— Siegel, —— Zundler, —— O'Brien, D. Rainey, M. Rainey, Y. Thompson, —— Stickney—total 11.

Company D—Killed—Privates R. M. Dyap, W. M. Cardwell, —— Grimes, R. W. T. Horn, A. D. Matheney, Thomas Roads, J. F. Winslow, G. F. Brogden—total 8.

Wounded—Captain E. Tucker, Lieutenant J. T. Davis, Sergeant Horn, Corporals Horn and Bryant, Privates Cook, Cercy, G. W. Dyap, W. F. Dyap, Lowry, McNeal, Pritchett, E. L. Roads, Shudds, Strand, all slightly; J. M. Matheny, mortally—total 16.

Company E—Corporal Cunningham, Privates Bardis, Joseph

Coffee, W. H. Crow, James Moore, B. F. Murrill, A. G. Roberts—total 7.

Wounded—Sergeant Murphy, Corporal Edwards, Privates M. J. Austin, J. M. Burrette, W. C. Brandon, John Carmor, L. A. Dabbs, William Farmer, C. Hunter, J. Little, A. B. Rooks, James Singleton, B. O. Word, all slightly; Edmund Drake, F. P. Patterson, C. C. Proster, severely—total 20.

Company F—Killed—Captain R. H. Keeling, J. U. Ingram.

Wounded—Privates R. F. Hall, J. R. Flewellen, B. F. Ingram, W. B. Ward, G. P. Ware, A. Wilkerson, F. S. Zachry, W. P. Zachry, slightly; M. A. Flournoy, mortally—total 9.

Company G—Killed—Lieutenant A. Hammond, Privates G. W. Kirkland, R. C. Bevil, H. I. Clifton, G. B. Packuss, J. S. Renfroe—total 6.

Wounded—Lieutenant J. M. Hardcastle, Privates M. Hawk, R. K. Crawley, E. S. Patten, all dangerously; Corporal Messler, J. M. Miller, M. Messler, William Steward, J. Derrick, J. Sisk, J. Stephens, I. Perkins, slightly; T. W. Keys, T. J. Rogers, J. J. Atchley, severely—total 16.

Company H—Killed—Captain J. H. Darwin, Lieutenant E. Ryan, Corporal Hefly, Privates S. E. Blankenship, M. F. Dement, Thomas Dunn, W. R. Harris, J. J. McAnear, E. A. Mabry, S. D. Priddy, Jordan Wake, A. Smith. Total, 12.

Wounded—Corporal Hamilton, severely; Privates E. J. Brown, mortally; J. C. Fowler, J. C. McCain, W. Renner, seriously; J. H. Burk, C. Higdon, J. L. Jenkins, A. J. Rufles; A. Roper, C. B. Cyan, slightly. Total, 11.

Company I—Killed—Privates W. Wooten, E. Carey, J. Tash. Total, 3.

Wounded—Lieutenant J. J. Nicholson, Corporals T. M. Shelton, G. A. Nelson, slightly; Privates James Burns, —— Feltach, R. Overstreet, L. O. Thomas, W. Thomas, F. Trice, H. N. Waters, slightly; William Williams, A. Wooten, both badly. Total, 12.

Company K—Killed—Private J. M. C. Payne.

Wounded—Lieutenant Townsend, Lieutenant Fitzgerald, Sergeants Jones, Taylor, Ethridge, all mortally; Corporal Scott, Privates Abercrombie, W. S. Ford, N. H. Goslin, C. H. Herring,

H. H. Rowell, W. Stallmarks, slightly; S. M. Adams, D. T. Jenkins, J. A. Powell, all mortally. Total, 14.

H. A. WHITING,
A. A. A. General, 3rd Brigade, 3rd Division.

SUMMARY.

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.	
	Staff Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.
12th Miss. Regt.	5	35	2	138
6th Ala. "	11	91	18	264
5th Ala. "	1	26	9	159
12th Ala. "	5	55	6	133
4th Va. Batal'n	3	17	2	67
King Wm. Artil'y	1	1	1	22
Total	26	225	38	783

Aggregate loss in killed and wounded, 1,083.

The brigade went into action with about 2,400 men and officers.

H. A. WHITING,
A. A. A. Gen. 3rd Brigade, 3rd Division.

THE SEVEN DAYS BATTLE AROUND RICHMOND.

The latter part of June, 1862, was an enventful period in the history of the 12th Alabama and of the Army of Northern Virginia. While General Lee's army confronted McClellan's hosts before Richmond, Stonewall Jackson was in the Valley fighting a series of battles.

On the 26th of June the Confederate army was engaged with McClellan at Mechanicsville, which is near the Confederate capital. Our army suffered severely in this fight. On the 27th my regiment, brigade and division, under General D. H. Hill, took part in the battle of Gaines' Mill, near Cold Harbor, which proved to be one of the most hotly contested battles in which we were ever engaged. The enemy was commanded by General Porter. They had long lines of infantry, in double column, and numerous batteries of artillery, on top of a hill. It became our duty to cross a creek in a swamp, and the enemy had cut the timber so as to impede the advance of our attacking force. I can never forget that when in a short distance of the enemy we made a halt and I was placed in command of a detachment of four men from each company, and ordered to deploy in their front, and shoot

the cannoneers who were doing fatal damage in our ranks. The cannon belched forth fire and smoke, and bursting shells were hurtling among us. Wounded men were being carried to the rear, while we were saddened by the sight of motionless and lifeless comrades. In obedience to instructions, I hurried forward through the lowland, and before we had gone two hundred yards we captured seven prisoners, and I disarmed and hurried them to the rear. One of my men volunteered to take charge of and carry them back, but I replied that he would be needed in the other direction, and left them to surrender themselves to the main body.

Sergeant Patton of Company I, a native of Portland, Maine, a volunteer in a Mobile company, kept near me and showed great gallantry. We marched as best we could in line till we reached a deep sunken road, near enough to one of the batteries to shoot the artillerymen. The men were not slow in doing execution, and very soon we silenced the battery in our immediate front. Before we did so they turned their shot and shell, grape and canister directly upon my small squad, and the limbs of trees and countless leaves fell upon us, cut down by the enemy's fire. During a cessation in the firing Sergeant Patton obtained my permission to go up a ravine in front and discover what was going on. In a short time he returned, leading a horse, with a splendid saddle and holster of pistols upon it, and a young Federal soldier walking by his side. Bringing him to me we searched the young man and found a dispatch in cipher from General Kearney to General McClellan. We could not read it, and I sent the horse and its rider with the dispatch to Colonel Gayle, who took the horse and his accoutrements, including the holster of pistols, and sent the dispatch to General D. H. Hill. The Richmond papers next day gave an account of the capture, and stated that the dispatch was important, giving valuable information, and mentioned that it had been brought in by a Lieutenant of the 12th Alabama Regiment.

Noticing the great and prolonged quiet in front of us, I ordered my men to crouch low and proceed beyond the woods into an open field, and there, to our intense surprise, we found a long array, in one line, of knap-sacks, haversacks, guns and cartridge boxes. I quickly found, by an examination of the baggage, that they belonged to the 20th Mass. Regt., and we begun to open the knapsacks, which contained, besides clothing, numerous letters from relatives and sweethearts, and many pictures of women. From these I was

handed by one of the men a half dozen razors, one of which I now daily use, and a number of red silk sashes, which evidently belonged to officers. Also a number of of ambrotypes, which I saved, and, the first opportunity, expressed to my home-folks at La Grange, Georgia, near where my mother lived. I am sorry to relate that some of the letters, which were read aloud by the men after we returned to camp, were too obscene and improper to be written, and certainly should never have been preserved. We saw many artillery horses lying dead, and numerous cannoners by their side, stiff and cold. My little band remained in possession of the large collection of knap-sacks, haversacks, etc., until recalled about night, and every man returned to his company loaded with trophies, many of them of some value, others worthless, except as curiosities. When the battle ended it was dark.

The next day, an extremely hot one, while we were in line of battle in the blazing sun, I witnessed a piece of recklessness, or, heroism, if you choose to call it so, on the part of Captain L'Etondal, of Company A, from Mobile. The Twelfth Alabama was stretched out, and the men were lying prone upon the ground, enduring the sun's rays, and suffering greatly from the heat. Suddenly their attention was drawn to a novel sight, perhaps never a similar one was seen in any battle. At the end of Company A an umbrella was stretched over the prostrate form of Captain Jules L'Etondal. Soon the notice of the enemy's artillery was attracted by the umbrella, and they began aiming their Napoleon guns at that portion of the regiment, and the balls began to strike in dangerous proximity to it, and to the brave men near it. The men of the other companies began to call aloud, "shut down that umbrella," "close it up, you old fool." The cries had no influence upon L'Etondal, or his company, and when, some of the other companies, indignant at his willingness to expose his comrades to the fire of the enemy, by his efforts to protect himself from the blazing rays of the burning sun, called to him that they would come and shut up the umbrella if he didn't do it, and a few rose and started toward the captian as if to carry out their threat, some of his company rose to meet them, and swore that he should keep the umbrella raised over head, if he wanted to, and it was none of their d——d business. This state of affairs continued for some little time, but L'Etondal kept up his shade, and was totally oblivious to the commands and entreaties of the men, and his own com-

pany humored him, laughing at his persistence. When we were ordered to move forward, the captain, with his two hundred and fifty pounds of avoirdupois, streaming with perspiration, continued to hold aloft his umbrella.

During the time we were in this recumbent position, our division commander, General D. H. Hill and his staff rode by, and I witnessed in him a truly remarkable instance of his characteristic will which seemed to dominate physical pain, and in performance of duty made him regardless of self-sacrifice. One of the enemy's shells burst in front of the passing horsemen, and a piece of it cut under the arm of General Hill, tore away a portion of his uniform, his vest, if he had on any, and his shirt, and left a portion of the bare flesh on his side exposed. Wonderful to relate, the countenance of the General was unchanged, so far as we could see. No remark was made about the piece of shell, nor the work it had done, and no change was apparent in the gait of the horses, or at all in the conduct of General Hill or his comrades. This exhibition of indifference reminded me of seeing, during the seven days battles, while passing along a road, Stonewall Jackson* and D. H. Hill, who were brothers-in-law, dismount from their horses, and, sitting on a rail fence, pour syrup from a small bottle upon biscuits, which they were eating, passing the syrup to each other as they ate. During the time shell and shot were falling thick and fast around them, but they did not seem to hear them, not to be at all concerned about their safety. Such wonderful presence of mind had an encouraging influence over the weary and worn infantrymen as they trudged by, moving toward the enemy and witnessing an occasional comrade fall wounded and carried to the rear.

Winter at Hamilton's Crossing.

Our regiment, after being under heavy fire on the 13th and 14th of December, 1862, at Fredericksburg, supporting General Maxcy Gregg's South Carolinians, and witnessing the terrific slaughter of the Yankees on the day first mentioned, after marching and counter marching, located under tents at Hamilton's Crossing.

*The editor who served in the command of General Jackson saw him on more than one occasion evince similar imperturbability, whilst minie balls rained around and shells exploded with terrific sound and results near him —he sat firmly in his saddle on "Old Sorrel" smiling grimly, as those a-foot about him bent, in his estimation, idly, to avoid preordained fate.

This regiment was in command of Colonel S. B. Pickens, with L. Gayle as adjutant, J. C. Goodgame, lieutenant colonel, and A. Proskauer as major, J. L. Walthall, late of Company I was quartermaster, and A. T. Preston, of Woodville North Alabama, commissary. After we had been in camp about a week, while standing around the camp fires, waiting for the announcement of supper, the colonel's orderly, Jack Mallory, brought me an order as follows:

"Headquarters 12th Ala. Regiment, January 3rd, 1863.

"First Lieut. R. E. Park of Co. F, will report for duty as Acting A. Q. M. of the 12th Ala. Regiment.

(Signed) "S. B. PICKENS, Col. Comdg.,
"L. GAYLE, Adjutant."

This order was a great surprise to me, and not a welcome one, but, yielding to the persuasion of Captain McNeely and others, who thought it a compliment, I reported to Regimental Headquarters, where I told the colonel that I had little acquaintance with business affairs, having left college to join the army, and I feared my ability to properly perform the duties of the office. He laughed at my objections, and told me that he had thought over the names of a number, and had finally decided that I was the proper officer to take the place of the quartermaster, who had left the regiment, and was then absent without leave. My instructions were to report to the wagon yard, take charge of the wagons with the horses and mules, teamsters, and such baggage as I might find. I had further orders to arrest the absent quartermaster, if he should present himself. This last I had no occasion to do, as he never reported to the regiment again. The colonel left me one of his bay horses, "Pintail" by name, and the next morning, when I visited the regiment, I was saluted by many humorous remarks, was asked "if my head didn't swim," "please don't ride over me, mister," "I wish *I* could ride," "wish *I* had a bomb-proof job," ect., etc. By laughing good-humoredly at these sallies, they quickly discontinued their attempts at wit at my expense.

I found an excellent Virginia negro named Jim who had been acting as cook for Captain W., and I promptly employed him, and retained William McKinney of Company B as wagon master, William Howell as quartermaster sergeant, and —— Potter as clerk. After the receipt of a small supply of clothing and shoes and distributing the same to the ragged and shoeless of the regiment I found

that my clerk was charged with selling some of the articles, and I reported him to headquarters. He wept and attempted to explain the deficiency, and to my surprise, next day, he received an order directing him to report to Brigade Quartermaster J. C. Bryan, as his clerk. I parted with him without regret, and was greatly annoyed by his refusing to receive my requisitions as they were made out, and which I had Captain Brown, quartermaster of the Third Alabama to overlook and pronounce correct. After they were sent to me, I would return them without the crossing of a "t," or the dotting of an "i," in the original form, and they were always accepted. In February an order was received to send my cook to the brigade quartermaster's camp, and, jumping upon "Pintail," I galloped to General Rodes' headquarters at Grace church, and walking rapidly down the aisle to the altar, handed the order to the general and asked him politely, but excitedly, what the order meant. He read it and said he never saw it before, and inquired of Major Whiting and other staff-officers what they knew about it. Major Whiting replied that it was issued at the request of Major Bryan, who said the negro was a regular teamster. This I positively denied, and stated that he had never been reported as such by me, and was my cook, and that the brigade quartermaster wished to avail himself of his services, not as a teamster, but as his personal cook. The general then said, "the matter is between you and Major Bryan, I will have nothing to do with it." I thanked him for his decision and rode rapidly back to my tent, and told Jim to remain as cook, much to his delight.

The brigade quartermaster and his clerk subjected me to a great many little annoyances, but I gave satisfaction to the Colonel commanding my regiment, and to the officers and men. Many long rides were taken to Hanover Junction, to Fredericksburg, and to other points after hay and oats for the horses, as well as for articles shipped for the use of the men, mainly clothing and shoes, with which they were illy supplied.

In company with Major Gordon of the 6th Alabama, and brother of Gen. John B. Gordon, and Capt. J. W. McNeely, of my company, I frequently made visits to the charming young ladies living near our camp. The Misses Lawrence, Parrish, Withers and others were all of them musical ladies and gracious and hospitable.

The latter part of April we broke camp, and on the 1st of May General Hooker crossed the Rappahannock between Fredericks-

burg, and Spotsylsvania, near Chancellorsville, and on the third the great battle by that name was fought, and, the idol of the army, General Lee's right arm, Stonewall Jackson, was killed by mistake by a detachment from a North Carolina regiment. This battle was, without doubt, one of the grandest strategic movements that the world has ever known. This was the only battle of importance that I missed, up to my capture at Winchester, except the battle of Sharpsburg, in which my company and regiment were engaged.

The quarter-masters, with their teamsters and wagons, were located near Hamilton's Crossing, and information was received from General Stuart that we might expect to be attacked by the enemy's cavalry. The men were all assembled, and, by order of the division quarter-master, Major Harmon, I was placed in command of the little group, composed of quartermasters, wagon masters, cooks and stragglers, all of whom I armed from the ordnance stores, and had them to load their guns, and gave them directions how to meet the cavalry when they approached. I had the wagons parked in a square, with the horses and men within the square, and the guns were stacked and ready for use, one man being on guard to each wagon and on the lookout. Fortunately, the cavalry did not attack us, as it was very probable my entire crowd, composed of about ninety men, would have fled without delay, upon hearing the first gun. This great battle was the cause of the death of many brave and promising offices and men in my regiment. Captain McNeely, my most intimate friend and mess-mate for the past two years, had the calf of his leg penetrated by a grape shot, and was disabled for the rest of the service. He spent the remainder of the the war at Talladega, drilling conscripts.

Private P. W. Chappell, of Company F, was shot entirely through the body by a minie ball, but, in less then sixty days, reported again for duty.

An immense number of prisoners were crowded into the cars and shipped from Hamilton's and Guinea's to Richmond. Some of these prisoners were rude; boisterous and violent. Many of them were foreigners whose language we did not understand. All seemed to know how to use oaths, and to indulge in profanity profusely.

In the various battles, which we have fought to this time, we have had with us Carter's famous Virginia Battery of artillery, commanded first by Captain, now Colonel Thomas H. Carter, and lastly by his brother, Captain William Page Carter, now of Boyce, Virginia.

These were trained and gallant officers and their men were superb soldiers. Carter's Battery ranked deservedly among the famous artillery companies of the Confederate Army, and Battle's Brigade always felt better when they were in proximity to these patriotic Virginians.

We remained encamped near Grace Church the remainder of the winter and until May, 1863. During the time the tedium of camp life was seldom broken.

Rev. W. A. Moore, an old college class-mate at Auburn, flattered me by getting a transfer from the Sixty-first Georgia regiment to my company, and favored us on Sundays with good sermons.

Rev. (Captain) Tom W. Harris, of the Twelfth Georgia regiment, an old college-mate, preached for us several Sundays, and a Baptist preacher, a substitute in my company, Rev. E. J. Rogers, also gave us religious services.

Rev. W. J. Hoge, D. D., who had left his church in New York, preached at Grace Church to an immense crowd. Later, he preached the funeral sermon of Stonewall Jackson, and his pathos and eloquence brought blinding tears to the eyes of many an old soldier, unused to weep.

Soon after the battle of Chancellorsville, at the request of all the company, and in compliance with my own wishes, I declined to remain as quartermaster, and asked to be returned to my company. There was at that time no commissioned officer, and I valued highly the unanimous wish and request of my comrades to resume the command.

Our regiment, during its entire career, was favored with two faithful chaplains, one, Rev. Mark. S. Andrews, D. D., a graduate of Emory College, Georgia, and a prominent Alabama minister, living at Tuskegee, served until the second year of the war. I wished to have my old school fellow, W. A. Moore, selected as his successor, but Colonel Pickens gave the appointment to Rev. Henry D. Moore, D. D., a graduate of Citadel Academy at Charleston. Both of these have died since the war, after careers of usefulness and honor. Dr. Moore was with us during the years 1863 and part of 1864. He organized a Christian association in our regiment, the only pledge to be taken by its members being that they should not indulge in intoxicating drinks nor in profanity. Through his influence some very profane men stopped the silly and undignified

habit. Among the leading soldiers who joined were, Colonel Pickens, Dr. George Whitfield, Captain Davis of Company D, and others.

A Brigade Association was also formed with General C. A. Battle as president, Maj. R. H. Powell, of the 3rd Alabama, as vice president, and myself as secretary, and we were favored with addresses by a number of distinguished ministers. Among them I recall Rev. Dr. L. Rosser, Methodist; Rev. Dr. J. L. Burrows, a Baptist, who after the battle of Seven Pines, spent the night going over the battlefield and relieving the necessities of many wounded Confederate soldiers, notably of the 12th Alabama. Rev. W. C. Powell, a chaplain of the 14th North Carolina, often visited the regiment, and was always welcome. The regiment and brigade were certainly blessed in the presence and visits of these good and faithful men of God. They were men of ability and did noble service in their holy calling.

I give the following brief sketch of Dr. Andrews. Rev. Mark S. Andrews was born February 23, 1826, in Oglethorpe county, Ga., and died May 14, 1898, in Mobile, Ala. His parents moved to Alabama and settled near Oak Bowery. He completed his college course at Oxford, Ga. In 1832 he became a member of the Alabama Conference, M. E. Church, South. He taught in Tuskegee Female College in its infancy with Dr. A. A. Lipscomb and Dr. G. W. F. Price. In 1861, as a member of the 12th Alabama regiment in Captain Ligon's company, F, he went to Virginia. At this time disease ravaged and destroyed its soldiers, and he counted his life as nothing when ministering to the sick and dying by day and night. A choice sense of humor gave him pleasant variety in social life. He was a man of integrity, gentle and steadfast, who overcame enemies and attached friends.

January 29, 1863 —A committee consisting of Captains Fischer, Hewlett and Ross were appointed to invite the officers of Battle's brigade to assemble at the headquarters of the 12th Alabama and take into consideration the propriety of memorializing Congress on the subject of regimental and company re-organization, tomorrow at 9 o'clock. There is a great desire on the part of many to enjoy the benefits of re-organization. Many privates hope to be elected officers and many officers expect to secure promotions.

January 30.—At 9 o'clock the line officers of the 6th Alabama met those of the 12th Alabama at our camp and appointed a com-

mittee of three from each regiment to draft a memorial to be presented to Congress. Captain Bowie of the 6th and I were chosen to visit the officers of the 3rd and 5th Alabama and notify them to meet us at six o'clock, and participate in our proceedings. At six o'clock the meeting was called to order, Capt. Bowie being chairman and Lieutenant Dunlap, of the 3rd Alabama, acting as secretary. The memorial drafted was read and discussed, pro and con, by Captains Bowie and Bilbro and Lieutenants Larey, Dunlap and Wimberly, and the meeting adjourned to meet Monday at 3 o'clock.

The meeting was held, a memorial adopted and a committee appointed to get signatures to the petition and forward it to Hon. Robert Jemison, Jr., C. S. Senator, and Hon. W. P. Chilton, representative from Alabama, for presentation to the Confederate Congress.

February 3.—Orders came at night to be ready to move to Hanover Junction at 6 o'clock. Battle's Alabama brigade left winter quarters at 6 and a half o'clock for Gordonsville and arrived there at 2 P. M. We took the cars at midnight for Hanover Junction. General R. D. Johnston's North Carolina brigade preceded ours.

February 7.—Our brigade took the train for Richmond early in the morning and reached the capital at 2 o'clock, formed in the city, and marched to music to the outer fortifications on York river railroad, about four miles from the city.

February 8. Went to Richmond and visited the Hall of the House of Representatives and heard eulogies pronounced over the dead body of Col. J. J. Wilcox, of Texas. At night I saw "Virginia Cavalier" played at Richmond Theatre. R. D'Orsay Ogden, manager, J. W. Thorpe, former drum-major of the Twelfth Alabama, J. Wilkes Booth, Harry McCarthy, W. H. Crisp, Theodore Hamilton, John Templeton, and Alice Vane are the favorite actors. Soldiers are not critics, but are ever ready to be amused.

I remained in the city all day, meeting with many officers and men at the hospitals, the Exchange Hotel and Ballard House, and Spotswood Hotel. At night saw "Lady of the Lake" acted. At its conclusion, en route to camp, stopped with Captain Hewlett and Lieutenant J. M. Tate of the Third Alabama at a "shindig" and had an enjoyable time. Kissing games were popular, and some of the dancers were "high kickers," but not over graceful. Late in

the afternoon the brigade moved three miles further to the front, to meet the expected expedition of "Beast" Butler, who was located somewhere near Drury's Bluff on the James. The "Beast" has been outlawed by President Davis and is generally detested. He should keep, as heretofore, to the rear, and avoid capture.

Colonel W. G. Swanson's Sixty-first Alabama regiment joined our brigade, and the Twenty-sixth Alabama, Colonel E. A. O'Neal, was transferred to Mobile. Colonel C. A. Battle had been promoted brigadier-general and placed in command of Rodes' brigade. As there were only nine companies in the Sixty-first, the Secretary of War declined to issue a commission as colonel to Colonel Swanson, and he returned to Alabama. I was glad to greet the Sixty-first, because among its officers were some intimate friends of mine. Among these were Captain J. W. Fannin and his brother, Lieutenant A. B. Fannin, Captain S. B. Paine and his son, Lieutenant Hendree Paine, Captain E. F. Baber and First Lieutenant Edward P. Hendree, Captain B. F. Howard and Lieut. C. C. Long. All of these from Tuskegee, the place from which my company was enlisted. These officers are all good men and true.

February 15. A light snow covered mother earth's bosom today and kept us from the city. Our trips to the city are greatly enjoyed, and all are allowed to go there as often and stay as long as they please. There is a joke in camp in regard to Jim Lester exchanging a jug of water for one of whiskey in a city bar-room. He did it as adroitly as Simon Suggs could have done.

February 18. Rode on the tender of an engine to Orange C. H. Paid $6.00 for breaksast, and walked to our old camp.

February 22. Washington's birthday. The great Virginian doubtless looks down approvingly upon the course of his successors, Lee, Johnston, Stuart, A. P. Hill, Rodes and others. Lee and Jackson excel the great father of his country as soldiers.

February 26. Hired Charles, negro servant of private Kimbrough, for one year, at $25.00 per month. Charles is a good cook and forager. At night I attended a grand ball at Dr. Terrell's, to which I contributed $25.00. General Ramseur and his pretty bride, nee Miss Richmond, of North Carolina, were present. Pretty women, and officers in Confederate gray, were an inspiring sight. Mrs. Carter, formerly Miss Taliaferro (since Mrs. John H. Lamar, and Mrs. Harry Day, of Georgia), was one of the brightest belles.

While in camp, near Fredericksburg, I obtained a week's fur-

lough to visit Richmond, and went there with Dr. George Whitfield, our beloved surgeon. Stopped at Hatton's on Mayo Street. Escorted Miss Ella H. to Miss Nannie King's marriage. At night Dr. Whitfield and I went to the "Varieties" and saw "Naval Engagements," and "The Married Rake." Harry McCarthy was the leading actor.

Sunday, April 19. A glorious beautiful spring day. Private W. A. Moore of my company, preached an excellent sermon on the 8th verse, 2nd chapter of Ephesians. Private Rogers of my company preached in the afternoon. Received a letter announcing the marriage of my brother James F. Park to Miss Emma Bailey of Tuskegee, and wrote a congratulatory letter.

April 25. Rev. F. M. Kennedy, a North Carolina Chaplain, preached at Round Oak Church. It was an able sermon. General Wm. N. Pendleton had been expected, but failed to come.

April 28. One year ago the "Macon Confederates," Company F, were re-organized while stationed at Yorktown. R. H. Keeling, J. W. McNeeley and I were respectively elected captain, first and second lieutenants by a unanimous vote. It was the turning point in my life. The life of a private soldier is not an enviable one, and I intend to do what I can to relieve and cheer the brave men who have, by their votes, promoted me from their ranks. Our former captain, R. F. Ligon, and Lieutenants George Jones and Zuber returned to Alabama.

April 29. This day, twelve months ago, I was assigned to duty as second-lieutenant in the "provisional army of the Confederate States." To-day we are hurriedly notified that General Hooker, the successor of the unsuccessful Burnside, has effected a landing near Fredericksburg, and Rodes' old brigade, under Colonel O'Neal of the Twenty-sixth Alabama, is ordered to meet them. My, duties, as acting quartermaster, require me to have several wagons loaded with officers' baggage, quartermasters stores, tents, etc., and driven to Hamilton's Crossing, where we remained all night.

April 30. Our brigade moved to the opposite side of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, and drew up in line of battle, while our wagon train moved a mile and remained until 12 o'clock midnight, and then moved to Guinea's station.

Battle of Chancellorsville.

May 2. Rested until night, when we were ordered to move

as rapidly as possible our trains to Bowling Green. To-day the great battle of Chancellorsville began, and Rode's old brigade of Alabamians charged the Yankees brilliantly, driving them out of their newly erected breastworks thrice in succession, and capturing three batteries with horses and equipments entire attached.

Captain McNeely of Company F, was severely wounded in right leg, below the knee, by a grape shot tearing a hole through the flesh. Privates Chappell and Henderson were wounded in the arm. Chappell was engaged in a close, hand to hand encounter when injured. Poor Ben was carried, at the point of the bayonet, into the engagement, complaining all the while of being sick, but he only had what we called "battle-field colic," and was forced into the thickest of the fray, where he received a bullet in one of his arms, and from the wound lost the arm and spent the remainder of the war at home. The day's fight was a grand success for our arms. Our wagon train was moving all night to escape Stoneman's Yankee cavalry, which was reported as ravaging the country, after having taken Marye's Heights, and to be now in search of our train. We passed a few miles beyond Bowling Green.

May 3. The great battle continued today. Rodes' Brigade, to quote that officer's language, "covered itself with glory." Generals Jackson and Stuart complimented it. Rodes was made a full Major General, and after the distressing news of Stonewall Jackson's wound, became senior officer of the field under Lee. He was in actual command of the army next to Lee, but his modesty caused him to turn over the command to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart of the cavalry, one of the most dashing officers I ever saw. In F Company, Capt. McNeely, Joe Black, Tom Foulk, Jim Lester, West Moore, Fletch Zachry, and Sergt. Simmons were wounded. The 12th Alabama lost four captains and three lieutenants, among them Capt. H. W. Cox, and Lieut. Dudley. We lost a total of 134 men out of our small regiment, in killed, wounded and missing. Thirteen were killed outright and 87 wounded severely. The brigade lost five field officers. Lieut. Col. A. M. Gordon, brother of Gen. John B. Gordon, was killed. He was a fine officer and a true Christian.

After being shot he calmly said he was willing to die for the cause. "Fighting Joe's" army was terribly repulsed, and forced to retreat beyond the Rappahannock.

The enemy's cavalry contented itself with tearing up a part of the

railroad track and cutting telegraph wires, thus interrupting communication with Richmond.

May 5. There are 6,000 prisoners of war at Guinea's and others coming in hourly. Among them is Brigader General Hayes, said to be a renegade native of Richmond. The prisoners were boisterous, impertinent and insulting in their conversation. A great rain storm fell and they were in great discomfort. I pity them. There are numerous foreigners among them, Germans, Swiss, Italians, Irish, *et alios*. Our help from such quarters is *nil.*

May 6. After the battle my regiment and train returned to our former camp. Everything and everybody seemed changed, sad and dejected. I greatly miss my dear friend, Captain McNeely. He was my most intimate associate and I love him as a brother. He is a graduate of the La Grange College at Florence, Ala., and taught for a while with Professor W. F. Slaton at Auburn, and, more recently, at the Military School at Tuskegee, with Captain Keeling. He is a fine scholar, a very amiable man, and popular with the company.

I am performing double duty, acting as quarter master of the regiment and in command of my company. I have repeatedly asked Colonel Pickens to relieve me from the former, but he has not consented to do so. My men urge me to return to them.

May 10. A beautiful Sabbath, recommended by General Lee as a day of thanksgiving and prayer for our recent great victory. Strange to say "Fighting Joe" Hooker issued a proclamation to his army after they had retreated across the river, congratulating them upon their great victory. How could General Lee and General Hooker both be victorious? I helped to bury Captain Cox of of Company B, Twelfth Alabama, at Grace Church this afternoon. He was a gallant officer.

May 12. News of the death of General Jackson, the true hero of the war, fills the whole army with grief. He resembled Napoleon in his methods more nearly than any of our generals. Truly Lee has lost his most reliable aid, and was correct in speaking of him as his "right arm." His name and his deeds are enbalmed in our hearts. The regiment returned from picket, and I again solicited permission to return to my company and that another officer be detailed as quartermaster. Colonel Pickens replied that if his brother's commission did not arrive in three days he would relieve me.

May 14. Drilled my company for the first time in some months. Was stopped by a refreshing rain, which will cool the air and benefit our wounded. First Sergeant Hall was ordered, on account of his wound, to report to General Winder, and I promoted George Wright to his place.

May 15. Pay roll completed, inspected and approved by the Colonel. Commanded a division of two companies on battallion drill. Promised relief as acting quartermaster by Monday next. Company F was paid off for March and April, and the sutler's wagon will be well patronized for a few days. Ginger cakes, porous and poor, cost 25 cents each. Vegetables and fruits are out of reach of the privates.

May 18. Relieved as acting quarter master and returned to the command of my company. Receipted for and issued to the most needy among my men, thirteen pairs of pants, four jackets, nine pairs of socks, and several pairs of shoes. Captain J. Miles Pickens, a brother of the Colonel, is now quartermaster.

May 19 and 20. Drilled company in breaking files to the rear, breaking in platoons, loading by numbers and stacking arms. The men have grown rusty. The election, held to decide who of the company should wear the "Badge of Honor" for gallantry at Chancellorsville, resulted in twelve votes each for Sergeant Wright and Private Chappell. In drawing the latter won, and his name was sent to General Lee.

May 24. Heard Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge preach a fine sermon at Camp Alabama. Lieutenant Wright came and reported the loss of a pair of new boots and a number of new novels sent me. I am nearly barefooted and wanted something to read, so my regret may be imagined.

May 29. Grand review of Rodes' Division by Generals R. E. Lee, A. P. Hill and R. E. Rodes. The day was warm and we marched three miles to the reviewing grounds, and stood several hours before getting properly aligned. After preparing for review and passing in review before General Rodes, General Lee arrived and went through the same movements before him. I commanded the fourth division of the regiment.

June 4. Began a tramp through Valley of Virginia to Maryland, and marched about 18 miles, halting near Spotsylvania C. H.

June 5, 6, 7 and 8. On the march to Culpeper C. H., where

we stayed a day supporting Stuart's cavalay, while he drove back some raiders near Brandy Station.

June 9 to 18. On the road to Maryland. Captured Berryville, Bunker Hill and Martinsburg.

Advance Into Maryland and Pennsylvania.

June 19. Crossed the Potomac by wading at Williamsport, Md., and marched through Hagerstown. A majority of the people seem to be unionists, though there are some delightful exceptions. Bivouacked at Funkstown. Dined at Mr. Syester's, a good southerner. Gave 75 cents in Confederate money for a pound of stick candy.

June 20. With Captain Hewlett and Lieutenant Oscar Smith, of Third Alabama, called on Misses Mary Jane and Lizzie Kellar, young ladies just from a Pennsylvania female college, and heard them play and sing Southern songs. This was a very agreeable surprise to us all.

June 21. Attended Divine services at Methodist Episcopal Church in Hagerstown. At tea met Miss Rose Shafer, and found her to be a brave Belle Boyd in her words and acts. She is a true blue Southerner.

June 22. Took up line of march to Pennsylvania, and passed through Hagerstown in columns of companies. Crossed Pennsylvania line near Middleburg and camped at Greencastle.

June 23. Lieut. J. W. Wright's resignation was accepted, and Sergt. G. W. Wright was elected in his stead. I appointed T. H. Clower, First Sergt., and Corp. Bob Stafford a Sergeant.

June 24. Marched to Harrisburg and passed through Marion and Chambersburg. We see many women and children, but few men. General Lee has issued orders prohibiting all misconduct or lawlessness, and urging the utmost forbearance and kindness to all. His address and admonition is in contrast with the conduct of the Northern Generals, who have invaded the South with their soldiers. But it is in accord with true civilization. We cannot afford to make war upon women and children and defenseless men.

June 25. Breakfasted with a citizen who refused all pay, though I assured him Confederate money would soon take the place of greenbacks.

June 26. Marched through Greenvillage and Shippensburg. It

rained all day. Had a nice bed of dry wheat straw at night, and slept soundly, undisturbed by dreams or alarms.

June 27. Marched through several small towns, and two miles beyond Carlisle, on the Baltimore turnpike, at least 25 miles. Ate an excellent supper at Mr. A. Spott's.

June 28. Breakfasted with some brother officers at Mr. Lee's. His daughters waited upon the tables, and we were served with hot rolls and waffles, butter and honey. Fried chicken also graced the table, and, I need not say, everything was hugely enjoyed. I went to an Episcopal Church in Carlisle, and, after the close of the service, was passing some well dressed ladies, to whom I lifted my hat, when one of them spoke to me kindly and inquired what State I was from, and upon reply told me that their minister was from Florence, Alabama. She spoke very gently and without a word of abuse, or reproof, or remonstrance. I went alone to the National Hotel for dinner. Found an unfriendly and scowling crowd of rough looking men in the office, but I walked up to the desk and registered and called for dinner. I was late and the dinner was quite a poor one, and was rather ungraciously served by a plump, Dutchy looking young waitress. I paid for it in Confederate money.

June 29. Crossed Blue Ridge Mountains at a gap at Papertown, where many of our men obtained a supply of writing paper. Marched on turnpike to Petersburg and took the Frederick City road, bivouacking at Heidlersberg.

Battle of Gettysburg.

July 1. Marched through Middletown towards Gettysburg. This proved to be one of the most eventful days of my life. We could hear and see the shelling in front of Gettysburg, and were soon in range. Rodes' division was actively engaged in a very short time. His old Alabama brigade, under Colonel O'Neal, was shelled fiercely. Captain James T. Davis of Company D was killed near me. Another shell exploded in my company and wounded Corporal J. H. Eason and Private Lucius Williams, while we halted in a hilly woods. We passed the woods and a wheat field, where private Rogers, our Baptist preacher, had his knee shattered by a minie ball. We continued to advance and soon made a charge upon the enemy not far from the Seminary. We ran them some distance and halted. There Lieutenant Wright was wounded in the head, by my side. I spoke to him and he calmly asked me to

examine his wound, and tell him frankly whether I thought it would prove fatal. I looked at his bloody head, lifted the hair from over the wound and found his brain exposed, the bone on top of his head having been carried away. I answered him cheerfully and reassuringly, bidding him lie close to the ground until he could be removed. I gave him some water out of my canteen and made him lie down as low as possible, as the bullets were passing thick and fast by and over us, and often striking some one near by. Captain Hewlett and private Lester were wounded near me. While urging my men to fire and keep cool, I received a ball in my hip. It was wonder, a miracle, I was not afterwards shot a half dozen times, but a merciful Providence preserved me. After long exposure to heavy fire from a superior force of the enemy, we were ordered to fall back to a stone fence. Captain J. J. Nicholson of Company I kindly offered to help me as I hobbled along, though I urged him to abandon me and save himself. Colonel Pickens sent me to hospital on Major Proskauer's horse. Our gallant Jew Major smoked his cigars calmly and coolly in the thickest of the fight. At the field hospital, an old barn, I was put in a tent with Captains Ross and Hewlett, Lieutenants Wright and Fletcher, Corporal Eason and Henry Lamar. Poor John Preskitt was mortally wounded. He died saying: "All is right." My company had all of its officers wounded and about half of its men. Every officer, except Captain Thomas, on the right wing of the regiment, was either killed or wounded. The brigade suffered severely. Our division drove the enemy through the town, capturing many prisoners, including nearly all of their wounded. Surgeon George Whitfield was kept very busy.

July 2. Limped inside the barn, saw Preskitt's body, and urged a decent burial by the ambulance corps. He leaves a very helpless family. Lieutenant Fletcher of Company G died by my side. Nine of my company were wounded yesterday. Pierce Ware returned to the company in time for the fight. Our forces fought Meade's command all day, and the cannonading was wonderfully distinct and terrific.

July 3. Heavy cannonading and musketry without cessation. Attempted to storm the heights, but failed. Stuart sent back a large number of captured wagons. Our anxiety for news was intense. We fear defeat in the enemy's country, but hope and pray for victory. We have every confidence in Lee and Stuart.

July 4. A memorable day! All able to walk were sent towards Maryland, and the badly wounded were hauled away. Dr. Whitfield was very kind and placed me in the first ambulance, driven by Sam Slaton, in company with Lieutenant Wright and Captains Ross and Hewlett. The night was a dark, dreary, rainy one. At 1 o'clock A. M. we started after a long halt on Fairfield road, towards Hagerstown, riding over an execrable mountain road. We were suffering, wet and anxious. The Yankee cavalry attacked our train and took several of our wagons, including the third one in our rear. They were firing uncomfortable near. Our ambulance broke down at this critical time, and we waked up a farmer, got his small market wagon, left one horse with him and drove the other, with his wagon, on to Hagerstown. Captain Pickens, quartermaster, aided us much. At Washington Hotel in Hagerstown, the proprietor gave us sandwiches and a bottle of whiskey and spoke cheeringly.

July 5. We reached Williamsport, after a gloomy night, at 6 A. M., and drove our horse across the Potomac and reached Martinsburg at 2 P. M., had our wounds dressed, ate dinner in the hospital, drove four miles and spent the night at Mr. Stanley's.

July 6. Arrived at Winchester at 4 o'clock, turned over our horse and wagon to provost marshal, Captain Cullen, and left Winchester on mail coach, reaching Woodstock at 11 o'clock at night, and slept on the hotel floor. Citizens are anxious for news and asked many questions.

July 7. Breakfasted and left on stage for Staunton, eating dinner at Harrisonburg, where a generous stranger paid our bill. Money is not plentiful with us. Reached Staunton at 8:30 at night and stopped at American Hotel Hospital.

July 8. Drew a month's pay and obtained transfer to general hospital, Richmond. Captain H. and I hired a horse and buggy for $12.00 to carry us to Middle river, six miles distant, to get our valises from Captain Haralson, quartermaster.

July 9. Reached Richmond 5 P. M. Went to hospital number four, Dr. J. B. Reid. Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett gave me a thirty day's furlough, approved by General Winder.

Camp Near Orange Courthouse August, 1863.

General Lee placed the Army of Northern Virginia in position at and around Orange Courthouse during the summer of 1863. At

this time General Longstreet, with his corps, was sent to Georgia to the aid of General Bragg.

For some days our regiment and brigade remained quiet, and during the time the famous review by General Lee took place. The review was a very brilliant sight, with the magnificently dressed officers, for most of them did manage to keep new uniforms, and were in marked contrast to the poorly clad privates and line officers. The only field officer of the Twelfth Alabama present was Colonel Pickens. There was only one captain in camp, and I was senior first lieutenant, and third in rank. This illustrates the great severity with which the enemy's bullets and camp sickness had dealt with my regiment.

An amusing incident during this great review was the whistling by some of the men in perfect imitation of the partridge, or "Bob White." They used their lips in imitating the bird whenever Lieutenant and Acting A. G. Daniel Partridge, of General Battle's staff, rode by on his fine horse. The gallant officer was annoyed by this impertinence on the part of the men, whom he could not possibly detect, and whom the company officers would not expose, but he was helpless and had to submit.

Sunday morning I was surprised by Adjutant Gayle coming to my tent and informing me that I was in command of the regiment, that Colonel Pickens had been sent for by General Rodes, and Captain Thomas had been detailed as brigade officer of the day, and that I, as the third officer in rank, was in command of the regiment, and that he awaited my orders. I directed him to draw up the regiment for regular Sunday inspection, and I recall, very distinctly, the hesitation and embarrassment that I felt in marching to the front of the regiment, then depleted to less than 300 men, and after the formation of the parade by the adjutant, giving the regiment a short drill in the manual of arms, and then breaking it into companies, and personally inspecting each gun in the command, as well as the cartridge-box and bayonet of each soldier. The arms of some of the companies were in most admirable condition, while others showed more or less rust and indifference on the part of the men who handled them.

It was a notable fact that there was not only not a field officer, but not a single captain present during this parade, every company being commanded either by a lieutenant or a sergeant.

During our stay at this camp I had a visit from Gen. B. Graves,

of Tuskegee, whose son William, had been a member of the company, and had been arrested for desertion, and was then at headquarters under guard. The erect, dignified and courteous old gentleman, then probably 70 years of age, was grievously distressed by the conduct of his son, and anxious to prevent any severe punishment being inflicted upon him. One of the most eloquent letters that I ever read was handed to me by the father from the grieved mother. The trial did not take place, as soon after, when we resumed our march, he escaped and was never again seen in the Confederacy.

The beautiful wife of Col. Charles Forsyth, of the 3rd Alabama, visited the colonel in camp, and as she was a splendid horse-woman she attracted marked attention from the gallant young officers of the command.

I had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of some charming families in that vicinity, among them the Misses Willis, Mrs. Goodwin and Miss Terrell, the two last daughters of the venerable Dr. Terrell, who lived to be over 90 years of age, and was a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention after the close of the war.

I can never forget a brief conversation with General Rodes while at the depot at Orange C. H. on his return from a visit to Richmond. He told me of the appointment of General Battle to the command of the brigade, and stated that Colonel O'Neal of the Twenty-sixth Alabama, had asked for a transfer to the Western army. During the conversation General Rodes spoke most affectionately of my former captain, R. H. Keeling, saying that he knew him at the Virginia Military Institute, and that he should have entered the army as a brigadier general instead of first lieutenant.

August 24. General R. E. Lee rode his famous horse, "Traveler," through our camp and near my tent. I lifted my hat and was saluted by our great commander. He is always greeted with cheers and acclamations when he passes near a regiment.

August 28 and 29. Colonel Battle received his commission as brigadier general, and at night was serenaded by a brass band from Doles' Georgia brigade. He responded in a very pretty speech.

September 4 and 5. Am officer of the day. Private Griffith of Company E, married a girl near Orange C. H. It is love in low life. He brought his *cara sposa* to see our encampment, and they were the observed of all observers.

September 14. The anniversary of my memorable skirmish near

Boonsboro, (South Mountain) Md. We are ordered to Summerville Ford, near Rapidan Station, where the Yankees are threatening a passage. Marched very rapidly and halted a mile from the ford. Our artillery kept up a heavy firering for several hours and had several men killed. Captain Carter's battery cannot be excelled.

September 15 and 16. Rodes' division, composed of Daniel's and Ramseur's North Carolina, Doles' Georgia, and Battle's Alabama brigades, were marched out to witness a melancholy sight, the public shooting of one of Ramseur's brigade, who was convicted of desertion by a court martial and sentenced to be shot to death by musketry. It was a sad sight, but his death was necessary as a warning and lesson to his comrades. Each regiment was marched in front of the dead body, and his breast was pierced by several bullets. On return to camp we found two of my men, George Ward and Dick Noble, who had been on a scout across the river and captured a Yankee and carried him to General Rodes, and secured a splendid pistol and seven-shooting rifle. Heard Rev. Dr. L. Rosser deliver an eloquent lecture to our Christian Association on "patriotism, benevolence and religion."

Oct. 8, 1863. I drew from quartermaster Pickens, 15 envelopes, one quire of letter paper, half quire of note and half quire of foolscap paper and five pens. Such things are growing scarce, and show to what extremities we are rapidly approaching. Lieuts. F. A. Rogers and John R. Williams of Company A, were promoted Captain, and First Lieutenant of said company, and Lieutenant John Rogers of Company E, promoted to captain. At 3 P. M. we were ordered to pack up, and marched until 9 P. M. and camped near Dr. Terrell's, 4 miles from Orange C. H.

Oct. 9. At 4 o'clock A. M. we marched through Orange, waded Rapidan river, and bivouacked three miles from Madison C. H. Here our "spider wagon," as the North Carolina "Tar Heels" call our cooking utensil wagon, failed to come up and we had to "make up" our flour, water and salt on oil cloths, and bake before the fire on our gun ramrods, sticks, rails, etc. And, after salting our beef, hung it on poles before the fire until cooked. We were all hungry and ate heartily of our beef and bread.

Oct. 10. Continued our march through byroads and old fields, and new roads cut by the pioneer squads through the woods, until we came to the Sperryville turnkike, 11 miles from Culpeper C. H.

Oct. 11. We waded across Robinson river, as it is called, and occupied an old camp of the 6th Yankee army corps. It was on a high, bleak hill, where the wind blew constantly and fiercely, and rendered our sleep very uncomfortable. Such cold winds eighteen months ago, would have caused colds, coughs and pneumonia, but now we are accustomed to rough weather and thin clothing.

Battle of Warrenton Springs.

October 12. At 2 P. M. we were aroused and started for the Rappahannock river. It was not a pleasure excursion. At 12 M. we came near the village of Jeffersonton, halted for a few minutes, and learned that a body of Yankee cavalry were in a church in the town, and General Battle was ordered to flank and capture the party if possible. The Third, Sixth and Twelfth Alabama regiments marched to the left, and the Fifth and Twenty-sixth Alabama to the right. After going about two miles we overtook some Yankee cavalry pickets, whom our sharpshooters, under Major Blackford, of the Fifth Alabama, quickly dispersed. We followed closely, and they evacuated Jeffersonton, falling back to the river, and crossing a bridge near Warrenton Springs. General Pendleton, chief of artillery, placed twelve pieces of cannon on a lofty hill immediately in front of my regiment and commenced a rapid and destructive fire across the river, driving the enemy some distance beyond. As soon as it was ascertained that they had left the banks of the Rappahannock, General Rodes ordered Battle's Alabama and Doles' Georgia brigades to push rapidly across, and it was promptly done amid a sharp fire from musketry and cannon. Battle's brigade was moved down the Warrenton turnpike by the old burnt hotel. Right here gallant J. E. B. Stuart galloped by with the Twelfth Virginia cavalry and charged right royally upon the Yanks, strongly posted on a hill in front, but the Virginians were too few in number and were forced to retire. General Battle was ordered to send a regiment to dislodge the enemy, and he selected the Twelfth Alabama for the honorable though dangerous task. The other regiments supported us some distance in the rear. We moved under a heavy fire to and through the woods towards the hills occupied by the enemy. When within forty yards the regiment fired a volley into them which seriously disconcerted them, and followed it by volley after volley until the enemy turned and fled. We followed with loud, rejoicing yells for some distance,

until General Stuart halted us. I picked up a splendid Sharp's rifle in the commencement of the fight, procured some cartridges and fired three well aimed shots at the cavalrymen as they halted and fired at us. Some saddles were emptied. The Twelfth Alabama lost only two men killed and several wounded. The enemy, being on horseback, fired too high and overshot us. We killed and wounded many of them and captured a goodly number, with their fine horses and equipment. General Stuart highly complimented the conduct of the regiment, saying it was a very creditable and successful affair, of which the regiment and country had cause to feel proud. We slept on the battle-field, and were so tired as to need no better beds than the bare ground.

October 13. Marched to Warrenton by 12 o'clock. Sergeant Clower and I dined at Mrs. Cox's, and her pretty daughter, Miss Nannie, gave us some late Northern papers. They interested and amused us. Their boastings and misstatements of war movements are absurd.

Rose early, and while in line at "order arms," General Battle delivered an inspiring speech to each regiment. No one commands a braver, more reliable brigade than he. They never falter.

Battle of Bristow Station.

After marching a mile we overtook heavy skirmishing sharpshooters, and were soon exposed to shot and shell. Were under fire all the morning and larger part of the afternoon, and were marching and countermarching through fields and woods, and across hills and valleys. Ever and anon a bullet would strike some one and the victim would be hurriedly carried to the rear. Several were wounded. Crossed Cedar run and marched on towards Manassas. Slept peacefully on Virginia soil near Bristow Station at night. Dear old mother Virginia has often, so often, furnished us with restful beds on her generous, hospitable bosom!

Several hundred Yankee prisoners were under guard near us, and much trading in knives, canteens, tents, biscuits, tobacco, etc., was carried on. The prisoners were very filthy, inferior looking men, mostly Germans.

Battle's brigade, and indeed most of Ewell's corps, were busily engaged tearing up crossties and railroad iron, burning the former and crooking the latter, all during a very heavy rain. Although wet to the skin, no man uttered a word of complaint, but all worked

and talked in excellent humor. The irrepressible spirit, the wit and jollity of a Southern soldier cannot be overcome by any discomfort, neither heat nor cold, bleak winds nor scorching sunshine, sickness nor sorrow. After finishing our share of the work we dried our dripping, wet clothes, erected the Yankee tents, which we had captured, and slept soundly and comfortably on the bare, cold, wet ground until morning. We were two and a half miles from Catlett's Station, on A. & R. R. R.

Major Proskauer, of the Twelfth Alabama, with half of each company, six commissioned and several non-commissioned officers, was sent down the railroad towards Warrenton Junction to destroy more of the road. Late in the afternoon the rest of the regiment joined us.

At 4 o'clock resumed our march, the Twelfth Alabama in front of the brigade, and Company F in front of the regiment. Soon passed Bealton, which the enemy had destroyed by fire. What a cruel sight, chimneys standing as lone sentinels, and blackened ashes around them, indicating reckless wantonness and cowardly vengeance upon helpless women and children. Even war, savage war, should be conducted upon more humane principles. Sword and musket and cannon are more tolerable, more courageous. Fire is the weapon of cowards of the most cruel and most beastly nature and the stealthy instrument of the inhuman. The place had been a Yankee depot of supplies. Bivouacked near Rappahannock Station, cold and frosty, but slept soundly. The surrounding country is deserted by its former inhabitants. I saw a splendid mansion without an occupant and in very dilapidated condition. The Yankee generals had used many of these mansions for their headquarters without any thought of paying for them.

Bugle call at 3 o'clock A. M., October 19th, and in half an hour we started for the river. We were soon overtaken by a very heavy fall of rain, hail and sleet, accompanied by a fierce driving wind, which blew off hats and almost changed one's course in walking. We crossed the Rappahannock on a pontoon bridge, and marched through mud and slush and rain towards Kelly's Ford, and halted in an old field.

The brigade was suddenly ordered to cross river and protect from cavalry raids our wagons, which were hauling railroad iron. Marched eight miles, rested until sundown, and returned to quarters after dark.

The 12th and 26th Alabama, on October 27th, went on picket duty to Kelly's Ford, the former relieving the 14th North Carolina. I walked several miles around Kellysville, once the scene of a severe cavalry engagement, on a tour of observation. The country around about resembled Fauquier county, being one vast field of destruction and devastation. Where once elegant, happy homes stood, bare chimneys rear their tall forms, sentries over this cruel waste, halls that once resounded to the merry laughter of happy children, now re-echo to the mournful whistling of the autumn winds. Everything we see is a memento of the relentless cruelty of our invaders.

Some North Carolina troops relieved us from picket duty and returned to the building of our winter quarters on the 30th. Our Christian Association met and resolved to forbid playing cards for pastime or amusement. New officers for next two months, President, Rev. H. D. Moore; V. P., Capt. J. J. Nicholson, of Company I; Secretary, Wat. P. Zachry, of Company F.

November 1. Sunday. Chaplain Moore preached two able sermons. Subject of one at night was "Repentance," and he explained that conviction, contrition, or sorrow, confession and reformation constitute repentance.

November 2. Major H. A. Whiting, of General Rodes' staff, and Lieutenant Dan Partridge, of General Battle's, inspected our brigade. I drew five splendid English overcoats and three blankets for Company F. How can I fairly issue or divide so few articles, so much needed this cold weather? These uncomplaining men are patriotic indeed. Sutler Sam Brewer arrived with a load of goods which he speedily sold out to clamoring, eager purchasers. He demands and gets $1.00 a pound for salt, $2.00 per dozen for common sized apples, $5.00 per pound for soda, $1.00 per quart for ground peas or "goobers," $3.00 a pound for lard, $6.00 a quart for syrup made of Chinese sugar cane, $1.00 for three porous ginger cakes, $1.00 per dozen for small, tough sugar cakes, $1.00 for a pound bale of Confederate coffee, made of rye. Those who use tobacco pay $4.00 a pound for it. This depreication in our currency is trying to men who get $11.00 per month only. One dollar formerly bought more than eleven will now.

Several of my company assisted me in building to the end of my tent a chimney of small, unskinned pine poles, which they covered pretty well with mud. Then they floored my tent, and I am com-

fortable and proud of my quarters. Very few of the men can procure plank for flooring, and their tents are surrounded by ditches to keep out rain and snow, and straw and hay are substituted for plank.

November 6. Suffered from neuralgia in my face, which has swollen considerable. Late in the day a terrible cannonading towards Kelly's Ford and Rappahannock Station surprised us, and our brigade, under Colonel O'Neal, of the Twenty-sixth Alabama, was marched rapidly to the Ford. Though in great pain, I commanded my company, and we were soon in line of battle and under a heavy shelling. This we had to endure for some time. Two North Carolina companies were captured by the Yankees in their rapid movement. At the station Hay's Louisiana, and Hoke's North Carolina brigades lost heavily in prisoners. The attack seems to have completely surprised our generals. Were in line of battle until 12 o'clock at night, then marched by the right flank across Mountain Run at Stone's Mill. Passed through Stephensburg, and went within two miles of Culpepper C. H. There halted and formed line of battle, Battle's brigade extending from top of a lofty hill, towards Brandy Station, and joined by Early's division. We began to throw up breastworks as a protection against shells in case of attack, in two different places, using our tin cups, plates and bayonets in place of spades and picks, of which we had none. How many earthworks have been quickly built in old Virginia by these simple implements! Orders came to stop our work and move to Raccoon Ford, which we reached at 9 o'clock at night, and crossed in great darkness. Colonel Pickens kindly gave me a seat on his horse behind him to cross Mountain Run and Rapidan river, and I was enabled to keep dry. After Rode's division waded the river, we were marched down to Morton's Ford, arriving at half past ten o'clock and halting at the old camp ground we occupied before our tramp to Bristow Station, after General Meade in October. Just one month from the time we left we returned. As sleep had been a stranger to me for two nights, I enjoyed it, and all neuralgic pains left me, and never returned.

Nov. 9th to 18th. On picket duty and annoyed by constant alarms. On last day were suddenly aroused by rapid succession of shells in our midst, warning us of the dangerous proximity of our foes. The 6th Alabama had three men wounded on outpost. The 12th

Alabama relieved them. Completed our rude fortifications and are ready to welcome Meade and his cohorts to hospitable graves.

Nov. 24th. Expected President Davis to review the corps to-day but the rain prevented. Our great leader must be sorely tried these gloomy days, and is evidently the "right man in the right place."

At 1 o'clock A. M., Nov. 26th, we were suddenly aroused and hurried towards Jacob's Ford where Meade had crossed part of his army.

Battle of Locust Grove, Nov. 27th.

In afternoon near Locust Grove, we met the advance of the enemy, and our sharpshooters engaged them in a fierce skirmish until dark. While skirmishing, the brigade in the rear was busily employed throwing up breastworks of poles and earth, latter dug up with picks made of sharpened oak poles and bayonets, and thrown on the logs and brush with tin plates and cups and bare hands. It is marvelous with what rapidity a fortification sufficiently strong to resist minie balls can be thrown up. A sense of danger quickens a man's energies.

Battle of Mine Run, Nov. 28th.

Before daylight our army fell back about two miles and we began constructing breastworks on a high hill west of Mine Run. The enemy soon appeared on the east side of Mine Run, and commenced exchanging shots with our sharpshooters. A heavy rain fell and added to our discomfort. By night Battle's brigade had thrown up works almost strong enough to resist bomb shells and cannon balls.

Early on the 29th, the Yankees began a rapid and continuous shelling from their batteries, which caused us to seek protection behind our works. The wind blew fiercely and chilled us to the bone. In the afternoon we saw an adventurous Yankee regiment approach in line of battle, when Carter's battery opened on them, and the line broke and scattered in confusion. We could see several wounded men carried off on litters. We stayed in the trenches all night ready for a charge, a detail from each company remaining awake. The fierce, cold winds made sleep light and uncomfortable.

December 1, 1863. A remarkably quiet day. Not a cannon shot

fired and scarcely a report from a musket. Meade was plainly making some movement but we could not discover what. The intensely cold weather continues. I was told by some Yankee prisoners that some of their pickets were actually frozen to death while on post, and that others were carried off wholly insensible from cold. I can believe the story, as I never suffered more in my life.

December 2. We learned that Meade had crossed most of his force at Jacob's and Germanna Fords, and that the chance for a battle was now slight. We took the Germanna Ford road and hurriedly pursued, overtaking and capturing over 150 prisoners. Early and Johnson captured many on their respective roads. At night we went in direction of Morton's Ford, and slept in the woods.

The Confederate Congress is in session, and the papers publish President Davis' message, which I read with great interest and approval. His views about substitutes are excellent. My daily newspaper bills are heavy, as I take the Richmond *Dispatch* and the *Examiner,* and sometimes buy the *Whig* as well as the *Illustrated News*, price 50 cents each.

Sutler Brewer brought in some oysters and sold them at $20 a gallon. Messes club together and buy. I could not be a sutler. Their prices seem cruel and extortionate.

December 15. Sent private Tom Kimbrough to Orange Courthouse after boxes and trunk. Lieutenant George Wright came today. The trunk was mine and contained a large ham, pickles, a bushel or more of crackers, biscuit and cakes, a pair of boots and pair of pants. These came from home from the best of mothers, and anticipated Xmas. Lieutenant W. brought a negro cook.

Our officers sent a memorial to the Secretary of War to transfer the Twelfth Alabama to Alabama for recruiting purposes, as we are opposed to consolidating with another regiment on account of our diminished ranks, until we have had a fair opportunity to recruit. The following is a copy of the petition:

"We, the undersigned officers of the Twelfth Alabama regiment, in behalf of ourselves and the men under our command, having the interest and good of the service at heart, in view of the recommendation of the Secretary of War, in his recent report to Congress, to consolidate the regiments which have fallen below the minimum required by law to retain their present organization, beg leave most respectfully to represent:

"That the Twelfth Alabama regiment has been in service in the

field since July, 1861; and that in consequence of the ravages of disease and the casualties of battle in the hard fought fields of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, in which Rodes' old brigade has participated and acquired glory, the regiment has become reduced below the minimum; that the regiment is one of only two Alabama regiments which, within our knowledge, have not received any conscripts—and it being our desire to preserve intact the organization under which we have fought for now nearly three years—and to which we are attached by many hallowed memories of the past, by many associations of danger, trial, fatigue, hardship and suffering, and desiring that the name "TWELFTH ALABAMA" be not obliterated from the rolls of the army.

"We, feeling perfectly convinced of our ability to recruit our shattered ranks by such a course, beg most respectfully that the regiment be transferred to Mobile, Ala., or some other point in the State, during the winter months, or until the opening of the spring campaign, then to return with full ranks to take our places once again with our comrades of the 'Army of Northern Virginia.'"

This petition is to be forwarded through the regular channels to General S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General, C. S. A.

December 24. Christmas eve in the army bears no resemblance to the preparations at home for Christmas festivities.

Christmas day. Ate a hearty dinner, minus the home turkey and cranberries and oysters and egg-nog and fruit cake, and then wrote to my mother and sisters.

At 9 o'clock Dec. 26, Major Proskauer led the regiment towards Paine's Mills, where we were to relieve the 14th North Carolina, on fatigue duty, sawing plank for the Orange road, We lost the way, and marched 20 miles to reach a mill only 12 miles distant from camp, arriving after dark. Companies F, B and C moved three miles from nearest mill to "Squire" Collins. Supped and breakfasted at the "Squire's." The 14th North Carolina desired to stay, and our regiment wished to return, so the engineer got an order from Gen. Lee permanently detailing the 14th North Carolina for this work.

General Lee issued an order directing that furloughs be furnished hereafter at the rate of four to the 100 men present for duty. I had a "drawing" in company F, and Wm. Mimms drew the furlough and application was made for him. I addressed a letter

of inquiry to Gen. R. H. Chilton, Chief of Staff, as to whether in the event an enlisted man obtained a recruit for his company, and actually enlisted him in service, the commanding General would grant the man so doing a furlough of 30 days?

Dec. 31, 1863. The last day of a most eventful year. It goes out in gloom; wet, muddy and still raining.

Jan. 1, 1864. New Year's Day. A very beautiful day. May the future of the South be as bright and glorious!

It is extremely cold, below zero. Major Whiting, Division Inspector, examined the arms and clothing of the men, and found them sadly in need of shoes, many of them being barefooted, and the others having no soles to their shoes, the uppers only remaining.

Sunday, Jan. 3rd. Summoned to brigade headquarters with Capt. R. M. Greene, of Opelika, from the 6th Alabama, and Lieut. Dunlap, of Mobile, from the 3rd Alabama, to investigate the stealing of two cows from the Misses Lee. We could obtain no light on the subject. Rations of all kinds are very scarce now, only half a pound of bacon per day to each man, and this irregularly. From three-quarters of a pound to a pound of flour and no vegetables, nor syrup, nor coffee, nor indeed ought else, per man. The hearty fellows get hungry.

Colonel Chilton, chief of General Lee's staff, on the 4th, answered my letter of inquiry of the 29th ult., and sent me a copy of "General Orders No. 1, Current Series, A. N. Va.," which granted furloughs to all enlisted men who actually mustered in a recruit in the Army of Northern Virginia. Wesley Moore telegraphed his brother, Micajah, who had just reached 18 years, to come on. I think the order will do great good, and I am gratified at having had such notice and approval taken of my suggestion. I wonder if my letter induced this famous "general order?"

A great snow fell during the night of January 8th. The water particles congealed into white crystals in the air, and sprinkled the ground about four inches deep. The regiment was ordered out to witness the execution of two deserters.

Battle's brigade left early for picket duty on the Rapidan river. I was left in camp as its commander, and have more men in camp, left on account of bare feet and bad shoes, than Colonel Goodgame carried off with him.

I issued strict orders for the sentinels to walk their posts constantly, and to pass no man with a gun, and to arrest all who at-

tempted to leave or enter camp with guns, without my written permission. I issued these orders because some of the men have already left with guns in search, I suspect, of hogs, cows or other things, belonging to citizens, that might be eaten. At night Lieutenant Karcher arrested eight men with guns and confined them in the guardhouse. As punishment I directed the prisoners to lay a causeway around the guard lines for the sentinels use.

January 17. Marched Company F to Captain Pickens' headquarters and they were paid for November and December, and commutation for clothing from December 12, 1862, to December 12, 1863. The men felt rich with their depreciated money. How cheerful and jocular they are!

January 21. Orders from General Lee to send applications for furloughs at rate of 12 to 100 men present. Tom Clower and Pierce Ware are the lucky ones.

January 26. This has been a bright, pleasant day, a most memorable one in the history of Battle's brigade. General Battle made speeches to each one of his regiments, and they re-enlisted unconditionally for the war. I never witnessed such unanimity upon a matter of such vital importance. The brave Twelfth Alabama, when the invitation was given to those who desired to volunteer to step forward two paces, moved forward as one man. General Battle spoke eloquently. Other officers spoke well. Battle's brigade is the first in the Army of Northern Virginia to re-enlist unconditionally for the war. This is an act of which we should well be proud to our dying day.

January 27. General Battle sent the following communication to each regiment in his brigade:

"Headquarters Battle's Brigade, January 26, 1864.

The Brigade Commander has the pleasure of presenting the subjoined communication from Major-General Rodes:

"Headquarters Rodes' Division, January 26, 1864.

"Brigadier-General BATTLE, Commanding Battle's Brigade:

GENERAL,—I have just received your message by Captain J. P. Smith, informing me of the glorious conduct of my old brigade in re-enlisting for the war without conditions. Conduct like this, in the midst of the hardships we are enduring, and on the part of men who have fought so many bloody battles, is in the highest degree creditable to the men and officers of your command. I always was

proud, and now still more so, that I once belonged to your brigade. As their division commander, and as a citizen of Alabama, I wish to express my joy and pride, and as a citizen of the Confederacy, my gratitude at their conduct. The significance of this grand movement, when considered in connection with the circumstances accompanying it, will not be underrated, either by the enemy or our own people. They will, as I do, see in this the beginning of the end, the first dawn of peace and independence, because they will see that these men are unconquerable. To have been the leaders of this movement in this glorious army throws a halo of glory around your brigade which your associates in arms will recognize to envy, and which time will not dim. Convey this evidence, feebly at best, but doubly so in comparison with what I would express of my appreciation of the course you and your men have pursued in this matter, and see now, having written "Excelsior" in the records of your camp history, that your fighting record shall hereafter show you, not only to have been among the brave, but the bravest of the brave.

And now, dear sir, let me congratulate you upon being the commander of so noble a body of gallant and patriotic men!

(Signed) R. E. Rodes, Major-General.

June 6, 1864. About 8 o'clock Rodes' division packed up their baggage and marched down the breastworks near Richmond, and turning to the left at the same point as we did on the 30th of May, and continuing our course nearly a mile under a hot, broiling sun, when, coming up with Early's division, under Ramseur, and Gordon's division, we halted a few hours. At 2 o'clock P. M. we resumed our march towards the right flank of the enemy, going one mile, and then halting until dark. Skirmishing was brisk, and cannonading rapid in our front. We expected to be engaged at any moment, but something prevented, and we returned to a pine woods on the Mechanicsville turnpike, and remained during the night A good many straggling Yankees were captured, and reported the enemy moving to their left flank, and say their men are destitute of shoes, deficient in rations, and very tired of fighting, etc. They also report Burnside's negroes at the front. The enemy, unwilling to expose their own persons, not only invoke the aid of Ireland, Germany and the rest of Europe, but force our poor, deluded, ignorant slaves into their ranks. They will prove nothing but food for our bullets.

We remained in camp until evening, when we removed to a more pleasant locality. The enemy has disappeared from our left and left centre, and gone towards our right, and Early's command enjoys a respite from the heavy and exhaustive duties of the past month.

Sergeant Gus P. Reid of my company, was appointed acting second lieutenant by Colonel Pickens, and assigned to command of Company D. The day was again marked by unusual quiet; cannon and musketry were seldom heard. I seized a moment to write a letter expressing sympathy to Mrs. Hendree, of Tuskegee, at the untimely death of her excellent and gallant son, Edward, who was killed May 5th at the Wilderness while commanding sharpshooters. The first twelve months of the war we were mess-mates and intimate friends. He was afterwards made first lieutenant in the Sixty-first Alabama. He was the only son of a widowed mother, and of exceeding great promise.

Remained in our bivouac until near 6 o'clock, when we were ordered to "pack up" and "fall in." Rev. Dr. William Brown preached to us. After his sermon we marched two miles towards the right of our line, and halted in an old field near an old Yankee camp, occupied by some of McClellan's troops before his memorable "change of base" in 1862. There we slept till near 3 o'clock next morning, when we were hurriedly aroused, but as we soon found out, needlessly.

There are rumors that Grant is mining towards our fortifications, and attempting his old Vicksburg manoeuvers. But he will find he has Lee and Beauregard to deal with now. Mortars are said to be mounted, and actively used by both sides, on the right of our line. Appearances go to show Grant's inclination to besiege rather than charge Gen. Lee in the future. The fearful butchery of his drunken soldiers—his European hirelings—at Spotsylvania C. H., it seems, has taught him some caution. His recklessness in sacrificing his hired soldiery is heartless and cruel in the extreme. He looks upon his soldiers as mere machines, not human beings, and treats them accordingly.

Three years ago to-day, June 12, 1861, my company—"The Macon (County, Ala.) Confederates"—were enlisted as soldiers in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, and I became a "sworn in" volunteer. I remember well the day the company took the prescribed oath to serve faithfully in the armies of the Confede-

rate States, and I can truthfully say I have labored to do my whole duty to the cause since then. Then I was a young Georgia student in an Alabama college, scarce 17 years of age, very unsophisticated in the ways of the world, totally unacquainted with military duties, war's rude alarms, and ever-present perils. Now I am something of a veteran, having served nearly one year as a private and two as a lieutenant, and being the larger part of the time in command of my company, composed principally of men much older than myself. I have participated in a great number of hotly contested battles and sharp skirmishes, have marched through hail and snow, rain and sleet, beneath hot, burning suns, and during bitter cold by day and by night, have bivouacked on bloody battle fields with arms in my hands, ready for the long roll's quick, alarming beat, have seen many a loved comrade, whose noble heart beat high with hope and bounded with patrioitic love for his dear native South, slain by the cruel invader, and lying still in death's icy embrace. But despite the innumerable dangers I have passed through, through God's mercy, I am still alive, and able and willing to confront the enemies of my country.

At 2 o'clock in the morning of June 13th, my corps took up the line of march, some said to assume its position on the right of the army, and others to the south side of the James, still others thought it was a grand flank movement in which Grant was to be outgeneraled as McClellan was, and Lee, as usual, grandly triumphant. None of the numerous suppositions proved correct. Battle's Alabama brigade, under Colonel Pickens of the Twelfth Alabama, led the corps, and we crossed the Chickahominy and entered the Brook turnpike, five miles from Richmond. Here we turned towards Louisa Courthouse and halted near Trevillian's depot, seven miles from Gordonsville. On our route we passed the late cavalry battlefields, where Generals Hampton, Butler and Fitzhugh Lee defeated General Sheridan, et als. A great many dead and swollen horses on the ground, and graves of slain soldiers were quite numerous. The fight was too warmly contested.

Early's corps is now hotly pressing Hunter towards Liberty and Salem, Va. Yankee armies are seldon caught when they start on a retreat. In that branch of tactics they excel. They will run pell-mell, if they think it necessary. Prudence with them is the better part of valor, and they bear in mind the lines from Butler's Hudibras—

"He who fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day;
But he who fights and is slain
Will never live to fight again."

June 23. I became quite ill, and was sent to hospital. But left Lynchburg hospital June 28th, joined my regiment two miles from Staunton, found the command ready for rapid marching, and packed my valise, retaining only an extra suit of underclothing. In my valise I left my diary, kept for two years past, and giving daily, brief accounts of all that has happened to myself and my immediate command. It is too large and heavy to carry along with me, though I have become very much attached to it—from such constant use and association—but I must make a virtue of necessity and entrust it to the keeping of an unknown and perhaps careless quartermaster. No officer's baggage wagons are allowed on the expedition, and all of us have left the greater portion of our clothing and all our company documents, papers, etc. In the afternoon we passed through Staunton and bivouacked six miles beyond, on the famous Valley turnpike.

We marched some distance on the turnpike, then turned to the right and halted near a little village called Keezeltown. Received notice from hospital of death of private Robert Wynn, of Auburn. Poor Bob! He had been married but a short time to the young sister of Sergeant R. F. Hall, and, soon after he joined us, he had an attack of pneumonia, which, together with nostalgia (a species of melancholy, common among our soldiers, arising from absence from home and loved ones), soon brought his young career to an end. Our valley army under that old bachelor, lawyer and soldier, Lieutenant-General Early, is composed of the small divisions of Major-Generals Robert E. Rodes, of Alabama, J. C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, late vice-president of the United States, J. B. Gordon, of Georgia, and S. D. Ramseur, of North Carolina. All of them small—some of the brigades no larger than a full regiment, some of the regiments no larger than a good company, and many of the companies without a commissioned officer present, and having only a corporal's guard in number of enlisted men. We are all under the impression that we are going to invade Pennsylvania or Maryland. It will be a very daring movement, but all are ready and anxious for it. My own idea has long been that we should transfer

the battle-ground to the enemy's territory, and let them feel some of the dire calamities of war.

Returned to the turnpike on 30th and marched eighteen miles, half mile beyond New Market. This place was the scene of the Dutch General Siegel's signal defeat by General Breckinridge. The men who "fit mit Siegel's" preferred running to fighting on that occasion.

July 1st, 1864. Marched 22 miles to-day, from NewMarket to two miles beyond Woodstock, where we remained for the night. This is the anniversary of the first day's battle at Gettysburg, and one year ago late in the afternoon, just before my brigade entered the city, I was wounded. I well remember the severe wound in the head received that day by Lieutenant Wright, near my side, and his earnest appeal to me to tell him candidly the nature of his terrible wound. I shall never forget the generous forgetfulness of self and warm friendship for myself shown by Captain Nicholson, of Company I, when the command was forced back by overwhelming numbers. I had been wounded, and fearing that I would be captured, hobbled off after my regiment, as it fell back under a very close and galling fire from the rapidly advancing Yankees. Nicholson, noticing my painful efforts to escape, suddenly stopped, ran to me and catching my arm offered to aid me, but appreciating his well-meant kindness, I declined his proffered assistance and begged him to hurry on, telling him, to induce him to leave me and save himself, that I would stop unless he went on

On July 3rd we marched through the historic old town of Winchester and encamped at Smithfield. The good people of Winchester received us very enthusiastically.

July 4. Declaration of Independece day, but, as we had other business before us, we did not celebrate the day in the old time style. We marched through Halltown to Charlestown near the old field where that fanatical murderer and abolitionist, John Brown, was hung, and halted under a heavy cannonading at Bolivar Heights, near Harper's Ferry. This place on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Potomac river, surrounded by elevated mountains, was once a United States arsenal and government foundry. The Yankee camps had been hastily forsaken and our men quickly took possession of them and their contents. After dark General Battle took his brigade into the town where a universal pillaging of United States government property was carried on all night. The town was

pretty thoroughly relieved of its stores, and the 4th of July was passed very pleasantly. Corporal Henderson, while in a cherry tree, gathering fruit, was wounded by a minie ball and carried to hospital in the afternoon. Fuller H. is the son of Rev. S. Henderson, D. D., a noted Baptist minister of Alabama, and is a true and unflinching soldier. (Note. The poor fellow was editor, after the war, of the Tuskegee *News*, and for a few weeks, at his request, I edited the paper for him, as he was the owner, publisher, printer, editor and job printer, and overcrowded with his duties. During the time I wrote some mysterious orders, as if emanating from a Kuklux organization, signing them by order of "Grand Cyclops," calling upon the Klan to meet at a certain cave in the woods, near the town of Tuskegee, for the transaction of important business. Fuller, the night of the publication of the *News*, got out some posters and pasted them on the doors of certain stores in the town, and excitement and alarm was created by our innocent joke. There was no kuklux organization in or near Tuskegee, and it was our boyish prank. The result was that more than one carpet bagger left Alabama for his late home in the North.)

In Company with Capt. James P. Smith, A. I. G., and late of Stonewall Jackson's staff, Capt. Greene of the 6th Ala., and Sergt. Reid of my company, I returned to town in the morning and procurred some envelopes, writing paper, preserved fruits, etc. The enemy's sharpshooters from Maryland Heights fired pretty close to us repeatedly, and bullets fell so rapidly it was dangerous to walk over the town, but as we were on a frolic, resolved to see everything and dare everything, we heeded the danger very little. We returned to camp near Halltown.

July 6. Rodes' and Ramseur's divisions crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown, and marched through the famous town of Sharpsburg. Signs of the bloody battle fought there in Sept. 1862, between Lee and McClellan, were everywhere visible. Great holes, made by cannon balls and shells, were to be seen in the houses and chimneys, and trees, fences and houses showed countless marks made by innumerable minie balls. I took a very refreshing bath in Antietam creek, upon whose banks we bivouacked. Memories of scores of army comrades and childhood's friends, slain on the banks of this stream, came before my mind and kept away sleep for a long while. The preservation of such an undesirable union of States is not worth the life of a single southerner, lost on that mem-

orable battle field. Lieut. John Fletcher of my company, from Auburn, and Capt. Tucker of Co. D. commanding the 12th Alabama, were killed at Sharpsburg.

Left the Antietam and marched through a mountainous country towards Harper's Ferry, where constant cannonading could be heard. Our brigade halted near Rohrersville, three miles from Crampton's Gap, and the 3rd, 5th, 6th, 12th and 61st Ala., of which the brigade was composed, were sent in different directions to guard roads. The 12th Alabama was on picket all night, leaving outpost for the brigade at 3 o'clock P. M.

Rodes' division was taken within a short distance of the Ferry, halted for an hour or two, and then marched across the mountain at Crampton's Gap, where Gen. Howell Cobb's brigade of Georgians fought in 1862, and where Lieut-Col. Jeff Lamar, of Tom Cobb's Legion, was killed.

On July 9th we marched through and beyond Frederick City, but neither saw nor heard anything of the mythical "Barbara Freitchie," concerning whom the gentle Quaker poet, Whittier, erred sadly as to facts in his poem. We found the enemy, under Gen. Lew. Wallace, posted on the Heights, near Monocacy river. Our sharpshooters engaged them, and private Smith of Co. D. was killed. Gen. Gordon attacked the enemy with his division, and routed them completely, killing a large number. Col. John Hill Lamar, of the 60th Georgia who had but six months before married the charming Mrs. Carter of Orange, Va., was killed. He was a brother of the wife of Capt. A. O. Bacon of Macon, Ga. There is a report that Gen. Early levied a contribution on Frederick City, calling for $50 000.00 in money, 4500 suits of clothes, 4000 pairs of shoes, and a quantity of bacon and flour. Battle's brigade was in line of battle all the evening, and marched from point to point, but was not actively engaged, though exposed to the fire of cannon and minie balls. Two divisions of the 6th Army Corps and some "hundred days men" opposed our advance. The latter were very easily demoralized and ran away.

Marched nearly twenty-five miles to-day, the 10th, on the main road to Washington City, passing through Urbana, Hyattstown, and other small places. It was a severe march.

At Washington City.

We passed through Rockville, and marched, under a very hot sun, towards Washington. Halted two miles from the inner forti-

fications, where we were exposed to a close and rapid shelling all the afternoon. The men are full of surmises as to our next course of action, and all are eager to enter the city. We can plainly see the dome of the capitol and other prominent buildings, Arlington Heights (General Lee's old home), and four lofty redoubts well manned with huge, frowning cannon. Several hundred pound shells burst over us, but only one or two men in the entire division were hurt. All the houses in our vicinity were vacated by their inmates on our approach, and the skirmishers in front were soon in them. Many articles of male and female attire were strewn over the ground. This conduct was against orders, but a few men led by an Italian, known as "Tony," who was once an organ grinder in Mobile, and now belonging to the Guards LaFayette Company of my regiment, exerted themselves to imitate the vandalism of Hunter and Milroy, and their thieving followers, while they occupied the fair valley of Virginia. Private property ought to be—and is generally—respected by Confederate soldiers, and any other course is unmanly and unsoldiery. Yankee soldiers are not expected to appreciate such gentility and self respect. United States Postmaster Blair's house and farm were less than 100 yards from my regiment. General Breckinridge is an old acquaintance of General Blair, and had placed a guard around it, and forbade any one to enter the house, or at all disturb the premises. This course was in great contrast to that pursued by General Hunter when he caused the destruction of the residence of his cousin, Hon. Andrew Hunter, near Halltown, Va. Breckinridge is the very soul of honor, as are all our leading Generals. The meanest private in our army would not sanction the conduct of Milroy and Hunter.

Some heavy skirmishing occurred on the 12th, and one of my regiment was wounded. The sharpshooters and Fifth Alabama, which supported them, were hotly engaged. Some of the enemy, seen behind breastworks, were dressed in citizens clothes and a few had on linen coats. I suppose these were "home guards", composed of treasury, postoffice and other department clerks. I went to Roche's and other houses near the picket line, and was shown some very disreputable letters, received and written by young ladies which had been found in the houses, and which exhibited the decadence of moral sentiment in the masses of the North. It was a day of conjecture and considerable excitement, in our momentary expectation of being ordered "forward." But we were disappointed in our

expectation and wishes, and, late at night, we evacuated our position and left Washington and its frightened inhabitants. The object of the daring expedition was no doubt accomplished, and Grant was forced to send large re-enforcements to the threatened and demoralized capital from his army, and thus largely diminish his force and lessen his ability to act upon the offensive. I believe we could have taken the city when we first reached it, but the delay brought heavy battalions from Grant, ten times our small number, who could have readily forced us to abandon it. About 12 o'clock at night we commenced falling back towards Rockville, and, I regret to say, our march was brilliantly illuminated by the burning of the magnificent Blair mansion. The destruction of the house was much deplored by our general officers and the more thoughtful subordinates, as it has been our policy not to interfere with private property. It was set on fire, either by some thoughtless and reckless sharpshooter in the rear guard, or by some careless soldier stationed about the house.

Marched in retreat the remainder of the night, passed through the friendly southern town of Rockville and halted near Darnestown. At dusk we commenced marching, via Poolsville, to White's Ferry on the Potomac. Did not march over five miles the entire night, though kept awake, and moving short distances at intervals of a few minutes. Re-crossed the Potomac on the 14th, wading it, and halted near the delightful little town of Leesburg. We have secured, it is said, over three thousand horses and more than twenty-five hundred head of beef cattle by this expedition, and this gain will greatly help the Confederate government. The Yankee cavalry made a dash upon our wagon train and captured a few wagons. General Cook's Georgia and Battle's Alabama brigades were double-quicked, or rather ran, about two miles after them, but of course could not succeed in overtaking them. The idea of Confederate infantry trying to catch Yankee cavalry, especially when the latter is scared beyond its wits, is not a new one at all, and though attempted often in the past, and doubtless to be repeated scores of times in the future, I venture to predict, will never be successful. Indeed it is a demonstated fact that demoralized and retreating Yankee infantry cannot be overtaken by Confederate cavalry, *vide* battles of Bull Run, Manassas, first and second, etc. A frightened Yankee is unapproachable. We finally gave up the pursuit and marched through Snicker's Gap. The Twelfth Alabama picketed

on the mountain top. Next day we left our picket post and waded across the Shenandoah. The water rose to our waists and was quite swift, and as the bed of the river was rocky and uneven we had a good deal of fun. Some practical jokes were indulged in, which all seemed to enjoy. Rodes' division was hurriedly ordered out to meet the enemy, who had crossed the Shenandoah under General Crook, and in an incredibly short time we were hotly engaged in battle. The fight lasted over two hours, and was quite warmly contested. The Yankee force was three times greater than ours. Private Eberhart of my company was instantly killed. We had driven the enemy to the bank and in the river, and, having halted on a little eminence were peppering them with bullets as they rushed into and attemped to cross the river. They replied as best they could, but under great disadvantange. A large number remained concealed near the river, at the foot of the hill, and did some execution, firing at our men, as they exposed themselves. They escaped under cover of darkness. When Eberhart was killed, private Tom Kimbrough called me earnestly to him, and, through a heavy shower of bullets, I went to him and inquired what he wanted. "Nothing," he replied, "just thought you would like to see Eberhart after he was dead." A rather poor reason, I thought, for causing a man to unnecessarily expose himself to death-dealing missiles, I took care of his pocket book, his wife's ambrotype and Bible, and will send them to her. Eberhart was a brave, uncomplaining, good soldier, sent to my company as a conscript. Private G. P. Ware, was severely wounded in the leg. Lieutenant Majors, of Company E, and two others of the regiment, were killed, and ten or fifteen wounded. Lieutenant Majors and I were running near each other in quick pursuit of the enemy, when he exclaimed that he was shot, but continued to run for some distance and then fell. I stopped by his side and offered him some water from canteen, which he hastily drank, and then sank down and instantly expired. A minie ball had cut an artery in his leg, but such was his determined courage, and eagerness in following the fleeing foe, that he ran on, his life-blood all the time gushing from his wound, and stopped only when sheer exhaustion and faintness from such great and rapid loss of blood compelled him, and the grim monster death claimed him for his own.

Majors had been but recently promoted, and was an officer of decided promise. In this action Col. Pickens commanded our bri-

gade, and Lieut-Colonel Goodgame the regiment. While the routed and demoralized Yankees were crossing the river, I ordered my company, and those adjoining it, to fire by rank and by command, as in ordinary manual drill, the only instance of such an event, to my knowledge, during the war. I gave the words of command, "front rank," "ready," "aim," "fire," "load;" "rear ranks," "ready," etc., by consent of Col. Goodgame, and I confess I took much pleasure in it. While we were engaged burying our dead comrades, under a large tree near where they fell, Gen. Early and staff rode by, and the old hero spoke to us gently, and kindly suggested that we "dig the graves deep enough." A brave North Carolinian had somehow and somewhere come in possession of a silk hat, and had made himself conspicuous by wearing it, despite the advice and warning of his companions, and indeed of the whole division, as the men used to frequently to tell him, as he passed by, "to come down out of that hat," "I see your feet hanging from that stove pipe," etc., all of which he heard with cheerful good humor, generally making some witty reply. In walking over the battle field I was pained to see the well known tall hat, and upon nearing it, recognized the handsome, good natured face and manly form of the gallant wearer, lying cold in death. He had been shot in the head.

On July 24th we were suddenly summoned to leave our picket post for Winchester, marching very rapidly, forming line of battle near Kernstown, and moving quickly after the enemy, through Winchester, and five miles beyond, being in less than half a mile of the routed and flying Yankees almost the whole time. They, in their flight and haste to escape, burned up thirty five or forty wagons and caissons, and abandoned a few cannon. The entire movement was a very successful one. We marched fully thirty miles during the day. But, as I have said before, it seems to be impossible to catch a running Yankee. They are as fleet as race horses.

To-day, July 29, we marched to Williamsport, Md., where our cavalry crossed the Potomac and captured large quantities of commissary and quartermasters' stores.

Re-enlistment for the War.

In January, 1864, while encamped near Orange C. H., the Richmond and other Southern papers were filled with the proceedings of Congress, and discussions in regard to the passage of the Con-

script Act, and the officers and men of Battle's Alabama brigade made it a topic of frequent conversation. The preference of myself and many officers of companies, which had enlisted for two more years, that would expire during the spring and summer, was to volunteer for the remainder of the war, however long, and thus avoid the necessity, and what we thought was the stigma, that would attend conscription. Having this thought in view, with others, I was active in calling together delegates from the various companies in our brigade to a convention to be held at the quarters of the 12th Alabama.

The following day, promptly at eleven o'clock, every company in the brigade had a delegate present. Nearly all of these delegates were non-commissioned officers or privates, chosen by their respective companies, but my company selected me as its representative, and Lieut. P. H. Larey of Co. M 6th Alabama, was chosen by his company, and Capt. Thos Bilbro of the 3rd Alabama by his. On assembling, some one nominated me for Chairman of the Convention, and I was chosen without opposition, with Sergt. Sprague of Co. C 3rd Alabama, as Secretary.

The subjects of re-enlistment, and petition to Congress for the privilege of reorganization, and the election of our field and company officers, were earnestly and eloquently discussed and advocated by all of the delegates, so far as I recall, except Capt. W. T. Bilbro and Sergt. Sprague. Lieut. Larey made an able speech, advocating the privilege of reorganization, and petitioning Congress for this permission. After a frank debate, upon putting the vote, it was found to be unanimous, with but two exceptions, and our petition was duly drawn up, signed and forwarded to Hon. David Clopton, M. C., from Alabama, and Senator Jemison, with the earnest request that they advocate the granting of the petition by Congress.

A few days later, Gen. Battle visited each regiment and delivered an eloquent address, urging the men to volunteer for the war, which was gallantly responded to by the men stepping forward and expressing their determination to enlist. It was an inspiring sight to see these heroes step forward without hesitation and boldly announce their purpose to continue the fight to the bitter end. This was their third enlistment.

Gen. Rodes issued a complimentary address, which was read before each regiment, in which he expressed his gratification at the

re-enlistment of his old brigade of Alabamians, and at their leading the entire army in this noble action.

Gen. Lee in a letter addressed to Hon. T. J. Foster, dated Jan. 31, 1864, used these words:

"I do not see how the good of the service can be promoted by detaching the 26th Alabama, thus breaking up a veteran brigade which has just set the glorious example in this Army of re-enlistment for the war." Further on he says: "General Rodes' whole division acted at Chancellorsville with distinguished gallantry, and that officer owes his promotion to General Jackson's observation of his skill and conduct, and you will see by my report of that battle that one of his dying messages to me was to the effect that General Rodes should be promoted Major General, and his promotion should date May 2nd. He commanded his division with success and ability, and I am gratified to state that his division has re-enlisted for the war, Battle's brigade of Alabamians having set the example. Instead of raising new brigades I think it would be far better to recruit to the fullest number those veteran brigades whose whole conduct is worthy of the admiration of the country."

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) R. E. Lee, General.

Congress did not act favorably upon our petition, but passed a sweeping and peremptory act conscripting everybody in the Confederacy, (above the age of sixteen and under that of forty-five), to active military service. This was quite a disappointment to many gallant officers who desired and deserved promotion after their three years of experience, and many brave and intelligent privates who were worthy to command companies and even regiments.

In my own company F, there were near a score of non-commissioned officers and privates promoted to commissioned officers, and there were many among them who were never promoted who were entirely worthy and well qualified to fill positions of trust and honor. There were nearly one dozen college boys in the company, several of my own class-mates, and there were a large number of lawyers, merchants and farmers. The combined wealth of the one hundred and six volunteers, who left Tuskegee the last of May, 1861, for Richmond, was estimated at more than a million dollars. Such men as Hon. Bython B. Smith, a lawyer of wealth and intelli-

gence, Hon. Nicholas Gachet, a distinguished lawyer of large means, James F. Park, of the Tuskegee Classical Institute, who, since the war, has been honored with the distinctions of Ph. D. and LL. D., now living at LaGrange, Ga., and lately mayor of that city, H. R. Thorpe, M. D., from Auburn, a prominent physician, who was promoted to assistant surgeon of a North Carolina regiment, and a very large number of younger men, belonging to the first families in Alabama, and the sons of parents of prominence, influence and wealth. Sergeant Jack Echols, afterwads Colonel C. S A., and whose father was also a colonel, Judge Clopton, Congressman, and Lieutenant Governor Ligon, were all owners of many slaves and much landed property.

August 3, 1864. At Bunker Hill for three days. This rest and quiet, after our continual marching and counter marching, double-quicking, running, fighting, skirmishing, long-roll alarms by day and by night, loss of sleep by night marches and constant picketing, is generally enjoyed by us all.

On August 4th we left our quiet camp for Maryland, and passed through Martinsburg, halting six miles beyond.

Waded across the Potomac at Williamsport, and marched towards Boonsboro, halting five miles from Funkstown. General Breckinridge's command crossed at Shepherdstown. The majority of the men took off their shoes, tied them on their knapsacks, and waded through, over the rocks and gravel, barefoot,

Breckinridge's corps, consisting of his own and Wharton's small divisions, passed by us and crossed the Potomac. General Breckinridge was formerly vice-president of the United States, and is a magnificent looking man, weighing over 200 pounds. He wears a heavy moustache but no beard, and his large piercing blue eyes are really superb. Rodes' and Ramseur's divisions also crossed to the Virginia side, wading the river again. We marched to the vicinity of Hedgesville and camped for the night.

This, August 14th, rude breastworks of rails were thrown up, but the enemy kept aloof Although we have thrown up scores of earthworks we have never been called upon to fight behind them.

August 17. We left our post for Winchester, and, on our route, saw where several large barns, loaded with wheat, corn and hay, had been burnt by order of General Sheridan. One large flouring mill of great necessity to the locality, had been destroyed. I suppose Sheridan proposes to starve out the citizens, or rather the women

and children, of the valley (for the men are in the army), as well as Early's troops. Grant and he have resolved to make this fertile valley a desert, and, as they express it, cause it "to be so desolate that the birds of passage cannot find enough to subsist upon." This is a very ungenerous return for the humane manner in which General Lee conducted his Pennsylvania campaign last year, and for the very kind treatment of the citizens of Maryland and Pennsylvania by General Early and his command recently. Such warfare is a disgrace to civilization, but I suppose that Irish Yankee, Sheridan, and that drunken butcher and tanner, Grant, have little comprehension of sentiments of humanity or Christianity. Breckinridge and Gordon whipped the Yankees badly to-day in some severe skirmishing. Rodes, for a wonder, was not engaged. My good mother says Rodes' division is in every battle her papers mention, and that such expressions as "Rodes bore the brunt of the battle," "Rodes began the action", "Rodes' division led the advance" or "Rodes conducted the retreat, serving as rear guard," are constantly in the telegraphic columns, and to be found in "Letters from war correspondents." It is true that our gallant and beloved Major-general is usually foremost at the post of honor and danger. He is ably seconded by his efficient adjutants, Major H. A. Whiting and Major Green Peyton. Re-inforcements from Longstreet's corps have reached us, and vigorous work may be expected. Lieutenant-General Anderson is in command.

We marched through Winchester, and were, as usual, warmly greeted. Ladies and children and negro servants stood on the porches and sidewalks, with prepared food of a very tempting kind, and goblets and pitchers of cool, fresh water, which they smilingly handed to the tired troops, who seldom declined the proffered kindness. The native Virginians of Winchester and the Valley are as true as steel, and the ladies—God bless and protect them!—are as heroic and self-denying as were the noble Spartan mothers. Indeed they are the equals of the highest, truest heroines of the grandest days of the greatest countries. The joy they evince, when we enter their city, serves to encourage and inspire us, and the sorrow we see in their fair countenances, and often hear them express, with trembling lips and streaming eyes, as we leave them to endure the cruel and cowardly insults and petty persecutions of Sheridan's hirelings fill our hearts with indescribable regret. We love to fight for patriotic Winchester and her peerless women. We camped one mile

from Winchester on the Berryville pike and cooked our rations. Lieutenant-General Anderson, with Kershaw's infantry and Fitz Lee's cavalry, arrived from Lee's army. Their ranks are much depleted, but a very small re-inforcement will greatly encourage and help our sadly diminished command.

To-day, August 19, we marched to our familiar old camping ground, the oft visited Bunker Hill.

On August 21 we marched through Smithfield, and halted about two miles from Charlestown, where "old John Brown's body" once "was mouldering in the ground, but is now marching on to h—ll." Our gallant division sharpshooters, under Colonel J. C. Brown, of North Carolina, those from our brigade, under Major Blackford, of the Fifth Alabama, and our regiment, under Lieutenant Jones, Company I, skirmished vigorously the rest of the day. The firing was fierce and continuous.

The Yankees fell back towards Harper's Ferry, and we promptly followed, passing their breastworks and through Charlestown, encamping in a woods near where Hon. Andrew Hunter's beautiful residence recently stood. His splendid mansion had been burnt by order of General (Yankee) Hunter, his cousin.

Here a sharp skirmish took place, in front of our camp, which we could see very plainly. It was a deeply interesting sight to watch them advancing and retreating, firing from behind trees and rocks and clumps of bushes, falling down to load their discharged muskets, and rising quickly, moving forward, aiming and firing again—the whole line occassionally running quickly forward, firing as they ran, with loud "rebel yells," and the Yankees retreating as rapidly, and firing as they fell back. It is so seldom we have an opportunity to look on, being generally interested combatants ourselves, that the exciting scene was very enjoyable. After dark the 12th Alabama relieved the brigade sharpshooters, and took the outer picket post.

August 25. At sun-up we were relieved in turn, and had to vacate the rifle pits under the fire of the enemy, General Anderson, with General Kershaw's division, took our place, and General Early, with the rest of the little army of the Valley, marched towards Shepherdstown on the Potomac. We met the enemy's cavalry beyond Leetown, but they fell back quickly, and except a few shells thrown at us, our advance was not opposed. We marched through Shepherdstown after dark, making the air ring with joyous

shouts. Many ladies welcomed us with waving handkerchiefs and kind words, as we passed through the streets. Lieutenant Arrington, A. D. C. to General Rodes, was severely wounded in the knee, and Colonel Monaghan of Louisiana, commanding Hays' brigade, was killed in a skirmish to-day.

A convention of Yankee politicians is to be held at Chicago to-day, the 29th. I reckon they will spout a good deal about the "gal-lorious Union," "the best government the world ever saw," the "stars and stripes," "rebels," "traitors," *et id omne.* Our entire corps was in line of battle all day, and General Breckinridge drove the enemy some distance from his front. The 12th Alabama went on picket at night.

August 31. Another reconnoissance by Rodes' division. General Rodes received orders to drive the Yankees out of Martinsburg, and taking his division of Battle's Alabama, Cook's Georgia, Cox's North Carolina, and Lewis' North Carolina brigades, started on his errand. Battle's brigade was in front and was shelled severely. General Rodes seems to think his old brigade of Alabamians entitled to the post of honor, and usually sends them to the front in time of danger. About two miles out of town, the brigade was deployed and ordered forward. We marched in this way, through Cemetery Hill, into town, running out the Yankee cavalry and artillery under Averill.

At night we returned to our old camp, having made twenty-two miles during the day. These reconnoissances may be very important, and very interesting to general and field officers who ride, but those of the line and fighting privates wish they were less frequent, or less tiresome this sultry weather. We have walked this pike road so often that we know not only every house, fence, spring and shade tree, but very many of the citizens, their wives and children.

On September 2nd we marched toward Winchester, and when five miles distant met our cavalry, under General Vaughan, of Tennessee, retreating, the Yankees in pursuit. We quickly formed line, and moved forward, but the enemy retired, declining further battle. Camped six miles from Bunker Hill.

To-day, September 3rd, we went to our well known resting point, Bunker Hill. A few shells were fired, and one wounded our skillful and popular surgeon, Dr. George Whitfield, from Demopolis, in the arm.

September 4th, Sunday. Marched towards Berryville, passing Jordan Springs, a well known watering place, and halted at 12 o'clock, one and a half miles from Berryville. Deployed to the left of the town, where we could see the enemy and their breast-works very plainly. At night retired one mile.

September 5. Our division again passed Jordan Springs, and soon after hearing the skirmishers firing in front, were hastily formed into line, and ordered forward to support our cavalry, marching parallel with the pike. We pursued the enemy about four miles, during a heavy, drenching rain, amidst mud and slush, across corn fields, fences, ditches and creeks, but were unable to overtake them, and halted about three miles from Bunker Hill. It rained incessantly during the night, and prevented our sleeping very soundly.

We hear very heavy skirmishing on the Millwood road, and are ordered to be ready for action. Adjutant Gayle and Sergeant Major Bruce Davis keep busy carrying such orders from company o company. The Richmond papers bring us news of the fall of Atlanta. It grieves us much. Atlanta is between us and our homes. It is only seventy miles from where my dearly loved mother and sisters live, and all mail communication with them is now cut off. It pains and distresses me to think that La Grange and Greenville, Ga., may be visited by raiding parties, and my relatives and friends annoyed and insulted by the cruel Yankees, as the noble and unconquered people of the Valley have been.

Am daily expecting my commission as captain, as Capt. McNeely has been "retired" on account of the wound he received at Chancellorsville, May 3rd, 1863, nearly eighteen months ago, and since which time, except on wounded leave of absence, for twenty-five days, after the battle of Gettysburg, I have been in constant command of my company, being the only officer "present for duty." My commission will date from time of issuance of Captain McNeely's papers of retirement, some months since. Lieutenant Colonel Goodgame left for Alabama to-day on "leave of absence." His name is an exceedingly appropriate one, as he is a gallant, unflinching officer and soldier. His "game" is unquestionably "good."

Company F was on picket to-day, 9th of September. I took tea with the family of Mr. Payne, near Stephenson's depot. They are true Southerners. Miss Betty Payne, the elder sister, is a very bright and accomplished woman. Our entire army is getting its supplies of flour by cutting and threshing the wheat in the fields,

and then having it ground at the few mills the enemy have not yet destroyed. The work is done by details from different regiments. It shows to what straits we have been reduced. Still the men remain cheerful and hopeful.

September 10. Rodes' division, preceded by our cavalry, under Generals Fitz Lee and Rosser, went as far as Darkesville, returning to Bunker Hill at night. Our brigade acted as the immedtate support of the cavalry. As it rained without cessation during the night, we had a very damp time of it. I slept on half, and covered with the other half, of my oil cloth, one I had obtained from the Yankees when I captured my sword. The drops of rain would fall from the leaves of the large trees under which I lay, drop on my head and face, and trickle down my back occasionally. Notwithstanding these little annoyances, I managed to get a pretty good night's rest. A stone served as my pillow.

I am almost barefoot, and was glad to pick up, and substitute for one of mine, an old shoe, which I found thrown away on the roadside. It, in its turn, may have been thrown away for a better one, or perhaps the wearer may, in some of the numerous skirmishes in this vicinity, have been wounded and lost his leg, thus rendering his shoe no longer necessary to him, or, probably, the gallant wearer may have been slain, and is now sleeping his last sleep in an unmarked and unknown soldier's grave. Nearly all of my company are barefoot, and most of them are almost destitute of pants. Such constant marching on rough, rocky roads, and sleeping on the bare ground, will naturally wear out the best of shoee and thickest of trousers. While anxious for some attention from our quartermasters, our men are nevertheless patient and uncomplaining. We returned at night to our camp near Stephenson's depot.

On September 13th in obedience to a singular order, we marched from our camp two or three miles in the direction of Winchester, and then marched back again. At night Company F went on picket This continual moving to and fro indicates that a decisive action is imminet. Sheridan is reported to have large reinforcements from Grant. Our own ranks are thinner than at any time since we entered service. My company is one of the largest in the 12th Alabama and numbers less than 30 "present for duty." The entire regiment, including officers, will not number 200, and the brigade is not more than 1,000 strong, if so much. It is said that Early has, including infantry, cavalry and artillery, less than

8,000 men for duty. General Anderson, with his infantry and artillery, has left us and returned to Richmond, leaving only Fitz Lee's small force of cavalry. On the other hand rumor says Sheridan has fully 40,000 well equipped, well clad and well fed soldiers. If Early had half as many he would soon have sole possession of the valley, and Sheridan would share the fate of Milroy, Banks, Shields, Fremont, McDowell, Hunter, and his other Yankee predecessors in the valley campaign. Sheridan's lack of vigor, or extra caution, very strongly resembles incompetency, or cowardice.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF BOONSBORO, MARYLAND.

September 14. This is the second anniversary of the battle of Boonsboro, where I had the ill luck to be taken prisoner in 1862, and kept 90 days before being exchanged. We had just reached the scene of action, met the dead body of gallant Gen. Garland, when an order from General D. H. Hill, through General Rodes, to Colonel B. B. Gayle, of the 12th Alabama, directed that skirmishers should be deployed in front, and while our precise Adjutant, L. Gayle, was looking over his roster of officers, to detail one in his regular turn, Gayle hurriedly exclaimed, "detail Lieutenant Park to command the skirmishers," and I immediately reported for orders. Was directed to carry my squad of forty men, four from each company, to the foot of South Mountain, and "keep the enemy back." I hastily deployed the men, and we moved down the mountain side. On our way we could see the enemy in the valley below advancing, preceded by their dense line of skirmishers. I concealed my men behind trees, rocks and bushes, and cautioned them to aim well before firing. We awaited with bated breath and beating hearts, the sure and steady approach of the "Pennsylvania Bucktails," who were in front of us, and soon near enough to fire upon. In response to my loud command the men fired, almost simultaneously, and we drove back the skirmishers to their main line. The solid, well drilled line advanced steadily forward, and my small party, as soon as they were near enough to make their aim sure, fired again, and every leaden messsenger sped on its unerring way and stilled a soldier's heart. At least fifty must have been killed or wounded by these two volleys. But they continued to advance, their officers cursing loudly, and earnestly exhorting them to "close up," and "forward." My men slowly fell

back, firing from everything which served to screen them from observation. Several of them were wounded and six or eight became completely demoralized by the unbroken front of the rapidly approaching enemy, and despite my commands, entreaties and threats left me, and hastily fled to the rear. Brave Corporal Myers, of Mobile, adopting a suggestion of mine, aimed and fired at an exposed officer, receiving a mortal wound in the breast as he did so. I raised him tenderly, offered him water, and was rising to reluctantly abandon him to his fate, when a dozen muskets were pointed at me, and I was ordered to surrender. There was a ravine to our left, and the 3rd Alabama skirmishers having fallen back, the Yankees had got in my rear, and at the same time closed upon me in front. If I had not gone to Myers when he fell, I might have escaped capture, but I was mortified and humiliated by the necessity of yielding myself a prisoner. Certain death was the only alternative. One of the men, who ran away early in the action, reported that I had been killed, and my name was so published in the Richmond papers, and my relatives mourned me as one dead, until I was regularly exchanged and reached Richmond. The enemy pushed forward after my capture, and soon came upon Colonel Gayle and the rear support. He was ordered to surrender, but, drawing his pistol and firing in their faces, he exclaimed: "We are flanked, boys, but let's die in our tracks," and continued to fire until he was literally riddled by bullets, and surrendered up his pure, brave young spirit to the God who gave it. Colonel Gayle was originally from Portsmouth, Va. Lieutenant Colonel S. B. Pickens was severely wounded also, and the regiment fell to the command of Captain Exon Tucker, of Company D, who was killed at Sharpsburg three days afterwards.

Thoughts of that day's conflict bring to mind the names and faces of many of my noble company, very few of whom are still with me. I am grateful that such gallant spirits as Sergeants T. H. Clower, R. H. Stafford, A. P. Reid, J. H. Eason, W. M. Carr, and A. G. Howard, and privates P. W. Chappell, C. C. Davis, Pierce Ware, Tobe Ward, Lester, Moore, Attaway, and a few others are still spared as my faithful comrades and as true soldiers of the Confederacy. I am proud of them all, and regret that I can do so little for their comfort. All are worthy of commissions, and some would fill high positions most creditably.

Late in the afternoon of to-day we were relieved from picket and returned to camp, where I have written down these thoughts of the stirring incidents of this day two years ago. Captain Dan Partridge, of Selma, is now our excellent brigade ordnance officer, and is ably assisted by Sergeant A. G. Howard, a disabled soldier of my company.

Many "grape vine" telegraph reports are afloat in camp. None worthy of credence, but those of a cheerful nature exert a good influence over the tired soldier.

September 17. Rodes' and Gordon's divisions, with Braxton's artillery, marched to Bunker Hill.

Next day Gordon's division, with Lomax's cavalry, moved on to Martinsburg, and drove Averill's cavalry out of town, across the Opequon, and then returned to Bunker Hill. The Twelfth Alabama was on picket after dark. By referring to previous pages, I find we have camped at Bunker Hill July 25th and 31st, and August 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 8th, 9th, 19th, 20th, 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, September 3rd, 10th and 17th. It seems to be a strategic point.

Grant is with the ruthless robber Sheridan to-day, and we expect an early advance. His force has been largely increased, while ours has been greatly diminished.

Battle of Winchester, September 19th, 1864.

Early this morning our cavalry pickets on the Opequon were driven in, and it became evident that an engagement was imminent. News came that the cavalry under Fitz Lee and Lomax, and Ramseur's division of less than 2,000 infantry, were engaged by the enemy near Winchester, and Rodes' division left Stephenson's depot to go to their assistance. Gordon's division preceded us, and as soon as we reached Ramseur, we were ordered to "forward into line," and almost as quick as thought, we were rapidly hurried to the attack. General C. A. Evans, Georgia brigade, meeting overwhelming columns of the enemy, was forced back through the woods, and the Yankees were pressing after them, and came near capturing some of our artillery, when Colonel Carter and Lieutenant-Colonel Braxton opened on them with grape and canister, and the Yankees halted, and then fell back. As they began to fall back, Battle's brigade, which had formed in the rear of Evans, rushed forward and swept, with loud shouts, through the woods, driving the enemy swiftly before it. I commanded the right com-

pany of our regiment and brigade in the charge. Colonel Pickens was not far from me, and General Early himself rode near me as we entered the action. I lifted my hat to the old hero as we ran forward, and noticed how proudly he watched our impetuous advance. The enemy soon ran precipitately before us, and officers and men were in the utmost confusion. We raised the well known "rebel yell", and continued our onward run, for we actually ran, at our greatest speed, after the disordered host in our front. We could see that they had a much larger force than ours, but we cared not for numbers. We had never regarded superior numbers since we entered the service, in fact, we rather enjoyed it. The victory was then more creditable to us. We learned afterwards that the Sixth and Nineteenth army corps, with their full ranks and splendid equipment, were our opponents. As we moved forward we passed scores, yes, hundreds, of dead and wounded Yankees, and a large number of prisoners were captured. We passed entirely through the woods and into the open space beyond, when we halted for a moment, and then formed our line in the edge of the woods. While the lines were being established, Major Peyton, A. A. G. to General Rodes, rode up, and an indescribable, unexplainable something, I know not what, carried me to his side, as he sat motionless upon his horse. I had heard nothing, not even a rumor, nor whispered suggestion, yet something impelled me to ask, in a low tone, "Major, has General Rodes been killed?" In an equally low, subdued tone that gallant officer answered, "yes, but keep it to yourself, do not let your men know it." "Then who succeeds to the command of this division?" I asked. "General Battle," said he, and rode on to the next brigade. The dreadful news of Major-General Rodes' sudden death, at such a critical moment, distressed and grieved me beyond expression. There was no better officer in the entire army than he, very few as brave, skillful and thoroughly trained. His men regarded him as second only to General Lee, excelled by none other. Robert E. Rodes was born at Lynchburg, Va., and graduated at the Virginia Military Institute, served two years as assistant professor, and afterwards became chief engineer of the A. & C. R. R. of Alabama. He entered the army as captain of a company from Tuscaloosa, was elected Colonel of the Fifth Alabama, and soon after promoted to brigadier-general, and succeeded General Ewell in command of the Fifth, Sixth and Twelfth Alabama and Twelfth Mississippi. The latter regiment

was transferred, and its place supplied by the Third and Twenty-sixth Alabama. He was wounded at Seven Pines and Sharpsburg. At Chancellorsville, in command of D. H. Hill's old division, he led the advance and swept everything before him. His clarion voice shouting, "forward men, over friend or foe," electrified his troops, and they were irresistible. They pushed on, under his gallant leadership, and completely routed the panic-stricken soldiers of "Fighting Joe" Hooker. After Generals Jackson and A. P. Hill were wounded, General Rodes was in supreme command, but he modestly and patriotically yielded to General J. E. B. Stuart, who had been sent for by General Pendleton of the artillery. After this battle he was promoted to full major general, and put in charge o. Battle's, Ramseur's (now Cox's), Doles' (now Cook's), and Daniel's (now Lewis') brigades. General Rodes was a precise and somewhat stern military man, of resolute expression and soldiery bearing, and enjoyed the implicit confidence of his superior officers, as well as his troops. A fragment of shell struck him behind the ear, and in a few hours this brave, skillful and trusted officer yielded up his heroic life as a holocaust to his country's cause. He married the accomplished Miss Virginia Hortense Woodruff, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., who survives with a son, his namesake, and a younger daughter, Bell Yancey. The young and gallant Colonel S. B. Pickens, of the Twelfth Alabama, took command of the brigade as senior colonel. He has commanded it nearly the entire time since we left Richmond. He was wounded during the engagement. The enemy had Crook's full, fresh corps and all his heavy force of cavalry as a reserve, and they came to the rescue of the defeated and routed Sixth and Nineteenth corps. Our ranks were very thin indeed, and our lines stretched out far too much. The enemy overlapped us for hundreds, I might say, thousands of yards, and we had no fresh troops in our rear to come to our aid. Sheridan must have had six to our one, yet our weakened forces held their ground, obstinately and proudly, until late in the afternoon, when Crook's fresh division drove back our small cavalry force under Fitz Lee. General Breckinridge, with Wharton's attenuated division, repulsed them, but the troops soon became impressed with the horrible, unendurable idea that they were flanked, and began to retreat in confusion. Just before this idea became prevalent, private John Attaway, of my company, was shot through the breast by a minie ball, and called me, as he fell, to go to him, saying he was

mortally wounded. I immediately began to walk from the right towards the left of the company, where Attaway was lying, bleeding and faint. I had gone but a few steps, and, while raising my right foot, was struck in the calf of the left leg by a minie ball, which broke the small (fibula) bone and badly fractured the large one. The ball flattened and came out sideways, severing muscles, veins, tendons and nerves. I was knocked down, but ordered two of my men to carry Attaway off the field, the brave and faithful fellow urging them to carry me off first, declaring he would die any way, and that my life must be saved. However, I had him moved away to the rear, before I consented for privates P. W. Chappell and Tobe Ward to place me on a blanket, and carry me to the rear. As I was borne back, Attaway called out for them to hasten with me out of danger, as bullets and shells and solid shot were flying thick and fast around us. His conduct was that of a true, magnanimous friend and generous soldier. Ward and Chappell carried me as gently and quickly as possible toward some ambulances in the rear. When we reached them we were told they belonged to the Louisiana brigade, and I was refused admittance into one. At this time the gigantic and gallant Colonel Peck, who had been wounded and retired from the field, rode up, and ascertaining the state of affairs, ordered the men to "take him up tenderly and put him in an ambulance," adding, "he is a wounded brother soldier and must be cared for."

I thanked the Colonel, but he, in his bluff, soldierly way, interrupted and said he "had done nothing but what I would have done for him." Bidding a last farewell to my faithful men, I was driven to the Union Hotel, then turned into a hospital. (Note—Chappell and Ward were both afterward killed at Petersburg.) The surgeon examined my wound, and pronounced it a serious one, and dressed it, uncertain whether the leg should be amputated or not. In my own mind I resolved to die before submitting to its loss. The surgeon promised me, in event our army was to evacuate Winchester, to send me away in an ambulance, but a few minutes after shot and shell were fired into the Hospital building, crashing resistlessly through roof, walls, chimneys, etc., and knocking down bricks, plastering, planks and splinters over the helpless wounded and dying, and the demoralized surgeons, hastily detailing two or three of their number to remain with the wounded, fled incontinently, forgetting, in their anxiety to escape capture, all thought of their

promise to carry me along with them. Our scattered troops, closely followed by the large army of pursuers, retreated rapidly and in disorder through the city. It was a sad, humiliating sight, but such a handful of wornout men could not successfully withstand such overwhelming odds. I never saw our troops in such confusion before. It is said that Mrs. General Gordon, Mrs. Hugh Lee, and other patriotic ladies, ran impetuously into the streets and eloquently pleaded with the retreating soldiers to cease their flight and stand and confront the advancing enemy. Night found Sheridan's hosts in full and exultant possession of much abused Winchester. The hotel hospital was pretty full of desperately wounded and dying Confederates. The entire building was shrouded in darkness during the dreadful night. Sleep was impossible, as the groans, shrieks, sighs, prayers and oaths of the wretched sufferers, combined with my own severe pain, banished all thought of rest. Capt. Hewlett, of Co. H., wounded in the thigh, lay on the floor beside me. Wat Zachry, Sergeant Carr and Tom Crawford, wounded men of my company, made their escape from the city just as the Yankee cavalry entered in. A few noble women of Winchester ventured, with lanterns in their hands, to walk among the wounded and distribute sandwiches and cups of coffee with cheering words of comfort and sympathy. One sweet, Christian woman came to me and stooping, placed her gentle hand on my pale forehead and said, "my poor boy, you seem to be in much pain, though so quiet, take some refreshments, and to-morrow you shall have a better bed than this hard floor." I thanked her, drank some coffee, and inquired what she had heard of General Rodes. She told me his body had been saved and sent to Lynchburg. Many of my wounded comrades wept aloud and bitterly on learning for the first time the fate of their beloved commander. All seemed overcome with unaffected grief. General Goodwin of North Carolina, and Col. G. W. Patton were killed, and General York of Louisiana, lost an arm. The brave Capt. Tom Lightfoot of the 6th Alabama, by whose side I have stood in many a battle, was instantly killed. He was a younger brother of Col. J. N. Lightfoot, The enemy lost Brigadier General Russell killed, and Generals Upton, McIntosh and Chapman wounded. Report says that over 6000 Yankee wounded are now scattered over Winchester in every available building. Private houses have been seized and turned into hospitals, and their inmates forced to seek

other quarters. The churches, too, are used. It has been a victory bought at a fearful cost to them, if it be a victory at all.

Surgeons Cromwell and Love, of North Carolina, and Surgeons T. J. Weatherly, of the 6th Alabama, and Robert Hardy, of the 3rd Alabama, were left in charge of our wounded. Captain Hewlett and I were moved to a well ventilated room on the second floor and placed on a comfortable mattress. A short time after an elegant lady came in to see us, and inquired from what State we hailed. I replied, "Alabama," whereupon she said she had lost a favorite cousin, a captain in an Alabama regiment, killed at Seven Pines. He proved to be Captain Keeling of my company, and the good woman, Mrs. Mary Greenhow Lee (now of Baltimore), proposed to take us under her special care, and to have us carried to a private house where we would be better provided for. We gladly consented, and, after a brief absence, she returned with some litters, borne by negroes, who still remained faithful to their owners, despite the corrupting influence of the Yankees, and were carried to the law office once used by Hon. James M. Mason, our Minister to England, and his able partner, Mr. Clark. The office was on Main street, near Fort Hill, so-called from the remains of an old fort erected there in the days of the British General Braddock, and near the residence of Mr. Clark and his amiable daughter, Mrs. Susan P. Jones. Mrs. Jones sent us some delicacies, and made us a brief visit. I suffered much from my wound to-day. A party of Confederates, perhaps a hundred, marched by the office, under guard, on their way to some Northern prison. The sight was a painful one.

Major Lambeth, Lieutenant W. H. Hearne, Sergeant Lines and private Watkins, of the 14th North Carolina, were brought to the office and quartered with us. Captain Frost, of the 4th Georgia, from West Point, Ga., died of his wounds in hospital. The ladies gave him the kindest attention.

Yankees are continually passing our door, and frequently stop and gaze curiously and impertinently at us, and ask rude, tantalizing questions. They do not wait to be invited in, but stalk in noisily and roughly. Their conversation is coarse and insulting.

We have many conflicting and unreliable rumors of Early's movements. Six families, in the vicinity of the office, have agreed to alternately furnish us with our daily meals. They are those of Mrs. Susan Peyton Jones, Mrs. J. N. Swartzwelder, Mrs. Burwell, Mrs.

W. G. Kiger, Mrs. Snapp and Mrs. Marsteller. Three times each day they send us very palatable and abundant meals, nicely cooked, and of fine variety. Negro slaves bring them to us, and are very attentive and respectful, sincerely sympathizing with us in our sufferings, and openly declaring their purpose to remain with their mistresses (their masters are absent in the Southern army), and not regard the seductive promises made by the Yankees to induce them to abandon their life-long friends and homes.

Several pretty girls called to see us, and entertained us very agreeably with their charming conversation. Among them were Misses Nena Kiger, Gertrude Coffroth, Sallie Hoffman, Jennie Taylor, and Lizzie Swartzwelder. They are true to the cause and encourage us much.

September 25. (Sunday). All the churches in the city, except one, are filled with Yankee wounded. Our surgeons say our wounded will not number over 500, while theirs is between 4,000 and 5,000, nearly ten times greater than ours. Their killed is said to be equal to our killed and wounded together. Verily, a costly victory for them!

Miss Janet Fauntleroy, a very pretty and intelligent young lady, came to the office and brought us some delicacies. She is a granddaughter of Brigadier-general Fauntleroy, perhaps the oldest officer on the rolls of the Confederate army, now over eighty years of age, and daughter of Captain Fauntleroy of the Confederate navy, now serving his country on the high seas, aiding Admiral Semmes, Captain Maffitt, Commodore Maury and other gallant seamen. My wound gives me constant pain. The torn flesh protrudes nearly two inches, and the severed nerves torture me much.

September 27th, 28th and 29th. Three days of great suffering. Small bones are constantly working their way out of my wound, and the separated nerves and sinews keep me awake, night and day. The good ladies are ministering angels, so incessant are they in their kind attentions. They are doing most excellent service in the Confederate hospital, greatly assisting the surgeons. We owe them a debt of lasting gratitude.

One afternoon, while in conversation with the beautiful Miss Nena Kiger, a sharp piece of bone, making its exit from my wound, cut an artery, and "secondary hemorrhage" was produced. Miss Nena ran immediately for a surgeon, and, in an incredibly short time, returned with Dr. Hardy, who promptly applied sulphate of iron and

bandaged my leg very tightly from the foot to the knee, thus checking the dangerous hemorrhage. The blood flowed in jets from the artery, and I soon became very faint and deathly sick. Drs. Weatherly and Hardy came to see me frequently during the day and night, and, although they gave me two large doses of morphine, I could not sleep at all for the pain. Poor John Attaway died of his wound at the residence of Mrs. Hist. He spoke often, while in his right mind, and in his delirium, affectionately of his mother, of Sergeant Stafford and myself. Mrs. Hist brought me some parting messages from him. May his brave spirit rest in peace!

The severed nerves in my left foot, below my wound, caused me real agony. My comrades in the office are cheerful and seem to improve. Sergeant Lines of the 14th North Carolina, is a native of the North, but is a true southerner in sentiment. Some of our best soldiers were born in the North, and deserve honor for their devotion to truth and their adopted homes.

Rumors are rife that General Early will attempt to retake Winchester soon. This is very improbable, as Sheridan's forces are too numerous. Reinforcements pass by the office every day going to the front, and Early's army must be a mere handful of exhausted, illy equipped men, incapable of any offensive movement. The ladies bring us all kinds of reports, usually very cheering. They always look on the bright side. Mosby's men venture into the city quite often at night, to see relatives and friends, and gain all the information they can. They are greeted warmly, and secreted by the citizens until they are ready to leave the city. They carry out many letters for Dixie Land. The risk they run is very great, but they are daring scouts, accustomed to danger and fond of its excitement.

The Twelth's Artillery Associations.

This sketch would be incomplete if I did not mention the gallant batteries which were associated with our regiment and brigade from the beginning to the close of the war, and to which we became greatly attached. Captain Thomas H. Carter, afterwards colonel of a battalion of artillery, commanded Carter's battery in the first part of the war, and was a gifted and gallant soldier. Since the war he has become very prominent in railroad circles, but has retired to his country home in King William county, Va. His accomplished brother, Captain William Page Carter, succeeded him in command of the battery, and won renown by his intrepid

and patriotic conduct in field and camp. He is now a well known author, living at Boyce, Va., and has published a volume of poems called "Echoes of the Glen."

Soon after the battle of Seven Pines Captain Carter wrote a stirring poem, commemorative of that great battle, which I think is worthy of repetition in this connection, especially as he alludes in complimentary terms to the 12th Alabama regiment:

"RODES' BRIGADE AT SEVEN PINES, MAY 31ST, 1862.

"Down by the valley 'mid thunder and lightning,
Down by the valley mid jettings of light,
Down by the deep crimson valley of Richmond,
The twenty-five hundred moved on to the fight.
Onward, still onward, to the portals of glory,
To the sepulchered chambers, yet never dismayed,
Down by the deep crimson valley of Richmond,
Marched the bold warriors of Rodes' brigade.

"See ye the fires and flashes still leaping,
Hear ye the beating and pelting of storm,
See ye the banners of proud Alabama,
In front of her columns move steadily on;
Hear ye the music that gladdens each comrade
As it comes through the air 'mid torrents of sounds,
Hear ye the booming adown the red valley,
Carter unbuckles his swarthy old hounds.

"Twelfth Mississippi! I saw your brave column
Push through the channels of living and dead,
TWELTH ALABAMA! why weep your old war horse,*
He died, as he wished, in the gear at your head.
Seven Pines! you will tell on the pages of glory,
How the blood of the South ebbed away 'neath your shade,
How the lads of Virginia fought in the Red Valley
And fell in the column of Rodes' brigade.

"Fathers and mothers, ye weep for your jewels,
Sisters, ye weep for your brothers in vain,
Maidens, ye weep for your sunny-eyed lovers,
Weep, for they never can come back again.

* Col. R. T. Jones.

Weep ye, but know that the signet of freedom
Is stamped in the hillocks of earth newly made,
And know ye that victory, the shrine of the mighty,
Stands forth on the colors of Rodes' brigade.

"Maidens of Southland! come bring ye bright flowers,
Weave ye a chaplet for the brow of the brave,
Bring ye the emblems of Freedom and Victory,
Bring ye the emblems of Death and the Grave,
Bring ye some motto befitting a Hero,
Bring ye exotics that never will fade,
Come to the deep crimsoned valley of Richmond
And crown the young chieftain who led his brigade."*

Preaching in Camp.

The 12th Alabama was singularly fortunate in having two such superior Chaplains as Rev. Mark S. Andrews, D. D., of the Alabama Conference, and Rev. Henry D. Moore, D. D., of the South Carolina Conference, at Opelika. These were able men, fine preachers, and earnest and faithful in their labors. Dr. Moore was assisted in his labors, during the latter part of the war, by the ministrations of Rev. William A. Moore, of Company F, now living at Neches, Texas. Moore was a college classmate of mine, a first rate speaker, fluent, earnest and modest. He ought to have been made the chaplain of the regiment at one time, but served his country in the ranks, having been transferred, as he flatteringly told me, from the 60th Georgia to my company, because I was a commissioned officer in it, and on account of his kind regard for me. He was one of the members of my company that was present at the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox, and since the war has been a citizen of Texas.

Rev. E. J. Rogers, a Baptist minister, also of our company, who came as a substitute, was a good preacher. He had the misfortune to lose his leg at the battle of Gettysburg, and, as I was wounded there, and in the hospital tent, near him, I remember distinctly his earnest, pleading prayers while suffering and submitting to the amputation of his leg. He was a man gifted in prayer and was a gallant soldier. I have never heard what became of him.

In the early part of the war our company and brigade were favored with sermons from some distinguished Richmond ministers.

* Major-General R. E. Rodes.

Among these I recall Rev. Wm. Brown, D. D., a Presbyterian, Rev. J. L. Burrows, D. D., a baptist minister, and it is worthy of record that this man of God was with the wounded of the Twelfth Alabama on the night of the 31st of May, 1862, at Seven Pines, and during the entire night he was busy ministering to the dead and dying, seeing that the wounded were placed in ambulances and carried to the Richmond hospitals. I can recall his passing by our regiment and near my company on the first of June of that year, following an ambulance which contained the wounded body of my friend and messmate, Mack Flournoy, of Opelika, one of my sergeants. In the rear of the ambulance walked Flourney's slave and cook, Mark, a negro well-known to every man in the regiment, and universally liked. As poor Mark passed by Company F with his head bowed, he looked over to the members of the company and burst into tears, and in tender tones called out, "I have lost my best friend, Marse Mack is in the ambulance and I don't believe he will ever get well." He was right in his prophecy, for M. A. Flournoy, my intelligent, gallant friend, died a week later.

Rev. L. Rosser, D. D., of Winchester, also preached to us more than once, and showed himself to be a great orator.

Rev. Dr. W. C. Powell, now of the North Carolina Conference, made frequent visits to the Twelfth Alabama, and gave us good sermons.

We were seldom able to attend divine service in churches, and usually lay upon the ground, in groups, near the minister, while he delivered his discourse to us. The meetings of our brigade Christian Association, as well as the one of the Twelfth Alabama, were usually well attended. The only requirements of the latter were that we should not indulge in drinking intoxicating liquors nor in profanity, and some of the wickedest men in the camp joined it, and I am glad to report, refrained from the use of profanity afterwards. Among these were two prominent officers, whose names I will not give.

While in camp, near the Rappahannock river, Chaplain Moore induced several of the officers to deliver Sunday night lectures, and I remember well a very fine one given by Captain John J. Nicholson, of Company I. Captain Nicholson was a gallant officer, a graduate of St. John's College, Md., and a teacher at Spring Hill College, Mobile. He was the bravest man in battle, to be a braggart, that I ever saw. He never flinched from danger, and more

than once took the battle flag of the regiment from the color bearer, waved it aloft, and rushed in front of the command, but he didn't fail to boast about it next day.

Dr. Moore complimented me by selecting me to deliver one number in his course of lectures, and I had busied myself writing a speech on "True Courage," but the Sunday night I was to deliver it found us marching, and it was never heard.

General Battle and Major R. H. Powell, of the Third Alabama, from Union Springs, were prominent members of our Christian Association. The disposition of a large majority of the men was religious, and I fully believe that the vast majority of those whose lives were lost had their noble souls translated to the realms of the hereafter, to live forever with the good and true.

Music in the Camp.

Our Confederate soldiers had their hours of rest and relaxation, and sometimes music of various kinds was interspersed with their recreation hours. There were a few fiddlers in the 12th Alabama, but the most noted and skillful one was Ben Smith of my company, an old bachelor, a quiet but true soldier, always ready for duty. He was a Georgian, like myself, in an Alabama regiment. His skill with the fiddle was unequalled. I have heard many violinists since the war, in the great orchestras of Thomas and Sousa and Creatore, but none of their number could equal great Ben Smith. He had gifts, and his knowledge of distinctive Southern music, peculiar to country life, some of which I have heard our slaves often play with exquisite taste and great gusto on our Georgia plantations, was wonderful. Among the choicest in Smith's repertoire were, "Hell broke loose in Georgia," "Billy in the Low Grounds," "Arkansas Traveller," "Dixie," "Money Musk,', "The Goose Hangs High," "When I saw Sweet Nellie Home," "My Old Kentucky Home," "When This Cruel War is Over," The Girl I Left Behind Me," etc. Crowds would gather around him and laugh and applaud and clap their hands, and joyously express their pleasure and appreciation.

Then sometimes sweet songs would float through the air from manly voices, and "Backward, Turn Backward, Oh Time in Your Flight," "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night," "Dixie," "Lorena," "Marseillaise," etc., were among the songs sung. Occasionally, particularly on Sunday, we would have hymns, and the songs at church were sung with great sweetness and reverence.

When encamped on the banks of the Rapidan, and on the Rappahannock, often we could hear snatches of songs from the encampment or pickets of the Federal soldiers on the opposite side of the river, and our men, satisfied that there was no danger from the hands of the enemy, would sing from our side, and more than once the sweet tones of "Home, Sweet Home," were sung by the opposing men, and echoed and re-echoed from bank to bank. This rare, unequalled song of John Howard Payne always recalled the tenderest recollections, and sweetest memories, and banished every evil thought.

The Twelfth Alabama Surgeons.

This regiment was fortunate in having skilled and faithful surgeons. The first when we entered service were Dr. Geo. Whitfield of Old Spring Hill, Alabama, as surgeon, but who became later brigade surgeon, and was assisted by Dr. Edward A. Ligon of Tuskegee, brother of Hon. R. F. Ligon, first Captain of Co. F. He died soon after returning home, in the winter of 1861 and 1862, after his resignation. Dr. Whitfield is still living in Marengo county, having happily married a noble lady of Richmond. He is past his three score years and ten, is in splendid health, full of energy and often rides twenty miles a day on horsrback, relieving the sick in his county. He was one of the most accomplished of surgeons and physicians, and greatly beloved.

Wm. Wallace Scott, formerly of Mississippi, was also at one time our assistant surgeon. The other assistant surgeon of this regiment, who served for a short time during the war was, Dr. John B. Kelly of Anniston. He enlisted as a private in Co. B, and was promoted assistant surgeon.

Battle of the Wilderness.

The succession of fierce engagements, known as the battles of the Wilderness, which began May 5th, 1864, and continued through May 12th, were events of surpassing interest to the Confederate States. The meeting on the 5th of May between parts of General Lee's army and that of General Grant, was not a great distance from the old Chancellorsville battle ground. Rodes' brigade fought in the woods most of the time, and the writer had the bad luck to have a minie ball, which had struck the limb of a tree, to glance and pierce the ankle of his right foot, cutting through the shoe, skin and flesh and grazing the bone, but did not

retire from the field. Here gallant Ed. Hendree, while leading the sharpshooters, was struck by a fatal bullet. No purer, braver young officer followed the fortunes of Lee. The late afternoon of the 5th was devoted, from sundown until 10 o'clock, in throwing up some hasty breastworks. At that hour I crept over the works with two canteens of water for the purpose of relieving some of the wounded enemy, who were groaning and calling aloud in our front. The night was dark, with no moon and very few stars visible, and as I crawled to the first man and offered him a drink of water, he declined, and in reply to my inquiries, told me that he had been shot through the leg and the body, and was sure that he was bleeding internally. I told him that I feared he would not live until morning, and asked him whether he was making any preparation for leaving this world. His reply was that he had not been given it any thought, as his life had not been one of sin, and that he was content. He was about twenty years of age and from a northwestern State. I continued my search among the men, many of whom I found too far gone to reply to my questions, and others quietly drank the proffered water and thanked me for the attention. I occupied myself in this way for some time, and approached very near to the pickets and the main line of the enemy. The light of the next day enabled us to see many dead men in our front, but no visible living enemy.

On the 8th we were again under heavy fire, and on the 10th a fierce engagement took place, and we were running backwards and forwards for hours, first advancing and then retreating.

At night I had the roll called and only one man failed to answer. That was brave John Attaway. About midnight he appeared, came to the tree where I was lying, and explained, in reply to my stern inquiry as to where he had been, that he had got lost from the company and gone into the fight with a South Carolina regiment, and that he had the permission of the colonel to refer to him for the truth of his statement. He handed me the sword of the colonel of a Massachusetts regiment, as well as his splendid blue broadcloth coat, with all of the insignia of a colonel's rank upon it. These were given to me by him in the hope, I presume, of conciliating me and excusing his absence. The coat, sword and belt I sent to Major Vandiver, in charge of the Alabama depot in Richmond, and never heard from them again. They were no doubt captured when Richmond fell.

The Twelfth of May.

This was a day of trial, danger and desperation. The great battle of the triangle took place. I saw General Gordon and his A. D. C., Lieutenant Hutchinson, ride on top of the breastworks in our front, hats off and drawn swords, calling to the men not to fire in their front, as they were shooting into Doles' Georgia brigade which had driven the enemy from our front. This daring and gallant action won the admiration and applause of the brigade, and caused every man to cease firing.

In one of our rearward movements we stopped at an inner line of rude words, and General Battle established his headquarters with my company. While sitting and standing, awaiting directions, a number of Yankee foreigners, without arms or accoutrements, jumped over our breastworks, and in foreign jargon, begged for quarter. They were evidently full of whiskey or other stimulant. They were ordered to run to the rear, and lost no time in obeying.

While at this point Major Whiting rode up and delivered a message to General Battle directing a rapid advance over the breastworks and to the front. To this order the general demurred, saying that his men had been fighting so continuously, and were so utterly exhausted, that he felt confident that it would be impossible to preserve any alignment, and that he did not believe a forward movement wise or practicable. Whiting's reply was, "I will report to General Rodes," but in a few minutes he galloped back and repeated his command, and in response, General Battle ordered his brigade to "forward." For a long distance we were under constant firing, and had little opportunity to reply. A number of men were shot down as we advanced, but the regiment and brigade maintained its line and continued moving slowly onward. After dark we were halted in a woods not a great distance from the Federal troops, and fronting them, were directed not to sit nor lie down, but to be ready for any movement. Colonel Goodgame came to me, as I stood at the head of the company and regiment, and said that he felt it absolutely necessary for him to have a few minutes sleep, and proposed that while he hugged an oak sapling that I remain awake and receive any orders that might come, and arouse him, adding that when he had slept a few minutes he would relieve me and I could sleep against the sapling. In this way we spent some time, how long it is impossible for me to relate. It was

a night of unrest, of misery, of horror. The standing men would occasionally hear a comrade utter an exclamation as a stray bullet from the enemy pierced some part of his body and placed him hors du combat. And it was well that the men were kept standing, as I saw many of them walking first by the right flank and then by the left flank, and in profound sleep, wholly unconscious of what they were doing. These were hours that tried men's souls.

The next day Grant's forces had disappeared from our front, and we were told that they were marching towards Hanover C. H. in an effort to flank Gen. Lee and get between him and Richmond. I walked over the famous salient, so much discussed by critics and historians, where General Edward Johnson and some of his troops were captured, and I saw the stump of a hickory tree, probably six inches in diameter, which is now in the museum of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. The stump had been literally cut in two by the myriads of bullets that had pierced it, and the top of the tree was lying prone beside the stump. What chance would there have been for soldiers lying in front or in rear of this tree? Limbs, leaves, and bodies of small trees were lying thick in this part of the battlefield. One gallant fellow remarked, that, in all his experience during the war, he believed that this was the "hottest place" that he had ever seen.

It was during these fights that General Lee, anxious to restore order and to drive the enemy from a certain position, rode on Traveler to the head of a regiment and called to the men to follow him in a charge upon the enemy. General Gordon was not far distant, and riding up to General Lee, urged him to retire, that his life was too precious to be placed in such jeopardy, and that he himself would lead the men. Two soldiers took the reins of Traveler, and despite General Lee's remonstrances, but amid the earnest exclamations of approval, led the horse and General Lee to the rear, while General Gordon led his men gallantly forward and drove the enemy before him, relieving the situation.

After the 13th for several days the two great leaders manoeuvered for advantage, Grant continuing his flank movement while Lee kept in front of him, offering daily battle. These movements continued until the two armies reached Richmond, and soon thereafter General Early was detached and sent on his famous campaign through the Valley and to Washington, which has been described elsewhere in this sketch.

A fine martial poem, called, "The Man of the Twelfth of May," written by Captain Robert Falligant, of Savannah, fitly and eloquently describes this remarkable and heroic incident. From it I make the following extract:

"When history tells her story,
Of the noble hero band,
Who made the green fields gory
For the life of their native land,
How grand will be the picture
Of Georgia's proud array
As they drove the boasting foemen back
On that glorious Twelfth of May!

Whose mien is ever proudest
When we hold the foe at bay?
Whose war-cry cheers us loudest
As we rush to the bloody fray?
'Tis Gordon's—our reliance,
Fearless as on that day
When he hurled his grand defiance
In that charge of the Twelfth of May.

Who, who can be a coward?
What freeman fear to die
When Gordon orders 'forward!'
And the red cross floats on high?
Follow his tones inspiring,
On, on to the field! Away!
And we see the foe retiring
As it did on the Twelfth of May!"

[Special to the *Times-Dispatch*, October 28, 1905.]

RETURNED CONFEDERATE STATES' FLAGS.

Intensely Interesting Exercises That Closed the Eighteenth Annual Reunion of the Grand Camp of the Confederate Veterans of Virginia.

Address of HON. JOHN LAMB.

The "Custody of Unidentified Flags" to be "The Confederate Memorial Literary Society, Richmond, Va."

PETERSBURG, VA., October 27, 1905.—The crowning event of the Eighteenth Annual Reunion of the Grand Camp, Confederate Veterans of Virginia, was the closing scene to-night—the ceremony of receiving from the Commonwealth the captured Virginia flags that by Act of Congress had been returned to the State by the United States Government. The ceremony was purely sentimental and figurative, but it was glorious. It was the act of turning over to the keeping of the men who fought under them, the battle flags of Virginia's brave companies, battalions and regiments.

The committee appointed by the camp at the morning session to go to Richmond by trolley car to bring over the battered banners, returned at once, carried the flags to the Academy of Music, where many of them were placed prominently upon the stage, and the long box containing the others was placed just in front of the Grand Commander's table.

BEAUTY AND CHIVALRY.

The Academy of Music was early filled from the outer door to the stage with the beauty and the chivalry of old Virginia. Hundreds of people who came late could not get in the building.

On the stage were seated the officers and many members of the camp, prominent guests and the fair sponsors and maids of honor.

When Governor and Mrs. Montague walked upon the stage the vast audience rose and cheered itself almost hoarse. Ex-Governor Cameron was also received with cheers.

The exercises were opened with prayer by the Chaplain General and Adjutant C. R. Bishop, of A. P. Hill Camp, in a short and

eloquent speech, introduced Congressman John Lamb, the author of the bill in Congress by which the flags came back.

THE AUTHOR OF THE BILL.

Captain Lamb, in figuratively presenting the flags to the Governor of Virginia, made a stirring speech, in which he gave a history of the legislation by which the banners were returned. While he modestly explained that the bill was first introduced in Congress by "a Virginia member," he gave credit to Representative Capron, of Rhode Island, a Grand Army man, for the successful passage of the bill. His tribute to the men who fought under the flags was earnest and eloquent.

Hon. H. B. Davis, of Petersburg, introduced Governor Montague, but before so doing he took occasion to explain that the "Virginia member" so modestly referred to by the speaker who had just taken his seat, the author of the flag returning bill, was Hon. John Lamb, of the Third District.

GOVERNOR'S SPEECH.

Governor Montague was received with tremendous applause.

The Governor explained briefly how the flags were entrusted to the temporary care of the Chief Executive of the State. He had thus to assume a great responsibility and he sought the aid and co-operation of the Grand Camp, the organization which represents the men who fought under and made the flags glorious. The Governor said he had received many appeals for a different disposition of them for a distribution, etc., but he could not and did not resist the conclusion that the flags should be kept together, and that the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans should be the custodians until the Legislature shall provide an everlasting abiding place for them. He recommended that they be put away in a fire-proof vault until the Legislature shall act at the request of the camp.

The Governor's tribute to the brave men who fought under the flags was eloquent and touching.

Colonel Tom Smith, of Fauquier, introduced ex-Governor William E. Cameron, who on behalf of the Grand Camp, received the flags.

GOVERNOR CAMERON'S SPEECH.

Colonel Cameron's speech was a finished composition, couched in beautiful English. Using the return from Persian captivity of

the Jews and their heroic sacrifices to rebuild the Temple of the Lord as an illustration, he paid a glowing tribute to the valor of the Southern soldier as displayed after the war in the work of rebuilding the waste places of his desolated country. In conclusion, Colonel Cameron, with eloquent tribute to the women of the Confederacy and admirable words of good-will to those of the former enemies who "came out and fought us like men," received the flags for the Grand Camp and closed his speech amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the great audience, which rose en-masse and cheered while the band played "Dixie." The ceremonies closed with prayer by Dr. Myde. Many people lingered to exchange greetings with visiting veterans and other friends. Governor Montague was forced to hold an informal reception, being greeted by large numbers of friends.

[Attention may be called to the article in the last volume (XXXII) of this serial reprinted under the caption of "Confederate States' Battle Flags" as to the effective agency in their return by the War Department to their proper custody.

There can be no question as to the potent effect of this action toward re-cementing, in common tie of pride and affection, the sections of our re-united country.

The patriotic zeal of the veteran, Captain John Lamb, waxes in its felicitous results.

He writes of date February 6, 1906, that the joint resolution, introduced by him authorizing the Secretary of War to deliver certain unidentified battle flags, had been reported on favorably and unanimously by the Committee on Military Affairs, the custody being changed (at my suggestion) to "The Confederate Memorial Literary Society, Richmond, Virginia," in which our noble women of the South have provided proper cases for their display and safe keeping, and in whose historic building are also preserved the treasures of the Southern Historical Society.

The address which follows, is with the modest title and the diffidence so characteristic of our efficient representative of the Third District in Congress.—EDITOR.]

RETURNING CONFEDERATE FLAGS.

JOHN LAMB.

On April 30th, 1887, R. C. Drum, Adjutant General, addressed a letter to Hon. William C. Endicott, then Secretary of War, calling attention to the fact that a number of Confederate flags, which the fortunes of war had placed in the hands of the government at Washington, were stored in the War Department.

He suggested in an able letter the propriety of returning to the regular constituted authorities of the respective States the flags that were borne by the organizations formed in their territory.

On June 7th, 1887, the Adjutant General having been instructed by the Secretary of War, through the President of the United States, Grover Cleveland, made a tender of these flags to the Governors of the respective States.

On June 16th, 1887, before sufficient time had elapsed for carrying out the order, the President revoked his approval of the suggestion of the Adjutant General, and directed that no further action be taken until the Congress should make final disposition of these flags.

No further steps were taken until February, 1905, when a Virginia member of Congress offered a joint resolution to return these flags. He secured a hearing from the Committee on Military Affairs and presented the matter in a short address, at the conclusion of which Mr. Capron, of Rhode Island, a Grand Army man, offered a resolution that the Committee report the resolution favorably. It was passed without a dissenting vote and Mr. Capron was directed to make a report to the House.

The Speaker was seen and consented at once to recognize a member with a view to calling up the measure. When he did so the Virginia member happened to be absent and Mr. Capron was recognized. He asked that the resolution be passed and there was not a dissenting vote.

The work had been quietly done by sounding the views of the members and the few objectors had been silenced by the overwhelming sentiment in its favor. In a day or two the resolution went through the Senate without objection, thus becoming a law as soon

as signed by the President, which he did without hesitation or delay.

In obedience to this law, the Secretary of War returned to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia sixty-two flags that had been captured during the war, or at the surrender of our army at Appomattox.

This action on the part of the United States marks an epoch in American history; for it most certainly indicates a change of sentiment in the North and West. It is no secret that the action of the government in failing to carry out the order made in 1887 was due to a popular demand, voiced in great part by the Grand Army of the Republic, that these flags should not be returned. The members of this organization were approached in 1905, and those high in authority expressed themselves in approval, saying the time had come for the return of these ensigns. The war with Spain had been fought. The sons of men who wore the blue and the sons of men who wore the gray, had marched shoulder to shoulder in a conflict which, however unfortunate, had gone far to unite the two sections. Officers who had served with distinction on the side of the South for four years had cheerfully answered the call to arms and participated in the short struggle with old Spain. The names of Fitz Lee and Wheeler had become as familiar to the minds of men as those of Miles and Shafter.

Public opinion had been silently moulded by English and Southern writers. The word "rebel" had been changed in histories and essays for the more euphonious term "Confederate." The houses of York and Lancaster in the New World were drifting close together through the logic of events. The time was ripe and the appeal was answered gracefully. The report of the House Committee said in part:

"Thus it will appear that the administration in 1887 advised the return of these flags to the properly constituted authorities of the States, and that former Secretaries of War had before that time returned 44 of these flags and that most likely all would have been returned but for the fact that the Adjutant General in 1887 called attention to the matter and the President decided that final disposi- should originate with Congress.

"The reasons given for this action in 1887 apply with more force to-day. Nearly twenty years have passed since that time. The

loyalty of the Southern States is nowhere questioned. The sons of the men who carried many of these flags have entered the army of the United States and helped to fight its battles. Organizations of men who wore the blue as well as men who wore the gray, will be glad to have again in their keeping the ensigns under which they marched to victory or defeat. We think it will be a graceful act of the Congress to return these flags to the respective States, and we feel assured that it will tend to produce still more kindly feelings between the sections of our reunited country.

"The Committee on Military Affairs are unanimous in recommending that the resolution be adopted."

The return of these flags sent a thrill of joy through the whole South. This feeling was voiced through the press, through the action of Confederate Camps, and through private letters. Many of these reached the representative who prepared and offered the resolution and will be preserved and handed down to his children's children.

The Southern States to-day hold no relics more precious to the gray-haired veterans than those shot-riddled, shell-torn, blood-stained banners which they followed through raining bullets and thundering cannon. No feature of this reunion brings such bitter, yet sweet memories, as does the sight of these flags waving beneath Southern skies once more.

The flag of the Stonewall Brigade, which accompanied these flags, was graciously sent by the Governor of this State to the command in Jefferson and Berkeley counties—the Alsace and Lorraine of the New World. You should have seen the survivors of that immortal band as they gathered around the stand at Shepherdstown, and with tears streaming down their cheeks, strain their eyes to behold again on that flag the name of Cross Keys and Port Republic and Winchester and Manassas and Cold Harbor and Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. Then you should have seen the three thousand of another generation and heard the shouts of joy that rent the air as they pressed to the front and each side of the Grand stand to look upon the blood-stained banner under which their fathers had marched to victory or died in defending. Had you been at Louisville you would have seen a delegation of those old heroes carefully guarding that banner and showing it with pride and exultation to the members of our western army, who as they passed uncovered, said:

"Boys; there's Stonewall Jackson's old flag. Don't you wish God had spared him to be with his men at Gettysburg?"

Could these battered and torn and soiled banners speak to us to-night, what a story of sacrifice and suffering and anguish and bloodshed and death would they unfold? It does not take much stress of the imagination for these old soldiers to interpret the silent story they tell. They represent over fifty organizations of Virginia troops. Some saw first Manassas and heard the shouts of the victors on that historic field. Others waved along the ramparts at Yorktown and saluted John Bankhead Magruder as he passed over the sacred soil on which the Father of his country won American Independence. Others were borne in triumph at Gaines' Mill and Cold Harbor; at Savage Station and Frasier's Farm, or went down amidst carnage and death on Malverns' blood-stained hill. Others passed from hand to hand at Slaughter's Mountain, until the field was red with blood and the Thirteenth Virginia led by gallant James A. Walker saved the day.

Some were borne in triumph at Groveton, where the genius of Jackson made sure a great victory. Some others were gathered by the foe on the heights of Gettysburg, because Jackson was not there to put in the last brigade as he had done at Groveton. Others were carried over with Johnson's men at the Bloody Angle, the artillery having been withdrawn and the position exposed.

These ensigns might tell a pathetic story of beleaguered Petersburg; a story of hardships cheerfully borne, of heroic deeds unsurpassed in the annals of war; of poor fare and grim want; alas, of some desertions too, when soldiers saw the end had come, and wives and children were without food at home!

These old flags refuse to dwell on the scenes at Five Forks and Sailor's Creek. At the latter place a number of them fell into the hands of the Federals. We were passing the brook "Cedron" to our "Gethsemane." Brave men wept like children bereft of their mothers. Virginia was in ashes; every landscape marred by ruins; every breath of air a lament, and every home a house of mourning. When the last command to "stack arms" came to that ragged starving army many soldiers tore the ensigns from their staffs and concealed them in their bosoms. These are sometimes seen at reunions and Camp Fires. The flag of the eighth Alabama Regiment, and the second company of Richmond Howitzers was cut into small pieces and distributed among the men.

These flags will revive many a thrilling story in the minds of old soldiers, who, around the firesides of our Southland, will relate how they served as the rallying point for broken and scattered commands, and often were saved from capture by daring color bearers, who one after another fell in the attempt to save from capture the banners that had been presented by the fair women of the South, with the injunction, that living, they would defend them, or dying, make them winding sheets to wrap them for immortality.

Many of the flags were captured after hard fought battles. Some had never waived over battlefields, but were stored away and taken by the enemy. Single companies were not permitted to carry flags. Each flag, however, represents a sentiment and has a history. They represent the patriotism and affection of our glorious Southern women who sent forth their sons to battle, with the Roman matron's injunction, and gave the parting kiss to loved ones whom they cheerfully assigned to their country's call.

From the daughters of these women have come the strongest and most touching letters that have reached the representative who introduced in Congress the resolution that returned these flags. These will be kept as rich souvenirs and left to posterity that they may help to teach the lessons of reverence for the devotion and sacrifice of our Southern men and women.

Several of these ensigns were captured from the cavalry arm of our service. These men have waited patiently for forty years before having ample justice done to their heroism and valor. The English historians are telling the story of their deeds and giving them full credit for their sacrifices. From the frozen shores of the Baltic to the Isles of Greece. "The Isles of Greece—where burning Sappho loved and sung." All Europe is delighting to honor their chivalric souls and measure their manhood by those of her heroic slain. Scotland names them with those who fell at Bannockburn; England recognizes them in the spirit of Balaklava; and France counts them worthy to descend to posterity with those of her own Imperial Guard.

The best made and preserved flag here belongs to the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues. On it is inscribed the battles through which that splendid command passed. Their organization is still preserved. The sons of those gallant soldiers revere the memories and glory in the deeds of their heroic sires. This flag will some day pass into the keeping of the command that bore it so gallantly

through the war, and be exhibited on every Memorial day when the citizens of the "twin cities by the sea" pay their annual tribute to the memory of their dead.

Many of these flags will be recognized by the old soldiers who marched under them to victory or defeat. They will recall many sleeping recollections of the past; around many of which memory lingers.

"No more with gallant spreading folds
And colors fresh and bright:
They fling their gleaming stars and bars
Triumphant to the light.

But slowly, round their broken staff
They droop in faded fold:
Their service o'er, their duty done,
Their wondrous story told.

These furled and silent banners stir
No sad regret and pain,
For we read their fairest history
In the story of their fame."

Virginia's part in the conflict that began so auspiciously and ended so disastrously on her soil, will be told by two other Virginians, who are to participate in these interesting exercises. One, a former Governor of this Commonwealth, a soldier in the war between the States and a resident of this city, is well equipped for his task. The other, so well known and loved in this Commonwealth—her able chief magistrate—and one of her finest orators, will receive these emblems on behalf of the State he loves so well and serves so faithfully.

The pleasing task assigned me has been performed in a spirit of veneration for the past, of gratitude for the present, and an abiding faith in the future of this noble Commonwealth. These flags are committed to her keeping.

JOHN LAMB.

ROSTER OF THE BATTALION OF THE GEORGIA MILITARY INSTITUTE CADETS

In the Confederate Army Service in the Civil War From May 10th, 1864, to May 20th, 1865.

Prepared by Ex-Cadet ROBERT L. RODGERS, Member of Company B, Atlanta, Ga.

In May, 1864, and previous to that date, the Georgia Military Institute, at Marietta, Ga., was composed of the various professors and cadets. They were interested in the prospect of soon being ordered "to the front," and the old "G. M. I." campus was an interesting scene of active preparations of the boys to go to war. About the first of May studies were practically abandoned, in the contemplation of active duties in the field. At that time the faculty of the institute was composed of splendid professors, distinguished as educators, namely:

General Frank W. Capers, as Superintendent and Instructor in Military Tactics and Engineering.

Captain James S. Austin, Commandant of Cadets and Professor of English Literature.

Captain Victor E. Manget, Professor of French.

Captain John M. Richardson, Professor of Higher Mathematics.

Captain Paul Eve, Professor of Mathematics and English Branches.

Rev. John W. Baker, Chaplain of the Institute, and Professor of Belle Lettres.

Dr. E. J. Setze, Physician and Surgeon G. M. I.

Major Dobbs, Quartermaster and Commissary.

About the first of May, 1864, orders were received for the battalion to prepare for active service. Equipments of army guns and accoutrements, knacksacks, haversacks and canteens were received and issued to the cadets. They were intensely interested in these preparatory events. The battalion was divided into two companies in the duties at the Institute, Company A and Company B, composed of boys 16 to 18 years of age, and in the same day they entered the army service.

General Capers was placed in command as major of the battalion. Commandant James S. Austin was assigned as captain of Company A. Professor V. E. Manget was assigned as captain of Company B. The other officers of the companies were members of the cadet corps.

Rations of "hardtacks" and bacon were issued, and pretty soon things began to take on the aspect of active war. The first duties were in acting as provost guard about the city of Marietta, and other general duties incident to their position at that time, in the rear of General Joseph E. Johnston's Confederate army.

In a few days an order was received for a detachment of cadets to be sent to Resaca, and there, on the 14th of May, 1864, the detail of cadets were first under fire from the guns of the Federal enemy.

A Federal officer, Lieutenant James S. Oates, of the 9th Illinois Mounted Infantry, writing of the "marching through Georgia" and of the first day's fighting in the battle of Resaca, says: "It was during the advance of that day that we came in contact with the Georgia Cadets, from the Military Institute at Marietta, who had come out from the woods at Resaca and formed their line behind a rail fence. After a volley from the cadets, which killed several of our men, our regiment charged them."

Thus it is shown and acknowledgedby one of our opponents that the cadets were intrepid and effective in their very first engagement.

At the time of entering the service the roster of the Battalion in the respective Companies A and B was substantially as follows:

General Frank W. Capers, commanding the Battalion, under the title of Major Capers, of the G. M. I. Cadets. Died in Charleston, S. C., January 1892.

Sergeant-Major, and Quartermaster of Battalion, Cadet John A. Fitten, Atlanta, Ga. Died, 1895 in Atlanta.

Adjutant of Battalion, Cadet Jack F. Crutchfield, Macon, Ga. Died in Macon, 1905.

Following is the roster of Companies A and B, with first and last known address. Those marked with * are known to be dead:

COMPANY A.

Captain James S. Austin, Marietta, Ga.; Waterman, California.

First Lieutenant, Cadet Lodowick J. Hill, of Washington, Wilkes Co., Ga.

On entering the service, First Lieutenant Hill was Adjutant of the Battalion. At Oconee River Bridge he was selected and appointed as Ordnance Officer, by Major General Henry C. Wayne. After the evacuation of Savannah, he was appointed Assistant Inspector General on the staff of General R. W. Carswell. He lives now in Atlanta, Ga.

*Second Lieutenant, Cadet Frank E. Courvoisier, Savannah, Ga. Died in 1896, at Fort Royal, S. C.

Third Lieutenant, Cadet James R. McClesky, Athens, Ga. Now minister of gospel at Covington, Ga.

First Sergeant-Major, and Adjutant of Battalion, Cadet Paul Faver, of Fayetteville, Ga. Lives there now and is a popular physician.

Orderly Sergeant, Cadet W. E. H. Searcy, Griffin, Ga.

*Second Sergeant, Cadet Cary Wood Henderson, Covington, Ga. Died in Atlanta, Ga., since the war.

*Third Sergeant, Cadet Theodore A. Elyea, Atlanta, Ga. Died in Atlanta, since the war.

Fourth Sergeant, Cadet J. W. Symmes, Brunswick, Ga.

Fifth Sergeant, Cadet J. Scott Todd, West Point, Ga. Lost right arm in battle at Oconee River Bridge, Nov. 1864. Now popular and distinguished physician in Atlanta, Ga.

Corporal, Cadet J. A. Arnold.

(I cannot now remember names of the other corporals of company A.)

PRIVATES OF COMANY A.

Adams, ——.

Adams, ——.

Akers, ——.

*Alexander, A. H., Forsyth, Ga. Killed by cannon ball at Atlanta, 1864.

Arnold, F., Coweta county, Ga.

Arnold, Park, Coweta county, Ga.

Atkinson, B., Brunswick. Now doctor at Tarboro, Ga.

*Bellingrath, Herman, Atlanta, Ga.

*Blanton, Benjamin P., Atlanta, Ga Died Sept. 1904.

Bozeman, ——.

Bridges, ——.

Brooks, B. E., Hattiesburg, Miss.

Brumby, E., Marietta, Ga.

Brumby, J., Marietta, Ga.
Burke, W. H., LaGrange, Ga.
Burroughs, J.
Cabaniss, E., Forysth, Ga.
Cabaniss, H. H., Forysth, Ga. Atlanta, Ga.
*Campbell, Jos. F., Mobile, Ala., died in Galveston, Texas, in 1904.
Carlton, ——,
*Cashin, Ed., Augusta, Ga. Anderson, S. C.. Died Oct. 11, 1897.
Clarke, ——.
Cockerell, ——.
Crutchfield, Wm. Ambrose, Macon, Ga.
Dabney, ——.
*D'Antignac, Frank, Augusta, Ga., died since the war.
Dorsey, J., West Point, Ga., Opelika, Ala.
Dozier, ——.
*Edwards, J. Polk, Opelika, Ala. Died there since the war.
Elliott, ——.
Everett, ——.
Fitzpatrick, ——., Madison, Ga.
Flake, Warren W., DeKalb county, Ga. Jacksonville, Texas.
*Foster, A. W., Madison, Ga.
Freeman, ——.
Gary, J.
Gary, W.
Gould, ——.
Green, John M., Atlanta, Ga.
Hamilton, Thomas A., Columbia county, Ga. Birmingham, Alabama.
Hardee, J.
*Hardee, W. P.
Harlee, ——.
Harrington, Henry P., West Point, now New York.
Harris, John.
*Haslem, George, Perry, Houston county, Ga.
Hawkins, J. C., Merriwether county, Ga.
Head, George M., Monroe county, Ga.
Hill, A. W., Washington, Ga. Atlanta, Ga.
Hill, Thomas A., Washington, Ga.

Hinton, John.
Holland, ——.
Holmes, John H., LaGrange, now Wetumpka, Alabama.
Houston ——.
Howard, ——.
Huger, ——, Charleston, S. C.
Jones, H. P., Burke county, Ga.
Jones, Henry, Burke county, Ga.
Jones, W. D., Burke county, Ga.
*Jones W. (Jr.,) Burke county, Ga. Died in 1864.
King, (Barrington,) Marietta, Ga.
Kollock, ——, Savannah, Ga.
Land, J. H.
Lane, W. S.
Latimer, Charles T.
Leseuer, ——., S. C.
Lester, T. G., Lexington, Ga.
Livingston, ——.
Lovett, Robert O., Screven county, Ga. Atlanta, Ga.
McCarthy, ——.
McClellan, ——, was from Florida.
McLeod, George, Cobb county, Ga.
McCleskey, L. L., Athens, Ga. Atlanta, Ga.
McHenry, W. S., Madison, Ga.
*McWhorter, Madison, Green county, Ga.
*McWhorter, Robert Ligon, Green county, Ga.
Mann, Charley, Perry, Ga.
*Marshall, C., Perry, Ga.
Mims, ——.
Mims, W. H.
Myrick, G. D., Milledgeville, Ga.
Myrick, J. D., Dovedale, Baldwin county, Ga.
Napier, ——, Macon, Ga.
Nevett, ——, Savannah, Ga.
Noble, Stephens, Rome, Ga.
Owens, James, Macon county, Ga.
*Parsons, William H., Johnson county, Ga.
Pattillo, George, Cartersville, Ga.
Pearce, James.
Pearce, J. W., Decatur, Ga.

*Plant, Robert H., Macon, Ga. Died in 1903. President of a bank.

Randall, Bush, Cobb, Ga. Decatur, Ga.

Redding, ——.

Reese, ——.

Robert, W. H., Lagrange, Ga. Now druggist in Denison, Texas.

Roberts, Wiley.

Robinson, A., Meriwether county, Ga.

Robinson, E., Meriwether county, Ga.

Roddy, R. L., Forsyth, Ga.

Rucker, Jeptha H., Athens, Ga.

Rucker, Tinsley W., ("Tinnie"), Athens, Ga. Atlanta, Ga.

*Ryan Lawrence T., Hawkinsville, Ga.

Sapp, A. J.

Schley, B.

Schley, G.

Schofield, ——, Macon, Ga.

Sheppard, W. T., West Point, Ga. Boston, Mass.

Shumake, W., Harris county, Ga.

Slappey, A. B., Marshallville, Ga.

Smith, Archibald A., LaGrange, Ga.

Smith, H. H.

*Smith, W., Crawford county, Ga. Died in service, 1864.

Solomon, W., Gordon, Ga.

Spain, ——.

Taft, W., Charleston, S. C.

Thurman, Jas. T., Atlanta, Ga.

*Tilson, Mitchell, Darien, Ga.

*Turnbull, J. J., Banks county, Ga.

Waitzefelder, Abraham, Milledgeville, Ga. New York City.

Walker, C.

Walker, J.

Waters, Byron B.

Watson, ——.

*Williams, C. Howard, Columbus, Ga. Died in Atlanta, Ga., 1895.

Williams, M.

*Woodward, James P.

Wynn, Joseph H., Newnan, Coweta county, Ga.

Color Guard.

*Color Sergeant, George C. Coleman, Harris county, Ga. Was killed at Aberdeen, Miss., in 1896. Co. B.

Color Corporal, Julius L. Brown, Milledgeville, Ga. Atlanta, Ga. Son of Governor Joseph E. Brown, the War Governor of Georgia. Co. A.

*Color Corporal, A. J. Hulsey, Atlanta, Ga. Co. A.

Color Corporal, Thomas W. Milner, Cartersville, Ga. Co. B.

Color Corporal, Henry W. Dewes, Forsyth, Ga. Kirkwood, Ga. Co. B.

*Color Corporal, Henry A. Dunwoody, Co. A. Cobb, county, Darien, Ga.

Company. B.

Captain, Victor E. Manget, Marietta, Ga. Professor of French at G. M. I. Living now at Marietta, Ga. Minister of the Gospel.

*First Lieutenant, Cadet Charles H. Solomon, Macon, Ga.

*Second Lieutenant, Cadet P. Hazlehurst, Macon, Ga.

*Third Lieutenant, Cadet Steele White, Savannah, Ga.

Fourth Lieutenant, Cadet Frank Einstein, Macon, Ga. New York, N. Y.

Sergeants.

First Sergeant, Cadet T. A. Ward, Greensboro, Ga. Last heard of was in Alabama.

Second Sergeant, Cadet Tom Bussey. Died in 1893.

*Third Sergeant, Cadet Isaac P. Harris, Covington, Ga. Died at Atlanta, Ga., in 1899.

*Fourth Sergeant, Cadet Seaborn Montgomery, Ellaville, Schley county, Ga. Died in service 1864.

Corporals.

Cadet B. Frank Lee, Fort Valley, Ga. Thomaston, Ga. Later was made Third Sergeant in Co. B, to take place of I. P. Harris, promoted to Lieut.

Cadet C. W. Linn.

*Cadet Thomas Acree, Talbotton, Ga.

Cadet J. Symmes.

Cadet F. Jones.

Cadet J. K. Anderson, Edgefield county, S. C. Wounded in in line, and died at Atlanta, August, 1864.

Cadet McNealy, Marianna, Fla.
Cadet J. H. Stokes, Lumkin, Ga.
*Cadet Stephen G. Jordan, Washington county, Ga. Died May 23d, 1904.

PRIVATES.

Allen, J. L., Bainbridge, Ga. Chipley, Ga.
Atkinson, R. H., Macon, Ga.
*Baker, W., West Point, Ga.
Beall, ——.
Bignon, ——.
Billingslea, Clay, Green county, Ga.
Bolger, ——., Charleston, S. C.
*Bomar, W. A., Atlanta, Ga. Died 1905.
Bostick, ——.
Bozeman, ——.
Brantley, ——., Atlanta, Ga.
Breese, W. E., Charleston, S. C. Brevard, N. C.
Brown, C., Cuthbert, Ga.
*Brown, R., Americus, Ga.
Bryan, ——., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Burt, F., Marietta, Ga. Came from South Carolina.
*Bussey, Nathan, West Point, Ga. Died in Soldiers' Home, 1904.
Calhoun, O., Abbeyville, S. C.
Cameron, H. C., Harris county, Ga. Columbus, Ga.
Chaney, T. G., Ellaville, Ga.
Coleman, J. D., Harris county, Ga. Aberdeen, Miss. Brother of George C.
*Collier, William E., Fort Valley, Ga.
Commander, ——. Tampa, Fla.
*Culverhouse, Augustus, Knoxville, Ga.
Compton, Lymon H., Milledgeville, Ga.
Cunningham, D., Talbot county, Ga.
*Dean, Jesse, Atlanta, Ga.
*Dean, W., Atlanta, Ga.
Dunwoody, ——.
Faver, J. D., Washington, Ga., Atlanta Ga.
Goldsmith, Tom B., DeKalb county. Simpsonville, S. C.
*Goldsmith, Paul, Atlanta, Ga.
Goode, Samuel W., Lumpkin, Ga. Atlanta, Ga.

Gould, ——.
*Griffin, J. W., Lowndes county, Ga.
*Griffin, Samuel, Lowndes county, Ga. (Brothers.)
Grubbs, James W., Waynesboro, Ga.
Guyton, ——.
Harris, W.
*Heidt, C. B., Savannah, Ga.
Hitchcock, Winfield, Hancock county, Ga.
Holliday, George H., Atlanta, Ga.
Holmes, ——.
Hood. M. F., Hamilton, Harris county, Ga.
Hudson, J. M., Hamilton, Harris county, Ga.
Hughes, ——.
Hulbert, ——.
Humber, Lucius, Lumpkin, Ga.
Hunt, T. J., Harris county, Ga. Columbus, Ga.
Hunting, ——.
Johnston, A.
Johnston, Malcolm, Baldwin county, Ga. Atlanta, Ga.
Johnston, T.
Jones, D. A., West Point, Ga.
*Jones, H. B., Columbus, Ga.
Jones, W. M., Hamilton, Ga.
*Jordan, Edmond, Washington county, Ga. Died 1864.
Kollock, ——, Savannah, Ga.
Lamar, Lucius J., Milledgeville, Ga.
Lamar, Ophilo V., Ellaville, Ga.

Lee, Lewis T., Fort Valley, Ga. Jasper, Tennessee.
Lee, Oscar, Atlanta, Ga.
*Lewis, Hal T., Green county, Ga. Died in 1903. Supreme Court Justice.
Ligon, ——.
Little, W. W., Harris county, Ga. West Point, Ga., R. F. D. 1.
Loftin, Frank S., Franklin, Heard county, Ga. Franklin, Ga.
Loud, ——.
Luckie, Alfred T., Covington, Ga. Athens, Ga.
*Mabry, J., Houston county, Ga. Died 1864.
Markley, Wm. A., Greenville, S. C. Commerce, Texas.

Marsh, Clayton H., Cartersville, Georgia. Wounded at Oconee Bridge battle, died in Savannah, Ga., November 1864.

McClatchey, W. Penn, Marietta, Ga. Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mays, ——.

McLauren, ——, South Carolina.

*McLeod, John, Emanuel county, Ga. Died 1864.

*Mobley, Reuben B., Hamilton, Harris county, Ga. Died July, 1904.

Moore, J., Weston, Ga.

Moore, W. F., Marietta, Ga.

Mousseau, ——, Charleston, S. C.

Myrick, A. B., Milledgeville, Ga. Mississippi.

*Myrick, W. E., Milledgeville, Ga. Died in Mississippi, 1867.

Neufville, ——, Savannah, Ga.

Newsome, Willard H., LaGrange, Ga.

Parrott, ——.

Partee, ——.

Patillo, W. F., Harris county, Ga. Decatur, Ga.

*Persons, Robert T., Fort Valley, Ga.

Persons, Thomas, Marietta, Ga.

Rahn, James M., Guyton, Effingham county, Ga.

Ramsey, ——.

Remshart, G. Horace, Savannah, Ga.

Reynolds, Homer V., Cobb county, Marietta, Ga.

J. Richter, Madison, Ga.

Richter, M. L., Madison, Ga.

*Reynolds, Fletcher P., Covington, Ga. Died at Marietta, 1889.

*Robertson, ——, Meriwether county, Ga. Died since the war.

Rodgers, Robert L , Washington county, Ga. Atlanta, Ga.

*Sanders, O. A., ("Cube,") Covington, Ga. Died in Atlanta, 1883.

Sharp, ——.

Shropshire, Andrew J., Coweta county, Ga. Atlanta, Ga.

Shoemake, W. W., Troupe county, Ga. Died 1865.

Smart, ——, Camden county, Ga.

Smith, Richard R., Washington county, Tennille, Ga.

Smith, Thomas N., Washington county, Tennille, Ga. (Brothers.)

Spencer, Samuel, Columbus, Ga., now President Southern Railway Company, and lives in New York City.

Staten, ——.

Stevens, N. C. ("Dick,") Ellaville, Ga. Now doctor at Ama, Louisiana.

Stevenson, V. K., Nashville, Tenn. New York.

Stotesbury, ——.

Tenant, Marietta, Ga.

Thomas, Isaac, Forsyth, Ga.

Traylor, R. B., Harris county, Ga. Chipley, Ga.

Ulmer, ——.

Vance, ——.

*Villard, W. D., South Carolina. Died in Atlanta, Ga., 1897.

Walton, Taylor, Lumpkin, Ga., Texas.

Waters, J. C., Marietta, Ga.

Wesson, M., Albany, Ga.

Wesson, T., Albany, Ga.

Wilcox, ——.

Williams, O. S., Hamilton, Harris county, Ga.

Williams, T.

*Wright, B. F., Covington, Ga.

Wright, C.

*Young, Thomas, Valdosta, Ga.

Casualties in the Battalion.

Cadet Corporal Anderson, of Greenville, S. C., was wounded in knee during siege of Atlanta, and died August 11, 1864, two days later, in hospital.

Cadet F. E. Courvoisier, of Savannah, Ga., was wounded in hip in August, 1864, siege of Atlanta. He recovered. Died in Port Royal, S. C., 1896.

Cadet A. H. Alexander, of Forsyth, Ga., was killed instantly by a solid ball from a six-pounder cannon, passing entirely through his body, in siege of Atlanta, August 12, 1864.

Cadet A. T. Luckie painfully wounded in eye in 1864.

Cadet Samuel W. Goode painfully wounded in the arm, near shoulder, at Atlanta, in July or August, 1864.

Cadet Griffin slightly wounded on nose in 1864.

Cadet W. E. Myrick wounded in head at Oconee bridge, on Central railroad, in November, 1864. Died in Mississippi, 1867.

Cadet Sergeant J. Scott Todd was wounded in arm, which was

amputated at once, at Oconee bridge, over Oconee river, on Central railroad, in Washington county, Ga., on November 23, 1864, in charge on Yankee pickets in Oconee swamp. He is now Dr. J. S. Todd, of Atlanta, Ga., and surgeon of Georgia Division of U. C. V.

Cadet Thomas A. Hamilton, of Columbia county, Ga., now of Birmingham, Ala., was severely wounded in shoulder at Oconee bridge, over Oconee river, on Central railroad, on November 25, 1864.

Cadets Commander, W. Baker, Edmund Jordan, Mabry, John McLeod and G. Smith, died in the service by disease contracted while serving in the trenches around Atlanta.

Cadet Marsh was mortally wounded by minie ball in right groin, in charge on Yankee pickets at Oconee river, Oconee bridge, on the Central railroad, in Washington county, Ga., on the 23d of November, 1864. He was carried on train to Savannah, Ga., and died in hospital there on the 26th of November, 1864.

This battalion was a conspicuous organization in the Confederate service, in the Western army, commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston. The battalion served under General Hood, and was a noted battalion of youths from the celebrated military school, the Georgia Military Institute. The boys were in excellent discipline, splendidly drilled, and with fine courage and great enthusiasm and patriotic spirit. They were a marked battalion of as fine mettled youths as ever went to any war for any country.

Major F. W. Capers was proud of his "boys," as he affectionately spoke of them. When they were under severe artillery fire at Turner's Ferry, over Chattahoochee river, Major Capers said he was very proud of them, and spoke in very high compliment of them, as exhibiting a cool courage and skill, remarkable in every respect, and he said that he believed that if he had a full division of such boys he could repulse the whole Yankee army.

Major-General Henry C. Wayne was in command of the forces with which the cadets served, as they confronted Sherman's army, on the "Marching through Georgia." General Wayne, in his official report of February 6, 1865, gives account of the distinguished conduct of Georgia cadets in the campaign through Georgia. His report is fully set forth in the official war records, series 1, volume 53, supplement, on pages 32 to 37 inclusive, in serial

No. 111. On page 36, General Wayne says: "I would conspicuously mention Majors Hartridge and Capers, and Captains Talbot, Pruden, Austin and Warthen. The gallantry of these gentlemen cannot be surpassed. To Major Capers I am under the greatest obligations. His qualifications for military command are of the highest order, and entitle him to a prominent position. They have been brilliantly illustrated by the corps of cadets, whose gallantry, discipline and skill equal anything I have ever seen in any military service. I cannot speak too highly of these youths, who go into a fight as cheerfully as they would enter a ball-room, and with the silence and steadiness of veterans."

The Georgia Cadets were the last organized Confederate soldiers on duty east of the Mississippi river, and their last service, as the first, was on provost duty, guarding the city of Augusta, Ga., and the Confederate arsenals and army stores at that city. They obeyed the last order of a Confederate officer, Major-General Lafayette McLaws. The order was issued after the surrenders of General Lee and General Johnston, and was dated May 1, 1865, and they served under that order till the 20th day of May, 1865, when they were relieved from their duties by a Yankee garrison, who came to Augusta to take charge of the city and Confederate supplies there.

The order of General McLaws is in copy, on page 420, in the volume 53, of series 1, supplement, of the official war records. It is as follows:

"SPECIAL ORDER.—Headquarters, Augusta, Ga., May 1, 1865. The battalion of Georgia Cadets will proceed at once to the city hall, in the city of Augusta, taking one day's rations with them, and will bivouac there until further orders, for the purpose of preserving order in said city. They will suppress all disturbances and will make such details for the preservation of order and property as may be called for by Major Henry Bryan, Inspector-general. Upon the zeal and honor of this battalion rests the good name of their State and the safety of Augusta.

"By command of Brigadier-General Fry.

J. B. Dorman,
Major and Assistant Adjutant-General.

Approved. By command of Major-General LaFayette McLaws.

HENRY BRYAN,
Major and Assistant Inspector-General.

"To Major Capers, or officer commanding, Battalion Cadets."
"(47)"

On the 20th of May, 1865, the battalion was disbanded, and the cadets returned to their respective homes, Thus the boy soldiers of the South, and of Georgia, were the last to do duty in the cause of the Confederate States of America. In their manhood they have made good citizens, and are now fast passing from the active scenes of life forever.

Respectfully submitted,

ROBERT L. RODGERS,
Historian of Georgia Cadets' Association.

Atlanta, Ga., December 25, 1905.

THE BATTLE NEAR SPOTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE ON MAY 18, 1864. See Ante p. 16.

An Address Delivered Before R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, C. V., on the Night of January 20, 1905.

By COL. W. E. CUTSHAW.

My Comrades:

In accepting your kind invitation to repeat the address made before the Association of Richmond Howitzers, I beg to refer to the dates of the several battles and engagements in the neighborhood of Spotsylvania Courthouse that the distinct points of the address may be clearly brought forth, without confusion or mixing with those of other dates.

After the battles of the Wilderness, the army of the Potomac, under General Grant, moved to the left towards Spotsylvania. The army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee, also moved and confronted the Northern army, and, on the 8th of May, had an engagement with it near Spotsylvania Courthouse. On the 10th of May portions of the Confederate lines were attacked by the Federal army and repulsed. On the 12th of May the centre of the Confederate lines was assaulted and broken by the Federal army at what was known as the Salient, or Bloody Angle, threatening a great disaster to the Confederate army. On the 13th of May the Confederate lines were moved back to a revised position, nearly a mile in rear of the former Salient, and these new lines were assaulted by an early morning attack of May 18th by very nearly the same Federal troops that were engaged on the 12th. It is this attack and repulse that makes the subject of my paper. Both the army of the Potomac and the army of Northern Virginia had seen service in the field for nearly three years, and in every essential were, indeed, veteran soldiers. It is doubtful if the courage and the endurance of any soldiers in any army was surpassed by that of the Confederate soldier, and his example, either in attack or resistance, is not surpassed by the armies of the world, impelled as he was by the purest patriotism under unexampled Christian leaders to do his

duty, with none of that fatalism characterizing the reckless fighting of Mohammedans, Hindoos and Japanese.

The field of this engagement is embraced between the Po and the Ny rivers, branches of the Mattapony, a rolling, undulating, well-wooded country, intersected by small branches from these streams, which are sometimes low and marshy. The map herewith presented is an enlarged one, taken from one of the War Record's office, and shows, marked in red and black, the lines of the works occupied by the troops of both armies engaged in the several battles in this neighborhood. The positions of the armies on May 18th, 1864, were as follows:

CONFEDERATE ARMY.

Longstreet's First Corps (Anderson commanding), on the extreme Confederate right, composed of:

Kershaw's Division, Field's Division, Pickett's Division (absent), with the artillery of this corps. Not in action as far as known.

Hill's Third Corps (Early commanding), in centre on left of Anderson, composed of:

Anderson's Division, Heth's Division, Wilcox's Division, with the artillery of this corps. Infantry not in action, but Third Corps guns replying to Warren's.

Ewell's Second Corps, next on the extreme Confederate left, composed of:

Early's (Gordon) Division, perhaps slightly; Johnson's Division, partly in action; Rodes' Division (possibly), slightly, with the artillery of this corps. Firing in a desultory manner from the works, with infantry, but with 29 guns vigorously in action also firing from works, and as follows;

GUNS.

Second Howitzers (Jones'), Third Howitzers (Smith's), Powhatan Artillery (Dance's), Salem Artillery (Griffin's).....	15
Orange Artillery (Fry's), with men of other batteries; Staunton Artillery (Garber's), with men of other batteries.....	8
Guns from either Braxton or Nelson.....	6
	29

FEDERAL ARMY.

Warren's Fifth Corps, on the Federal left, composed of:

Four Divisions—24,423 April 30th, and 19,321 June 1st. In-

fantry not in action, but 26 guns were, as a diversion in front of Hill's Corps.

Hancock's Second Corps, next to Fifth and to the right of it, composed of:

Four Divisions—27,007 April 30th, and 28,327 June 1st. Barlow's and Gibbons' Division in the assault, with 16 guns in action. (1st New Hampshire, 1st Rhode Island, 4th U. S., and 1st New York.)

Wright's Sixth Corps, next to Second and to its right, composed of:

Three Divisions—23,165 April 30th, and 20,390 June 1st. Getty's and Russell's Divisions in the assault, assisted by Hancock's guns.

Burnside's Ninth Corps, next to Sixth and on the extreme right, composed of four divisions—19,840 April 30th, and 18,147 June 1st. Potter's and Crittenden's Divisions in the assault, with 16 guns in action. (2nd Maine, 14th Massachusetts, 7th Maine, and 24th New York.)

The above numbers are from the official returns of these dates and Gibbons' report (10,734) is for his division on May 16th. No numbers in the field returns are given of the Confederate army about this period, and of the Federal army, with the exception of Gibbons' Division of May 16th, are for April 30th and June 1st 1864.

Taking Gibbon's Division at	10,000	out of 27,000
Barlow's Division at	3,500	
Getty's Division at	3,000	out of 20,000
Russell's (Wheaton's) Division at	3,000	
Potter's Division at	3,000	out of 18,000
Crittenden's (Ledley's) Division at	2,500	
Total,	25,000	

We may safely assume that 25,000 infantry were in the charge of the assaulting columns of the Federal army, supported by the fire of 32 guns, and that 29 rapidly served guns, together with a light desultory infantry fire on the Confederate side, were ready to meet it.

With these forces engaged, the action commenced early on the morning of the 18th, with the retirement of the Confederate pickets and skirmishers, and the advance of the Federal infantry in the several formations referred to in the reports. That this was a

matured plan, settled upon by Generals Grant and Meade, and attempted in execution in a determined manner to carry the Confederate works on Ewell's front, the following quotations from the published official records fully establish:

Major-General Humphrey's, Chief of Staff to General Meade, page — of his book, says:

"It had been suggested by Major-General Wright, and also by myself, that, after the lapse of a few days, a return by night to the enemy's left, which would probably be abandoned, or very much weakened by our concentration on his right, might afford a good opportunity to attack there. General Wright's suggestion was for his corps only to undertake it; but it was concluded to send both the Second and Sixth Corps, and on the 17th Generals Hancock and Wright were ordered to move their troops in the night to the works captured on the 12th, and attack the enemy's new intrenchments there at daylight on the 18th, the Sixth Corps on the right of the Second. General Burnside was directed to attack in conjunction with them, and General Warren to open his artillery at the same time and be prepared for the offensive. The Second Corps, being nearest to the point of attack, led, the Sixth Corps following. The troops were in the position designated before daylight, and at 4 A. M. Gibbon and Barlow moved forward to assault, their troops in lines of brigades. Birney and Tyler were held in reserve. The artillery was posted in the first line of works at the apex of the salient, firing over the troops. The Sixth Corps advanced on the right of the Second. But the enemy was on the alert, and the new intrenchments across the base of the Salient were of the most formidable character, being concealed on their right by woods, and having on that part of their front a heavy slashing, and on their left front, which was in the open ground of the Harrison farm, lines of abatis. As the troops approached, they were met with a heavy musketry and artillery fire which completely swept the ground in front; but, notwithstanding, they passed forward to the slashing and abatis, and made several gallant attempts to carry the enemy's lines, but without success.

"Upon its being reported to General Meade that there was but little probability of the enemy's lines being carried, he directed the attack to be discontinued, and the troops were accordingly withdrawn.

"General Burnside made the attack directed on the morning of

the 18th, with the divisions of Crittenden and Potter, and all his artillery, uniting on the right with Hancock, but could not carry the enemy's entrenchments. The artillery of the Fifth corps also opened and continued its fire for several hours."

Mr. Charles A. Dana in his report, pages 72 and 73 of records, to Secretary Staunton, says: "The report of General Wright, who has reconnoitered the ground over which our proposed attack upon the enemy's right was to be made, caused General Grant to change the plan detailed in my dispatch of last evening. Instead of attacking on our left Hancock and Wright have made a night march to our right flank and attacked at daylight upon the same lines where Hancock made his successful assault on Thursday last. We have as yet no news of the result. Warren's guns opened a heavy fire upon the rebel's lines at the courthouse at 4:30 and Hancock and Wright made their attack this morning in good style, forced the first and second lines of rebel riflepits, and for a time were confident that they had struck the lair of the enemy, but advancing through the forest each corps presently found itself confronted by heavy interior works, protected, especially in Hancock's line of advance by impassible abatis. Barlow's division of Hancock's corps attempted in vain to charge through this obstacle, and held their ground before it for an hour or more under a galling fire of canister. The difficulty in storming the rebel intrenched camp on that side being evidently of the most extreme character, and both corps having artfully, but unsuccessfully, sought for a weak point where they might break through, Grant at 9 o'clock ordered the attack to cease.

"Warren maintained a vigorous artillery duel with the rebel batteries around the courthouse until 11 o'clock, when both parties ceased firing. Our losses by the morning's work are reckoned by General Meade at 500 killed and wounded."

Medical director McParlin, page 232 of Records, says: "On the morning of the 18th the Second corps moved to the right and attacked the enemy's works; 552 wounded were the result, and the character of the wounds were unusually severe, a large proportion being caused by shell and canister."

Major-General Hancock, page 337, says: "On the 17th Tyler's division of heavy artillery, Brigadier-General R. O. Tyler commanding, and the Corcoran Legion (infantry) joined the Second corps, making in all a reinforcement of 8,000 men. The Corcoran

Legion was assigned to Gibbon's division. I had received orders during the day to move my command to the works I had captured on the 12th, and to attack the enemy at daylight on the 18th, in the intrenchments he then held in front of that position. The Sixth corps was directed to form on my right and assail the enemy's line at the same hour. Before daylight, on the 18th, the troops were in the position designated and the preparations for the attack completed. At 4 A. M. Gibbon and Barlow moved forward to the assault, their troops in line of brigades. My artillery was posted in the first line of works, firing during the action over our troops in front. Birney and Tyler were in reserve. The enemy held a strong line of intrenchments about one-half mile in front of and parallel to the works we had stormed on the 12th. His position was concealed by the forest and protected by heavy slashing and abatis.

"As our troops approached his line they encountered a severe fire of musketry and artillery, which completely swept his front, making great havoc in our ranks. They pressed forward, however, until they arrived at the edge of the abatis, which, with the heavy fire, arrested their progress. Many gallant attempts were made by our troops to penetrate the enemy's line, but without success. Finding that I was losing quite heavily, and there was but little probability of my being able to carry the enemy's position, I communicated the state of affairs to the major-general commanding, and was directed by him to discontinue the attack. Accordingly, at ten A. M. I withdrew my troops and occupied the line of works in front of the Landrum House."

General Hancock, page 361 of Records, says: "May 17th, 1864, 8 A. M., Tyler's division, about 8,000 strong, mostly heavy artillery, joined the Second corps, which will reinforce us sufficiently to make up our losses at the Wilderness, the Po, and Spotsylvania. The division massed near the Fredericksburg road.

"No movement of the Second corps until dark, when we marched back to the works we had captured on the 12th instant, at which point it is determined again to assault the enemy to-morrow morning.

"At 4:10 A. M. Barlow's and Gibbon's divisions having been formed in front of the captured works moved forward to assail the enemy in the lines he had occupied after the battle at this point on the 12th. Tyler's division in reserve in rifle pits running from

the Landrum House to the Salient, Birney's division still remaining with General Burnside. Gibbon's and Barlow's divisions now traversed the same ground which we had fought so desperately on six days since, and as but a portion of the dead of that day's contest had been buried, the stench which arose from them was so sickening and terrible that many of the men and officers became deathly sick from it. The appearance of the dead who had been exposed to the sun so long was horrible in the extreme as we marched past and over them, a sight never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

"At 4:10 A. M. Gibbon and Barlow moved forward to the assault, their troops in line of brigades. My artillery was posted in the first line of works, firing during the action over our troops in front.

"As soon as our lines came within range we were received with a most destructive fire of musketry and artillery from the enemy, who was snugly fixed in heavy intrenchments protected by abatis. Our men gallantly rushed on until they came to the edge of this abatis, which was so heavy and firm that they could not penetrate it under the fire, and our lines stood at that point delivering their fire until 10 o'clock, when we were withdrawn, it being found impracticable to carry the position and our losses were heavy in this assault in killed and wounded. The Sixth corps attacked at the same time with us on their right, with the same result."

General Frances C. Barlow, page 369 of Records, says: "Attacked the enemy's left May 18th."

General John R. Brooke, Barlow's division, of Hancock's corps, page 411 of Records, says: "At 10 A. M. moved forward in support of Second and Third brigades, which were ordered to attack the enemy. Occupied the position taken on the 12th, and remained there. No fighting done by brigade, though exposed to a heavy artilley fire throughout the day, losing heavily in officers and men. The assault made on our part of the line was not successful."

Major-General John Gibbon, of Hancock's corps, pages 431 and 432 of Records, says: "At daylight on the 18th, the division was in position at the breastworks taken on the 12th, ready for another assault on the enemy's interior line. The Corcoran Legion, Colonel Matthew Murphy, Sixty-ninth regiment, New York National Guard Artillery, commanding, had the day before joined the army

and been assigned to my division as the Fourth brigade, and Col. Thomas S. Smyth, First Delaware Volunteers, and Colonel H. B. McKeen, Eighty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, reported to me for duty, and were assigned to the command of the Third and First brigades respectively. The division was formed in two lines, the first line composed of McKeen's and Murphy's brigades (First and Fourth) in line of battle connecting with Barlow's division on the left and the Sixth corps on the right, and supported by the second line. Owen's and Smyth's brigades (Second and Third) formed in line of battalions en masse. Directly in front of the centre of my line was a thick, heavy wood, which prevented any considerable portion of the division from being seen from any one point. The troops moved to the assault at 4:30 A. M., and gallantly carried some of the enemy's works in their front, when the second line was ordered forward in support. We soon, however, came upon the enemy's main line of works, well manned both with infantry and artillery, and protected in front with abatis, from which the fire was so heavy that the troops made no headway against it and were forced to retire."

Colonel Thomas A. Smyth, of Hancock's corps, page 449 of Record, says: "I assumed command of this brigade by order of Brigadier-General Gibbon, May 17th, 1864, the army then being in the vicinity of Spotsylvania Courthouse. About 10:30 P. M. I was ordered to mass the brigade in front of the Landrum House, and near the vacated line of the enemy's intrenchments, before daylight, which was accomplished, the brigade being in column of battalions between the Landrum House and the road. Subsequently it was deployed into line by battalions in mass, and I was ordered by Brigadier-General Gibbon to move forward in support of the Corcoran Legion. At daylight the Legion moved forward and I followed at short supporting distance. The first line was repulsed, and my brigade taking a position in a ravine covered their retreat. I at once deployed a line of skirmishers and held this position until 12:35 P. M., when in obedience to orders from General Gibbon, I withdrew to the second line of intrenchments."

Colonel John C. Tidball, Chief Artillery, Hancock's corps, page 510 of Records, says: "May 18th moved from Harris' house to the deserted house, and Roder, Ames and Ricketts to Landrum's. Sent Edgell's battery to Colonel Tompkins. Brown, Roder and Ames, in the first line, silenced rebel battery; 12 M. still in posi-

tion. Clark and Ricketts moved down to works on extreme right. Edgell already there with Birneys's division."

General G. K. Warren, page 542 of Records, says: "May 18, 1864, whole army had moved off to our right to make an assault on the enemy, and I commenced to cannonade at daylight with 26 guns, as a diversion. This occasioned a brisk artillery duel between myself and Hill's Corps. Our forces found the enemy prepared and strongly posted on the right, and made no serious attack."

Colonel Charles S. Wainwright, Chief Artillery, Warren's Corps, page 644 of Records, says: "May 18, 1864, Second and Sixth Corps having returned to the right of the general line, and so uncovered the left, Hart's, Bigelow's and Walcott's batteries of light 12 pounders were posted in the neighborhood of the Anderson house to protect that flank, should the enemy attack there. Before daylight Rittenhouse's battery was pushed forward on the pike to our advanced works, about 1,400 yards from the court-house, and was joined by Taft's (Fifth New York Independent) battery of six 20 pounder Parrott's, which had temporarily joined the brigade the night before. and Sheldon's battery, making 14 guns, under command of Major Fitzhugh. At the same time Captain Cooper, with his own, Breck's and Phillips' batteries, making 12 three-inch guns, was posted on a sharp knoll to the front, and some 400 yards to the left of Major Fitzhugh's line, making an angle of about 60 degrees with it. The position of all these batteries was excellent. The first was protected by fair works, and the rapid descent of the knoll from the rear to Cooper's afforded excellent shelter for the limbers. The enemy had 20 pieces behind their lines, in front and to their right of the courthouse. At the time the Second Corps advanced on the right the batteries on both sides opened. The engagement was brisk for near three-quarters of an hour, and the practice on both sides was very accurate. Fire was kept up at intervals during the day without any express object, and with no perceptible result, except the silencing of the enemy's guns."

General George W. Getty, of Wright's Corps, page 679 of Records, says: "On the night of the 17th, (May, 1864), the division moved back to the angle, and having formed in columns of brigades in the following order from front to rear, Wheaton's (First), Edward's (Fourth), Bidwell's (Third), and Grant's (Second), in conjunction with the Second Corps and the remainder of the Sixth, made an attack at daylight on the enemy's position on the right

and front of the angle. The attack was not successful, and the division was withdrawn."

Ben. Frank Wheaton, of Wright's Corps, pages 685 and 686 of Record, says: "Remained in the camp until May 17, (1864), when at 8:30 P. M., the brigade moved with the rest of the division to the extreme right of the army opposite the angle, mentioned May 12, and the scene of the obstinate fighting of that day, and formed at 3:30 A. M., May 18, on the right of the Second Corps. At 4:30 A. M., in conjunction with the Second Corps, on the left, we moved forward to assault the enemy's position, a quarter mile beyond his works vacated the 13th. The advance was conducted in good order, notwithstanding the many natural and artificial obstacles in the vicinity of the enemy's old line of pits, until we arrived within 300 yards of their new position, when they suddenly opened with canister and musketry. The brigade line extended from left to right in the following order: One Hundred and Second Pennsylvania Volunteers, Ninety-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, Ninety-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Sixty-second New York Volunteers, One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers. The other brigades of the division were in successive lines in rear. The fire of the enemy was mainly directed to the One Hundred and Second and Ninety-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, as they were exposed through a large opening in the woods. At this point also the line was at right angles with an interior line of works, which had been vacated by the enemy and was untenable to us. The traverses and abatis in rear and front of these works and the severe artillery fire which enfiladed them rendered it impossible to keep the line connected, and the Ninety-third Pennsylvania Volunteers was moved by a flank in rear of the Ninety-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers. As the Second Corps had been checked in its advance and its right had fallen back, leaving my flank exposed, and nothing as yet had formed on my right, I deemed it unsafe to advance farther, and the brigade was halted where the above separation occurred—the One Hundred and Second Pennsylvania Volunteers on the left and the balance of the brigade on the right under cover of the woods. The enemy continued to shell both positions for an hour, the brigade and the lines in support losing many men and officers therefrom. At 8 o'clock the brigade of Colonel Smith, of the Third Division formed on the right. At 9 o'clock a staff officer of the division commander came for the first time to learn the

situation of affairs, to whom I represented the impracticability of a farther advance. A short time after I received orders direct from the corps commander to withdraw, which was done successfully under cover of the woods."

General L. A. Grant of Wright's corps, page 696 of Record, says: "At daylight on the morning of the 18th, both corps charged the enemy's position. This brigade was formed in two lines of battle, the old regiments in front and the Eleventh regiment constituting the second line. Three brigades, each formed in one line of battle, were in our front. An advance of about half a mile was made under a heavy artillery fire. This brigade (constituting the fourth and fifth lines) came up on the first line in advance and halted. No farther advance was made, and the troops in our front retired. After holding the front line for some time, the whole command was ordered to retire, which was done in good order. Our loss, though not so heavy as in other engagements, was considerable, principally from artillery."

General D. D. Bidwell, of Getty's division, Wright's corps, page 720 of Records, says: "On the evening of the 17th (May 1864), we moved to the position in front of the angle, where on the morning of the 18th the division was formed in four lines of a brigade each. We were in the third line, and it getting light the advance was made without awaiting for the Third division to complete their formation. Upon advancing the Second corps gave way on our left, and the two front lines obliquing to the left, brought us in the front line, and the Third division failing to advance exposed us to an artillery fire, which took us in reverse, on the flank (and) in front. The line on our left halting, our line was halted, where we remained until withdrawn by orders. In this engagement our loss was heavy and most from artillery."

General A. E. Burnside, pages 910 and 911 of Records, says: "On the morning of the 18th (May, 1864), a general attack was made on the enemy's line, and after two or three charges by the divisions of General Crittenden and Potter, which resulted in considerable loss, it was concluded that it could not be carried by assault. Some ground, however was gained which commanded parts of their line. This attack was well supported by the artillery, particularly by the batteries of General Wilcox's division."

General J. H. Ledlie, of Burnside's corps, pages 917 and 918, of Records, says: "On the 18th of May (1864), I received orders

to advance upon and feel the enemy's position. I pushed forward my brigade, composed of the Fourth and Tenth U. S. Infantry, Thirty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, Fifty-seventh and Fifty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, which moved up in admirable style, and reached the abatis in front of them, and it being impossible to penetrate this, I ordered the brigade to fall back and did so, receiving a terrible fire from the enemy. The officers and men behaved with great gallantry, and deserve much credit."

General R. B. Potter, of Burnside's Corps, page 920 of Record, says: "The usual skirmishing and artillery fire continued till the morning of the 18th (May 1864) when we attacked the enemy with vigor all along the line, made three charges on his works and met with considerable loss. We did not succeed in carrying his works, but gained some important ground, rendering parts of his line untenable."

General W. N. Pendleton, General Lee's Chief of Artillery, pages 1054 and 1056, of Record, says: "(May 12, 1864) Major Cutshaw was assigned to the command of Hardaway's battalion and Major Page put in command of the combined remnants of his own and Cutshaw' battalions.

"On the morning of the 18th, the enemy again attempted to carry the line still held by the Second corps near the scene of the former conflict. This time, however, he met guns in position to receive him. His heavy force was allowed to get within good range of our breastworks. There the guns under Colonel Carter (Hardaway's battalion, commanded by Cutshaw and Page's reorganized) opened upon him a murderous fire of spherical case and canister, which at once arrested his advance, threw his columns into confusion, and forced him to retreat in disorder. Heavily as he suffered on this occasion, our loss was nothing, and this was accomplished against a force of 12,000 picked infantry by twenty-nine pieces of artillery alone, but well handled."

General R. S. Ewell, page 1073 of Records, says: "As it was unadvisable to continue efforts to retake the salient with the force at my command, a new line was laid out during the day by General Lee's chief engineer, some 800 yards in rear of the first and constructed at night. After midnight my forces were quietly withdrawn to it and artillery placed in position, but his efforts and losses on the 12th seemed to have exhausted the enemy, and all was quiet till May 18 (1864), when a strong force advanced past the McCool

house toward our new line. When well within range General Long opened upon them with thirty pieces of artillery, which with the "fire of our skirmishers, broke and drove them back with severe loss. We afterwards learned that they were two fresh divisions, nearly 10,000 strong, just come up from the rear."

General A. L. Long, Chief of Artillery, Ewell's Corps, pages 1087 and 1088 of Records, says: "Everything remained quiet along the lines till the morning of the 18th (May, 1864). The enemy about 9 A. M. advanced a heavy force against our new line. He was allowed to come within good canister range of our breastworks. Carter's division of artillery then opened a most murderous fire of canister and spherical case-shot, which at once arrested his advance, threw his columns into confusion, and forced him to a disorderly retreat. His loss was very heavy; ours was nothing. This attack fairly illustrates the immense power of artillery well handled. A select force of 10,000 or 12,000 infantry was broken and driven from the field in less than thirty minutes by twenty-nine pieces of artillery alone."

This account given in the published reports of each side seems somewhat at variance, looking at it from opposite sides as we do. It may not, therefore, be out of place to speak of the action as it must have appeared to the Confederates. They were quietly posted in the new line of works on Ewell's front and had been there nearly six days with scarcely a picket fire on their immediate front. On this morning the troops had finished their simple breakfast and were standing around waiting events of the day. None were aware that a movement by the enemy was going on beyond the old line of works, and certainly the Confederates had no knowledge that he had started at daylight a real attack of our lines. If these movements took place at 4 or 4:30 A. M., they must have been in marching to and over the old abandoned works which he terms "capturing" the first and second lines, and for the purpose of getting into positions and arranging for the assault when it did take place. The old works were abandoned and deserted days before and needed no capture, and no Confederate works with troops behind them were captured this day. About 8 A. M., attention was attracted to the commotion of the enemy in and near the old deserted works, apparently about to advance, and the pickets and skirmishers of the Confederates were called in. All were astonished at this and could not believe a serious attempt would be made to assail such a line

as Ewell had, in open day, over such a distance. Every one on the Confederate side felt that such an attack was reckless, and hopeless in the extreme. So when it was found that a real assault was to be made, it was welcomed by the Confederates as an opportunity to pay off old scores. The Confederate artillerymen were ordered to take their places at the guns and to fire on those troops first with solid shot through the woods and with shells through the cleared openings. Soon the enemy's guns opened on ours, but scarcely a response was made to them from us on this front, his purpose with the masses of Federal infantry in view showing clearly where our fire should be concentrated. This infantry in the coloumn formations as they are described in the reports, stepped out rapidly, with their muskets at a "right shoulder shift," in successive lines, apparently several brigades deep, well aligned and steady, without bands, but with flags flying, a most magnificent and thrilling sight, covering Ewell's whole front as far as could be seen. As this host got well under way orders were given to change fire to case shot (shrapnel) and shells. By this time the assaulting columns increased their gait to a double quick, and on they came, shells and case (shrapnel) shot tearing great gaps in their ranks, the roaring guns and wavering lines of Federal infantry still advancing, the scene was wonderfully inspiring to the Confederates.

Orders were given to be ready with canister, the enemy still advancing, but shaky. Soon his front columns came within canister range, and under this fire of combined canister and case (shrapnel), he could not stand, and broke in confusion, leaving the field in disorder and his dead in front of our works. As soon as the Federal infantry had been driven from the field, orders were given to "cease firing," to save ammunition, not knowing if this or other Federal infantry would repeat the assault. The enemy's artillery still continued firing at our lines as they had done throughout the assault. As the Confederate guns had repulsed the Federal infantry, it was unnecessary to waste ammunition at long range in practice of artillery against artillery. Probably this is why some of the reports speak of silencing the Confederate guns. Not a gun was struck or even temporarily disabled during this action.

It is impossible to conceive that any such dramatic scenes took place in this assault of infantry lines standing in front of the slashings and abatis delivering volleys into our works, as some of these

reports indicate. No matter what orders for retiring had passed to the rear of the assaulting columns, those in front were absolutely routed.

That a hopeless undertaking was imposed on brave, veteran, soldiers, the very flower of the Federal Army in this effort, there can be no doubt, but the task was impossible and they did all that brave men could do.

Some of the finest officers in the Federal Army were there in that assault, many since distinguished in both military and civil life—Lieutenant-General Miles, Major-General Brooke, Governor Hartranft, and others were there.

There should be no reflection on these brave men, though in greater numbers, any more than on Pickett's men in a similar effort at Gettysburg.

The recital of this engagement brings out prominently three points of great interest and especially to soldiers of an artillery organization:

1st. The repulse of the heavy assaulting columns of the enemy, was practically by the destructive fire of artillery alone.

2nd. That this mass of infantry charging over the gradually rising, partly open, plateau for over half a mile in extent in the face of intrenched, well posted, and well served artillery, could not hope to carry such a position as Ewell's Corps held.

3rd. That the meagre published accounts of the affair by the commanding generals on either side, illustrates, as is often the case, the overlooking of important and effective work of the artillery branch of an army.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, November 26, 1905.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHNSON AT SPOTSYLVANIA.

The Confederate General Who Met Bayonets of Enemy With a Cane.

Wonderful Fighting Then. Graphic Story of the Spotsylvania Fight Told by Major Robert Hunter.

Major Robert W. Hunter is one of those soldiers of Virginia and the Confederacy to whose name may be written "from Manassas to Appomattox."

In the first battle he was in the Second Virginia Infantry of the Stonewall Brigade, and in the closing scene at Appomattox was on the staff of Major-General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, who afterwards became the successor of Jackson, Ewell and Early as commander of the Second Corps.

He was in Jackson's and in Early's Valley campaigns alike, and in all the great battles in which the famous Second Corps participated. Did he write his reminiscences, as it is hoped he may, there is no man living who could relate more of the vivid scenes of the wondrous story of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Enclosed is an account taken from his lips of the Bloody Angle of Spotsylvania, on the 12th of May. It is a finality on the question which sometimes has been raised by the uninformed with respect to Major-General Edward Johnson. So far from being surprised, he was most diligent and active to prevent the catastrophe which resulted, and his report shows it; but I will not anticipate Major Hunter's story. He became adjutant-general of Johnson's division shortly after the battle of Gettysburg, where Major Benjamin Watkins Leigh, his predecessor, was killed. Gallantly did he serve throughout the war, and on that terrific day at Spotsylvania, which he graphically recounts, Major-General Edward Johnson ("Old Alleghany," as the soldiers called him, on account of his sturdy fighting on Alleghany mountain), has never received the notice to which his long, arduous and great services and his notable feats of arms entitled him.

His adjutant-general, Major Hunter, who is as accomplished with

the pen, as with the sword, has done much to pluck from the wave of oblivion the names and deeds of some of our bravest and best. It is hoped that he will give to history an account of his chief which will do justice to one who was not only a fine commander of many exploits, but is also a modest gentleman.

Early's old division and Johnson's also were changed after the battles of the Wilderness, on the 5th and 6th of May. On the 8th of May, A. P. Hill being sick, Major-General Early was put in command of his corps.

General Stafford, of Louisiana, having been killed, the two Louisiana brigades of Hays and Stafford, both of which were small, were consolidated under General Harry T. Hays. He was wounded on May 10th, and they were now at Spotsylvania, under Colonel Zebulon York.

R. D. Johnson's North Carolina brigade had been assigned to Early's division, and on May 6th and on the 12th of May the two divisions of Early and Johnson were composed as follows:

(1) Early's old division, under Gordon, consisted of Pegram's Virginia brigade of five regiments, under Colonel J. S. Hoffman; Gordon's Georgia brigade of six regiments, under Colonel C. A. Evans, and the North Carolina brigade of four regiments, under Brigadier-General R. D. Johnson; in all, fifteen regiments.

(2) Major-General Edward Johnson's division consisted of Brigadier-General Geo. H. Steuart's brigade of two North Carolina and three Virginia regiments; John M. Jones' old brigade (general having been killed May 5th), under Colonel V. A. Witcher, which consisted of six Virginia regiments, and also of Brigadier-General Harry T. Hays' consolidated brigade of ten regiments, under Colonel York, and the old Stonewall brigade of five Virginia regiments, under Brigadier-General James A. Walker; in all, twenty-six regiments, many of which were remnants.

JOHN W. DANIEL.

MAJOR HUNTER'S STORY.

On the night of May 11th, 1864, Major-General Edward Johnson sent me back of his line of battle at Spotsylvania to Lieutenant-General Ewell to tell him he was sure that the enemy would attack his division next morning, the 12th; that they were massed in his front, and that there was every manifestation of intended assault;

also, that the position could not be held without the artillery, which had been moving off. I rode to General Ewell and gave him the message. General Ewell said that "General Lee had positive information that the enemy was moving to turn his right flank, and had been so informed by the most reliable scouts, and that it was necessary for the artillery to move accordingly." I rode back to General Johnson, who was at the McCool House. He was lying down in the house. I told him I could not impress General Ewell with his views, and that he had better go and see him in person.

General Johnson arose and said: "I will go at once," and mounting his horse, he and I rode to General Ewell, who was in another house not far off, lying down, and apparently very uneasy. He got up and told General Johnson that he had told me as to General Lee's information, but was soon convinced by General Johnson that the assault would be made. Colonel William Terry, of the Fourth Virginia Infantry, Stonewall brigade, who had charge of the front line, had told General Johnson of his observations, and had been so close to the enemy that he could hear their talk as they massed together. General Ewell then sent orders for the artillery to be returned to our front, close up, and General Johnson, on his return to the McCool House, instructed me to issue a circular of warning and direction.

Circular Order of Precaution.

I at once drew up a note for each brigade commander to sign and rode with it to each one of them in person, viz: to Brigadier General J. A. Walker, Brigadier General George H. Steuart, Col. V. A. Witcher, and Colonel Zebulon York. Each one did sign it in acknowedgement of receipt, and it enjoined the orders it contained. The circular stated that all the indications pointed to an assault on our lines at daylight; that the artillery had been ordered to return, and that every brigade should be provided with ample ammunition, and be prepared to repel the enemy. It wound up with expressing the admonition to the utmost diligence in being ready.

On the Qui Vive Before Daybreak.

Returning from this visit to the brigade commanders, I laid down on the floor of the McCool house, in the same room with General Johnson and our division staff—all of us in our clothes—ready to leap to horse at a moment's notice. In the dark,

just before dawn, couriers came in from the Stonewall Brigade and others, stating that the enemy were stirring. We rose, and mounted our horses, and before dawn General Johnson and his attendants were out on the lines. General Johnson, Major Kyd Douglas, Capt. V. Dabney, Major E. L. Moore and myself. The men were roused in the trenches, and before day the whole division was on the qui vive. The fog was so dense we could not see in any direction, but soon we could hear the commands of officers to the men, and the buzz and hum of moving troops. The pickets had been driven in, with occasional shots here and there, and there was instant expectation of a coming assault.

The first thing we saw was a mass of men—indistinctly visible through the fog—moving in front of our position. Our left was the Stonewall Brigade, under General J. A. Walker. Then came the Louisianians of Hays and Stafford's brigades under Colonel Zebulon York; then John M. Jones' old brigade under Colonel V. A. Witcher, and then the right under Brigadier General George H. Steuart. The massing men were in front of York and Witcher. General Johnson ordered me to tell Steuart to press on to his left close to Witcher, and then to hurry up the artillery. I ran on foot rapidly, called for General Steuart, and not finding him instantly, I myself gave the officers and troops directions to close to the left. It was then that I saw our artillery coming in position, and the fire broke out with a rush of the enemy upon our ranks. The artillery I met was the battery of Captain William P. Carter, brother of Colonel Thomas H. Carter, the battalion commander. Two guns of this battery fired before the enemy ran over them.

Fighting with his Cane.

The storm had burst upon us. I could see General Johnson with his cane striking at the enemy as they leaped over ths works, and a sputtering fire swept up and down our line, many guns being damp. I found myself (as I had my sword out waiving to General George H. Stuart to crowd in toward the left) in the midst of foes, who were rushing around me, with confusion and a general melee in full blast. I also saw General Johnson with his cane striking in the crowd and warding bayonets. Having on a black rain over-coat, which had been picked up on a battlefield, I showed no official mark or uniform to distinguish who or what I was.

A dozen Yankees could have caught me, for they were on all sides. I ran about amongst them until I came upon an artillery horse of Carter's battery, jumped on him, and sinking in my spurs, galloped to the rear, with bullets buzzing around me. As I galloped away in this fashion, the Yankees sent shots after me, but I escaped unhurt. Many of our men were now running back, and the line was breaking.

Lee Riding to the Front.

As I was thus getting away, and I had not gone but a few hundred yards to the rear, when the first man I met facing toward our lines was General R. E. Lee. He was mounted on Traveller, and with his hat off was endeavoring to halt the retreating men. I saw in a moment that General Lee did not know the extent of the trouble in front, and hailed him with the exclamation: "General, the line is broken at the angle in General Johnson's front." His countenanee instantly changed, and he said: "Ride with me to General Gordon" (General Gordon was in charge of Early's division in reserve, General Early being in command of A. P. Hills, the Third Corps). I rode with General Lee about two hundred yards or more to our left rear, as we faced the enemy, and quickly came upon Pegrams's brigade (which was under Colonel J. S. Hoffman), and which had Gordon's old brigade, under Colonel C. A. Evans, on our left. We soon found General Gordon, who was forming his men, with a skirmish line in front, and the regiments were aligning behind them. General Lee met Gordon in front of Pegram's brigade, and then there was the scene of "Lee to the rear," which has been so often described, Gordon exhorting and the men clamoring for General Lee to go back. As Lee retired through Gordon's line Pegram's Virginia brigade, and both that brigade and Evan's also moved forward.

Major Hunter in Command.

General Lee then said to me: "Major Hunter, collect together the men of Johnson's division and report to General Gordon." I immediately called for Johnson's men who were scattered about the valley, Captain Virginius Dabney, of General Johnson's Staff, assisting me. I saw Captain Harman, of the Second Virginia Infantry, and other officers, who actively exerted themselves to get the men

who had escaped capture to form in line. In half an hour we had succeeded in getting together some three or four hundred men, with officers here and there of various ranks. There were ten (10) Louisiana regiments (fragments), two (2) North Carolina and eight (8) Virginia regiments in Johnson's division, and the remnants of these, which had not been captured, were intermingled together when reformed. They made a pretty good regiment ready for battle. I took command of them and marched them forward to General Gordon's assistance, reporting to him for duty.

ROBERT W. HUNTER,

Major and Assistant Adjutant of Major-General Edward Johnson's Division.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, November 26, 1905.

ARTILLERY WORK AT WILDERNESS.

Splendid Service of Big Guns Told As Relaled By Major Garber.

Note on the Wilderness and Spotsylvania Battles and the Artillery.

The following note on the Wilderness and Spotsylvania battles, with reference to the position of the Staunton Artillery of Cutshaw's Battalion, is by its well-known and much honored captain, A. W. Garber, now of Richmond, a hero of many fights.

I have visited the field with him, and he there located the position of one section on the road that intersected the entrenchments of Edward Johnson's division, as it runs from the Germania plank road to the Orange and Fredericksburg pike. The other section was on the right of this pike.

The great battles of May 10th and 12th were memorable achievements of defense, and as such history contains no parallel. Lee, as a field officer, in dire emergencies of action, showed himself and made himself felt in a way never surpassed by the general of an army, and his troops alike were up to the highest standard.

LEE'S COUNTERBREAKS SAVED THE FIELD.

Although much has been written of these battles, no accurate and full account has ever appeared, and these field notes by participants of Captain Garber's reliability furnish material which will illumine the historic page that surely will be forthcoming.

The Captain gives cumulative testimony to the facts, now well understood, that General Edward Johnson was not surprised, and that the removal of the guns during the night of the 11th was in the act of being remedied, though too late to assure the success that might have otherwise been expected. He also confirms the oft expressed opinion of Confederate officers that had the artillery not been displaced the assaults of the enemy would have been repulsed throughout.

JOHN W. DANIEL.

Owing to the nature of the country, artillery could not be used to any great advantage in the Wilderness fight; the thickets prevented. My artillery was with Ewell's corps, which was the left wing of the Confederate army, and near Johnson's division. One section of my battery was ordered in on the right of the Orange and Fredericksburg pike, in an open space near where Colonel J. Thompson Brown was killed. The other section was placed on a cross road, which passed through Johnson's entrenchments on the left of the turnpike. At one time during the battle I saw an officer being carried off the field, and was told it was Major Daniel, of Early's division.

Double quick and double canister on May 10, 1864, we marched from there to Spotsylvania. Arrived there, according to my recollection, the morning of the 10th of May. My battery belonged to Colonel Cutshaw, and was in the rear that day. The Colonel ordered me to remain where I was, as there was no room on the line for me, and stated that he would show me where my position was as soon as he could find a place for me. Late in the evening I was ordered up at double quick, to come into battery and double shot with canister to resist an advance of the enemy, who had broken through our lines.

While standing in that position, with lanyards in hand, ready to pour it into them, several officers rode up and reported to General Lee (near whose headquarters we were) that the enemy had charged over the Third Richmond Howitzers and that the cannoneers were killed, scattered and captured; that the enemy had been driven back, but it was very important that the recaptured guns should be manned.

LEE IN PERSON ORDERS GARBER TO MAN THE RECAPTURED GUNS.

General Lee rode up to me and ordered me in person to leave my guns in charge of my drivers and take my cannoneers and mann the recaptured guns. I immediately ordered my men forward and went down and commenced firing. Our whole line was soon re-established. I regret to say that my magnificent saddle horse was killed by a cannon ball on that occasion.

The next day, the 11th, the Third Howitzers' guns were taken out and my battery was placed in that position.

The Breach in the Confederate Line and the Artillery on May 12th.

The morning of the 12th of May the enemy broke through our line on my right, capturing General Edward Johnson and nearly all of his division. The artillery, consisting of Nelson's and Braxton's battalions, had been ordered off his line the night previous, but General Johnson, fearing that the enemy were massing in front, instead of leaving, ordered them back. As they were getting into position, the enemy broke through and captured them; also all of Cutshaw's battalion, except my battery, which was further to the left. I was ordered by General Rodes to move my guns by hand to rear to fire to the right. As Johnson's men were coming back, I was ordered to elevate my guns and fire over them, which I did.

Again Manning Recaptured Guns.

Later in the day a courier from General Long came and informed me that he wanted some artillerists to go and mann some of our recaptured guns near the "Bloody Angle." As I did not happen to be engaged just then, I ordered my first lieutenant to take charge of my battery and I took my second lieutenant and about half of my men and fought those recaptured guns until late in the evening, when I returned to my battery and soon went into camp.

The Artillery's Outing on the 18th May, 1864.

The next engagement we had was on the 18th, when, with twenty-five or thirty guns in line, composed of Nelson's, Braxton's and Cutshaw's battalions, a short distance to the right of the "Bloody Angle," the enemy charged us with their lines of battle, but we poured into them such a destructive fire of shot and shell that they were forced to retire with heavy loss, and gave up the fight. This ended the fighting at Spotsylvania.

I have never heard of but one opinion expressed—that if our artillery had been in position on General Edward Johnson's line, the enemy would never have been able to break through, but would have been hurled back with heavy loss. It was a great mistake and misfortune that they did not get back in time.

A. W. Garber.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, November 5th, 1905.

LAST DAYS OF THE ARMY IN SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA.

By MILTON W. HUMPHREYS.

Professor Milton W. Humphreys, of the University of Virginia (a brave soldier before he became a learned professor), has aply described the last days of the Confederate forces in Southwest Virginia, under General Echols, in the article enclosed.

The picture he draws of the artillerists who raised corn and potatoes, which were sent to Richmond for Lee's starving soldiers, makes realistic indeed the extreme hardships of the times, and the heroic toils by which they were alleviated. Professor Humphreys has contributed some most valuable material to our history, which would otherwise have been lost, and some papers which throw vivid lights over great events. It will be pleasing to his comrades of other days to hear that he will probably write more fully than has ever been done the story of McLaughlin's battalion of artillery which is one of surpassing heroism. His conscientious love of truth, his experiences as a soldier and his accomplished pen give peculiar value and interest to his writings.

Very respectfully,

JOHN W. DANIEL.

LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY IN SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA.

This article would, perhaps, more appropriately be entitled "the last days of the Thirteenth Battalion, Virginia Light Artillery." Incidently, however, it will contribute something to the history of the rest of the forces in that region. The greater part of the narrative is copied verbatim from a diary kept at the time. The passages taken from this diary are under quotation marks. Several years after the close of the war, but when the author's memory was still fresh, the diary was copied and additional remarks appended. These remarks are placed under square brackets [thus]. The rest of the narrative appears without any marks of distinction.

M'LAUGHLIN'S (THIRTEENTH VIRGINIA) BATTALION OF LIGHT ARTILLERY.

Some introductory statements are necessary. The Thirteenth Virginia Light Artillery consisted of Bryan's, Chapman's and Lowry's Batteries. For a time the Otey Battery belonged to it, and for a short while Jackson's Battery; but during the last days the three batteries named constituted the battalion. In the "Official Records" and elsewhere it is invariably called "King's Artillery;" but this is a misnomer. It was McLaughlin's Battalion of King's Division, the other battalion of the division consisting of reserves and never appearing on the returns forwarded from the army in the field. The battalion commander was Major William McLaughlin, afterwards Judge McLaughlin; the division commander, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Floyd King.

This battalion was attached to Breckinridge's command [Wharton's and Gordon's Divisions], under General Early during the Valley campaign of 1864. At the close of the campaign it went into winter quarters near Fisherville, in Augusta county, but soon afterwards was ordered to deposit its guns in Lynchburg and go with the horses to the Narrows of New River, in Giles county, to winter.

The reason for this was that Bryan's battery [by what authority does not matter] kept a detail of several men at that place, cultivating rice bottom lands and raising some four or five thousand bushels of corn and seven or eight hundred bushels of potatoes each summer. This detail, [known in the battery as the "Life Insurance Company,"] was ordered in when the effort was made during the campaign of 1864 to strengthen the army by every possible means.

A strong protest was made against this order, and the writer of this article [who, though only a sergeant, twenty years old, happened to be in command of the battery], wrote to the Secretary of War on the subject. The protest was sustained and the detail remained at the Narrows, naturally supposed that they and the horses were to subsist upon the crops raised by Bryan's details; but when they had gone into winter quarters there an order came for the drivers to take the horses home with them and keep them, the compensation being the privilege of wintering at home. Special provision was made for sergeants' and wagon horses. The

cannoneers were ordered to shuck and shell the corn and ship it to Richmond. The writer remembers nothing further about the potatoes; but the battalion, like other commands, lived or rather starved, on rations furnished by the government. [The Narrows are some twenty-five or thirty miles from Dublin to the northwest.] Here begins the narrative proper of the last days as explained above.

"On the 3d of April I was on guard duty, and Major McLaughlin instructed me to have reveille at 4:30 in the morning. But news was received that New River bridge was threatened by the enemy. There was most evidently some bad news connected with this, but we could not surmise what it could be." [Some one had seen McLaughlin shedding tears.] At any rate we marched at 11:30 P. M. in the direction of Dublin Depot. I took immediate charge of the rear guard. After passing Pearisburg about two miles, the command nearly all came to a halt without orders, and slept all night. I slept with them and next morning, April 4th, we moved on and found McLaughlin with some men at an old camping ground. By this time the news was circulated that Petersburg had fallen. At first it was not believed, but soon we were convinced that the report was correct. We continued the march until we arrived at "Camp Instruction," one mile west of Dublin. Here we encamped. Some clothing was drawn and we were preparing to issue it, when orders and news were received which again caused Major McLaughlin to weep. He ordered that the clothes be merely distributed among the men, and a general "grab" ensued. The command marched immediately to the depot. We had orders not to shout or make any noise of any kind. When we arrived at the depot, thirty rifles [really Enfield rifles] were distributed among the battalion [volunteers to take small arms having been called for.] I was among those who volunteered to take these small arms [all there were on hand.] We then drew some ammunition and returned to Camp Instruction. On the next day, April 5th, we marched in the direction of the Narrows, Sergeant Davidson, who had no gun, being in charge of the armed part of the battalion. When we had gone about five miles we were ordered back to Dublin in great haste "to hold the place" until Echols' army could relieve us.

I was then placed in command of the armed men. Query; Why was not an officer placed in command, it being the armed portion

of the force and about the fourth part of it? Several officers were present [besides McLaughlin]. I left my diary in charge of G. W. Thomas and marched with my command to Dublin, and took up quarter's in the post commissary's office. Echols, who was advancing down the railroad, with a considerable army, had not yet arrived."

Echols's army was said to number 6,000 or 7,000 men. Two or three generals were with him, including General Duke. "There were important stores at Dublin, We were informed that we would be relied by 8 or 9 o'clock [in the morning]. We remained all night and [Thursday, April 6th] Lieutenant William Branham, and aide-de-camp to General Echols, called me about daybreak and desired me to move out to Cloyd's Farm [five miles west], with such men as would volunteer to go and guard Pepper's Ferry road until 9 A. M., when, he said, Echols would arrive. We started, but had gone only a very short distance when Lieutenant Branham turned us and sent us down the railroad to within one and a half miles of New River Bridge, which the enemy was cutting down. Here I formed a sort of skirmish line, covering two roads in addition to the railroad, and sent out pickets. Here we remained some hours, when Lieutenant Branham ordered us back to Dublin, saying that there was danger of the enemy moving on another road [the main macadamized road]. On our way back to Dublin we met the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, the van of Echols's army. From Dublin we went on to Camp Instruction, to which place the whole battalion had returned.

Gloom.

By this time it was currently reported that Richmond had been evacuated. A gloom rested upon every countenance. We remained in camp all the next day [April 7th]. The news of the fall of Richmond was confirmed. The 8th was spent in camp. It was thought the State of Virginia would be at once evacuated.

General Echols had a man shot at Dublin who had been sentenced long before. Some thought he did wrong to execute the sentence, in view of the evident approach of the collapse of the Confederacy; but it should be remembered that the man was guilty of cold-blooded murder, followed by desertion to the enemy.

"On Sunday, April 9th, the whole army marched down to New river. The enemy was gone. The army crossed over on the railroad bridge. A single plank spanned the section cut out by the

enemy." [The bridge had been burned May 10, 1864, and was rebuilt of such green wood and so little frame work that it would not burn.] The mounted men and all mounted officers must have crossed, of course, elsewhere. On this the diary is silent.

"The neighbors said that General Stoneman had stopped the destruction of the bridge, telling his men that they [the Federals] would want it themselves. No one seemed to know where the Federals were. Our battalion crossed over, passed the army and camped on the macadamized road, six miles from New River. The weather was very bad, rain falling continually. Next day (10th) we remained in camp all day.

"On the 11th we marched before day in the direction of Salem. We had not marched very far until it was rumored that very bad news had been received; that a courier had ridden from Lynchburg to Echols' army on the previous night, at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, and that Lieutenant Houston, having come that night from Salem, had asked Major McLaughlin if he had heard 'the news,' and that Major McLaughlin had interrupted him and prevented him from making known to bystanders what the news was. About daylight it began to be rumored that we were entirely cut off, and finally at Christiansburg the startling news spread instantly through the army that General Lee had surrendered. Our wildest conjectures had never suggested this explanation of the mystery. Those who knew said that, as far as we were concerned, 'two days would tell the tale.' Some one remarking that we had only three days' rations. Lieutenant Houston said we would want no more. At last it was rumored that we were marching down to surrender. It certainly was a mysterious march. We were the only (?) organganized troops in the State of Virginia. The enemy was on every road, and still we were penetrating deeper into the country. Why was it, if not to surrender? But why should we seek to surrender? I expressed the opinion that Echols himself did not know exactly why he was making the march.

"When we arrived at a beautiful bottom about two miles south of Big Spring Depot, the army was halted in the road and a council of war held." [When the column halted and huddled like sheep Sergeant A. J. Patton stood up in his stirrups and, looking forward, turned pale and said: "This is the end, right here!" And such was virtually the case. Then and there was formed the resolution practically to disband next day.] "We then bivouacked and

cooked one day's rations—the last that was in the trains, there being two days' rations already cooked. The quartermaster distributed the clothing among the men without taking any receipts. This clearly indicated that the end was at hand. Such gloom and despondency as existed among the men on this night I never before witnessed. A great many intended to leave, but the officers persuaded them to remain one day more, when they could leave honorably. Late in the night I retired—for the last time in Bryan's Battery. We had been under Lieutenant Fowlkes for some time, but Captain Bryan, who had been absent, reported on the evening of this day.

The Last Day at Christiansburg April 12, 1865—The Long Furlough From General Echols.

"We marched early the next morning (Wednesday, April 12th) back towards Christiansburg. Several of my most intimate friends, seized by a strange panic, wanted to drop behind and go home; but I persuaded them that it would be much better to remnin all day and then go home honorably. They all decided to remain to the end.

"We marched to Christiansburg and camped in the woods a very short distance before reaching the town. Our battalion was camped in the last corner of the woods land on the left going towards Christiansburg. The march had seemed like a funeral procession and now we were in the graveyard.

"About noon the army was assembled in the woods on the hillside across the road from us, and the hour long to be remembered was at hand. General Echols made a speech, the general tenor of which rather encouraged the men to go home. He then called for volunteers out of the infantry, to be mounted and attempt to escape with him. Sixty men stepped torward. Finally he announced that all the rest, except the cavalry, would receive a furlough for two months. There was a shout, not of joy, but rather of applause for the general, and of relief from the peculiar suspense we had been under. Each command started at once for its camp, while the bands played Dixie.

"All that remained was to write and sign the furloughs. I wrote most of those for our battery and signed Captain Bryan's name to them. Even my own was entirely in my own handwriting. I also

wrote some for the members of other batteries, including one for Oliver, of Lowry's battery. The last thing I wrote dated "Headquarters, Bryan's Battery, McLaughlin's Artillery Battalion," was a furlough for Sergeant G. W. Branham. From our records I prepared as complete a list as I could of all the men that ever had belonged to Bryan's Battery. Sergeant Branham got me to make him a copy of it."

"When the furloughs were ready the artillery was cut down and the wagons made ready to be burned on the next day."

[It is to be hoped that this absurd proceeding was stopped before the wagons were actually burned. No conceivable good could be accomplished by it, and our people needed the wagons greatly.]

"McLaughlin's battalion scattered on every road and was no more."

From the *Times-Dispatch*, Nov. 12, 1905.

FIELD OF BLOOD WAS THE CRATER.

Address Delivered at Reunion of Mahone's Men in Petersburg.

[Whilst during the reunion of Confederate veterans at Petersburg, Virginia, in October 1905, the memorable battle of the Crater was not as had been proposed fought over again with the reality which only participants therein might render, still the convocation was in many ways important in results for the common weal. Not only as so eloquently presented by the gallant Captain John Lamb, in previous pages, but in published testimonials, of valiant Federals: Mr. J. D. Lynch of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, a member of battery D, 2nd Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery, whose regiment was in the front line of the battle, in a letter to Governor Montague, regretting his inability to be present at the reunion, gave the following interesting incident:

"He says that he and his colonel pulled two Confederates from under the debris and gave them their breakfast. 'There were two Confederates,' says the letter, 'buried under the loose ground. They were both in the same hole. I think one was a lieutenant. I was sitting over them, and felt the ground move under me. My colonel ordered me to dig the dirt away. I got them both out, and neither was hurt. We gave them breakfast out of our haversacks.' "

Mr. Lynch, further expressed a desire to hear from these veterans if they were still living.

Lieut-Colonel J. S. Watrous, U. S. A., in an article extensively published by the press, touchingly gave the reasons why Captain Tom La Flesch, who had recently died in California, and who fought through the war in the 2nd Wisconsin Cavalry, (whose first colonel was the late Gov. C. C. Washburne), "loved the men in gray," who starving, barefooted and almost naked, accepted the cruel sufferings unmurmeringly, and "fought like tigers."

At the regular meeting of A. P. Hill Camp, C. V., Nov. 2, 1905, a beautiful souvenir was presented to the camp by Rev. Dr. Ray of Petersburg, on behalf of the Pennsylvania Second Heavy Artillery Association, a delegation from which came to the reunion and

placed markers on the advanced positions held by their regiment on the Crater battlefield. During their stay in the city they were courteously received by the Confederate veterans and had several pleasant social meetings with them. As a memento of their visit and of their friendship for the Confederate soldiers, this souvenir is presented and will be so received and appreciated.

A well organized movement which promises success has been started for the establishment of a national military park at Petersburg. It may be of interest to mention some of the many points of historic importance that lie within the limits of the proposed park, about which were fought some of the bloodiest and most determined battles of the Confederate war.

These are: The Crater, Fort McGilvray, Fort Steadman, Fort Haskel, Fort Meikle, Fort Wadsworth, Fort Rice, Fort Morton, Fort Sedgewick, Fort Mahone, Fort Davis, a series of points which played great parts in the siege and defense of Petersburg in 1864-65.

Fort Sedgewick, on the Federal side, and Fort Mahone on the Confederate side, on account of the fierce and almost constant fire they gave and received were appropriately named respectively Forts "Hell" and "Damnation."

While some of these famous forts have almost disappeared under the hand of time and the march of improvement, most of them are still well preserved and in good condition. In the vicinity of the proposed park are many other points of notable interest.

At a meeting of the common council of Petersburg, Feb. 6th 1906, Mr. Quicke offered resolutions appropriating the sum of $1.000 to the fund to be raised by the Mahone Monument Association for the erection of a monument in memory of General William Mahone, and granting permission to erect the monument in Central Park. The preamble to these resolutions sets forth in eloquent terms the record of General Mahone as a soldier and the deeds of his heroic men, especially in 1864-65 in the glorious defense of Petersburg, and at the battle of the Crater, "the most astounding victory of any war waged during the nineteenth century," General Mahone's famous brigade was composed in large part of soldiers from Petersburg and immediate surroundings, many of whom are still here, and all of whom, with the people of the city at large, desire the erection of a suitable and lasting memorial to his memory.

The resolutions were referred to the finance committee and will no doubt be favorably reported and adopted. The Mahone Asso-

ciation purposes to erect an equestrian statue of the famous general.

Pacific effort intensifies. With hearts quickened another link is being forged in Congress in welding indissolubly the North and South by providing for duly marking the graves of Confederate soldiers and sailors who died in Northern prisons.—EDITOR.]

The following address was delivered at the reunion of the survivors of the Battle of the Crater in connection with the Grand Camp reunion in Petersburg October 26th, by Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Stewart, of Portsmouth. It was to have been delivered on the old battlefield that day, but as bad weather broke up the sham battle the survivors heard it in the hall of the reunion instead:

The goodness of God endureth forever. I thank Him for an over-deserving share, and bless His name for this day and this privilege of meeting you.

Our pilgrimage to this field of blood recalls the eventful times of a war, which, although resulting in final surrender, has embalmed its sacred memories in our hearts. Those sacrificial years will ever be regarded with tenderness and love—love immortalized by memory; for those days of thrilling danger, long marches and short rations invoke the highest ideal of manhood.

"They say that hope is happiness,
But genuine love must prize the past;
And memory makes the thoughts that bless—
They rose the first, they set the last.

"And all that memory loves the most
Was once our only hope to be:
And all that hope adored and lost
Hath melted into memory."

I would rather go down to posterity as the humblest private soldier, whose shoeless feet made blood tracks on the soil of Virginia, than the richest magnate who ever clipped coupons from corporate bonds.

Who would not suffer for the honor of a soldier rather than live in luxury to be the sneer of time?

Who would not have the name of the disarmed Southern soldier

fighting with his fists in the trenches of the crater rather than those who gathered gold from orphan's hunger and widow's tears?

Comrades, I speak now to demand simple justice at the hands of history for the men who saved Petersburg on the 30th day of July, 1864. The greatest general of the Federal army, its commander-in-chief, was gloomy over the results of his assault upon the Confederate position, which 8,000 pounds of gunpowder had destroyed in the glimmer of that morning.

The great plan "that was expected to scatter and destroy the army of General Lee was a failure"—an "utter and disastrous failure;" and the Federal correspondent who wrote this on August 2nd, 1864, said: "Often have the Confederates won encomiums for valor, but never before did they fight with such uncontrollable desperation."

Gold went up to its highest notch as compared with greenbacks—two dollars and eighty cents in paper for one in gold, which made the average price of gold in July, 1864, the highest during the whole war; and if the financial thermometer is any guide, the Confederate States were nearer to independence on the day of the Crater than at any other time during the great war between the Northern nation and the Southern republic.

The New York *Herald* advised that an embassy should be sent to the Confederate government, "to see if this dreadful war cannot be ended in a mutually satisfactory treaty of peace. This is evidence from a hostile source of what the artillery and infantry of the Confederates accomplished on this fateful field. Yet when you read some Southern histories you will find the charge of the Crater entirely ignored or dismissed with a sentence, a paragraph or perhaps a page.

Ex-President Davis' History, after giving a description of the mine and size of the Crater, quotes an author who seemed to know nothing of the charge of the infantry of Mahone, only noticing the fire of the artillery, and the confusion of the enemy's troops, and then Mr. Davis concludes: "The forces of the enemy finally succeeded in making their way back with a loss of about four thousand prisoners, and General Lee, whose casualties were small, re-established his line without interruption."

You might conclude from reading his account that the disordered ranks of the enemy, demoralized by artillery fire, lost heart, retreated at leisure or waited to be rescued from the excavation, but

finally making their way back without a bayonet thrust or a sword stroke. The accuracy of this is in keeping with his claim of four thousand prisoners, who actually numbered 1,101.

He gives no credit to the men of the three brigades, who charged up this hill two hundred yards, and fought hand to hand, foot to foot, with bayonets and butts, pistols and swords, as desperately and daringly as ever recorded in the annals of war; and took from Burnside nineteen flags (Mahone 15, Saunders 3, Wright 1.) Then that voluminous "Confederate Military History," in giving its account, leaves out entirely the charge of the Alabama brigade under the chivalrous Saunders.

I shall always remember the splendid manner in which that glorious brigade did the final act which enabled General Lee to re-establish his line "without interruption."

Mahone's brigade had recaptured the works on the left up to the excavation, and I could look back and see the Alabama brigade form in this valley, and charge in beautiful array up to the rim of the Crater, held by Bartlett, where, after a short struggle, the white flag went up and Bartlett and his men came out as Saunders' prisoners of war. No troops ever acted more brilliantly on any field than Alabama's faithful sons under the lead of gallant Saunders on that day. While speaking of the infantry, I am not unmindful of the wonderful work of our artillery: and you saw the gallant Haskell with two little cohorts help to force the capitulation of the Crater.

I must pause to pay tribute to the bravest Federal general officer, William F. Bartlett, who fought in their front line, with the admirable desperation that made him the foremost hero of all the officers who commanded the 70,000 Federal troops in our front on that day. Massachusetts never sent out a braver and more dashing soldier to uphold her honor than Bartlett, the Federal hero of the Crater.

Stung by the unfairness of such treatment from our own historians, I conceived a plan for a reunion of the survivors of Mahone's Brigade, who participated in the charge of the Crater, to correct the injustice to you and our dead comrades, and it resulted most successfully on the 6th day of November, 1903.

I have collected many personal narratives from those who charged with muskets in their hands and laid them aside to be read by those

coming after us, who may wish to know about the charge of the Crater from the mouths of the participants.

It was in no spirit of boastfulness that we returned, realized on this battlefield and charged over the same ground where we rushed and fought in the whirl of battle, over forty-one years ago.

You did no more than your duty; you did no more than your comrades of other commands, who stood to duty; no more than those who with you won other fields, and I do not claim for you greater honor than for any true Confederate soldier, but when a feat of arms so brilliant as the successful charge of the Crater by the three depleted brigades of Anderson's division on the 30th day of July, 1864, is brushed aside as a skirmish by those in whom justice is supposed to abide, I thought it was time for the participants to speak out in behalf of the great open-field charge, which challenges the world for a parallel.

The English historian, Gregg, says: that "the exploit crowned General Mahone with fame that no subsequent errors can obscure."

When you helped to defend Petersburg in 1864–5, five times Mahone's brigade left its place in the breastworks on Willcox farm and twice its winter quarters, and each time successfully charged the troops of the Army of the Potomac, and while all reflected equal credit on the courage and fidelity of the participants, the charge of the Crater was fruitful of greater results, and it should be known if the world will listen, to-day, to the survivors of the men who made this fight, saved the Army of Northern Virginia from a fatal disaster, and inflicted upon the enemy a defeat that brought the *Herald's* cry for peace.

It really seems the irony of fate that you should have to go to your enemies to find justice for your valor, but it is, nevertheless, true, for you have to read the official reports of the Federal officers to know the full force and effect of your prowess on that day.

These documents, your written personal experience of the battle, and this demonstration to-day, makes me content to rest the history of the charge of the Crater with the historians who shall come after us.

The unique feature of a sham battle on a real battlefield will burn your deeds on the ineffaceable tablets of Virginia's history.

Between Southern soldiers who have touched elbows in a charge with bayonets, there always exists a brotherhood bound by unwritten and unspoken laws, even as strong as the kinship of brothers.

While I glory in the everlasting link of kinship between all true Confederate soldiers, I also thank God that the bond of friendship has grown between those who held opposite sides of the firing line from 1861 to 1865.

These old battle flags, given back to us by the unanimous vote of Congress with the willing signature of a chivalrous President, are signals of peace and love.

They are heralds proclaiming that the veteran soldiers of the North and South love their enemies for the glory of God, and have united in friendship for the honor of the great American Republic.

"Our flag of glory fly no more
Where 'mid mad battle's thunder-roar
We brothers slay!
Glow love in souls where once glared ire!
Then never will a star expire
Until the heavens in final fire
Have passed away!"

We rally again to recount actions and recall memories of war in a spirit of friendly rivalry, which will shed luster on the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac in degrees humiliating to neither.

Let the truth come, and the American soldier who stood with Lee and Jackson will be found by the future historian as true and patriotic as the soldier who fought with Grant and Hancock; and the cause of the South shall be pronounced absolutely right and just under the Constitution, to which George Washington affixed his signature.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, October 22, 1905.

GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF BATTLE OF CRATER.

Charge of Wilcox's Old Brigade Under General Saunders, of Mahone's Division.

STORY OF A PARTICIPANT.

One Among the Most Wonderful Fights in the History of the Wars.

General Henderson, of the English army, who is the celebrated author of the life of Stonewall Jackson, says that, "contemporaneous accounts are the life of history."

I have the pleasure of sending you a story admirably told by Captain John C. Featherston, of Lynchburg, who is so well and favorable known throughout the State, as soldier, legislator and citizen, of the part taken in the battles of the Crater by Wilcox's old brigade of Mahone's division, under General J. C. C. Saunders.

He has shown me the letters which he wrote in the trenches on August 1st and August 2d, while yet the contending forces confronted each other on the field of battle. One of them is written on the paper of the United States Christian Commission, of Washington, which was part of the captured spoil of the battle, and these letters addressed to his wife have the flavor of the "real thing."

When the Alabama Brigade, under Saunders, was put in by Mahone at the right moment, and after his other brigades had captured the trenches close by the Crater Fort, the last infantry reserve of Lee was casting the die of fate, and Lee himself watched the movements of Mahone's division, and of his last brigade with the indescribable feeling that a commander must possess when playing his piece on the checker-board of war, for at that time a considerable portion of his forces was on the north side of the James, and the Petersburg line was in great attenuation.

Captain George Clark, the assistant adjutant-general of the brigade, who now lives at Waco, Tex., relates in a letter to Captain Featherston, which I have seen, that he went along the line of the brigade and told the privates that General Saunders had been in-

formed by General Lee that the brigade was his last available reserve, and unless they recaptured the works he intended to reform it in person, and lead it. "Well," said one of the men, "if the old man comes down here, we will tie him to a sapling while we make the fight."

The gallant officer who has kindly furnished this valuable account, has made a valuable contribution to that history which will surely accord the credit due to all the gallant officers and men who participated on this memorable occasion with Mahone's division.

Very respectfully,

JOHM W. DANIEL.

THE BATTLE OF THE "CRATER" AS I SAW IT.

On the night of the 29th of July, 1864, Wilcox's old brigade of Alabamians, at that time commanded by J. C. C. Saunders, which was one of the five brigades composing Mahone's (formerly Anderson's) division, was occupying the breastworks to the right of Petersburg at a point known as the Wilcox farm. The division consisted at the time of Wilcox's "old brigade" of Alabamians; Wright's Georgia brigade, Harris' Mississippi, Mahone's Virginia brigade and Perry's Florida brigade (by whom commanded at the time I fail to remember). All was quiet in our immediate front, but an incessant and rapid firing was going on to our left and immediately in front of Petersburg, where the main lines of the hostile armies were within eighty yards of each other. There was a rumor that the Federals were attempting to undermine our works and were keeping up this continuous fire to shield their operations. The Confederate army had dug countermine in front of our works at several points, but failed to sink them sufficiently deep to intercept the enemy and thwart their efforts, as was subsequently proven.

EXPLOSION OF THE MINE AT "THE CRATER" THE NIGHT OF JULY 30TH.

During the night of the 29th (I think about 2 o'clock) we received orders to get our men under arms and ready for action at a moment's notice, which convinced us that General Lee had information of which we were ignorant. We remained thus until between daybreak and sunrise of the 30th of July, when suddenly the quiet and suspense was broken by a terrific explosion on our

left. The news soon reached our lines that the enemy had exploded a mine under a fort then known as "Elliot's Salient," subsequently named the "Crater," from its resemblance in shape to the crater of a volcano, and during the terrible struggle one in active operation, caused by the smoke and dust which ascended therefrom.

Mahone's division was the "supporting division" of the army while in front of Petersburg, and consequently whenever the enemy were making serious attacks, this command, or a part of it, was, when reinforcements were needed, sent to the point assailed. Hence it was in many hard fought battles while the army was in front of Petersburg.

Of the many battles in which this command was engaged none will equal or ever approximate in such bloody and stubborn fighting as occurred at the battle of the "Crater," where the loss on the Federal side was 5,000 and on the Confederate side 1,800, out of the small number engaged, and all on about two acres of land. For quite a while after the explosion all was quiet, but then commenced a severe cannonade by the Yankees, which was promptly replied to by the Confederate artillery.

Preparation for the Counter Attack.

Soon orders were received for two of our brigades to move to the point of attack. The Virginia and Georgia brigades, being on the right of the division, were withdrawn from the works in such a manner as not to be seen by the enemy who were intrenched in strong force immediately in our front, and dispatched as directed. This occurred about 8 or 9 o'clock. About 11 o'clock orders came for the Alabama (Wilcox's) brigade, then commanded by General J. C. C. Saunders. This order was delivered by the gallant officer, R. R. Henry, of Mahone's staff. We were then quietly withdrawn from the works, thus leaving the space which the three brigades had covered unoccupied, except by a few skirmishers (one man every twenty paces), commanded by Major J. M. Crow, of the 9th Alabama regiment, a brave officer.

By a circuitous route we arrived at Blandford Cemetery and then entered a "ziz-zag" or circuitous covered way through which we had to pass in single file in order to shield ourselves from the fire of the enemy. We came out of the covered way into a ravine which ran parallel with the enemy's line of fortifications, and also of our

own in which was the fort subsequently called the "Crater" and then occupied by the enemy.

MAHONE GIVES HIS ORDERS FOR RETAKING THE FORT AT THE CRATER.

As we came out of the covered way we were met by General Mahone, himself on foot, who called the officers to him and explained the situation and gave us orders for the fight. He informed us that the brigades of Virginians and Georgians had successfully charged and taken the works on the left of the fort, but that the fort was still in possession of the enemy, as was also a part of the works on the right of it, and that we of the Alabama brigade were expected to storm and capture the fort, as we were the last of the reserves. He directed us to move up the ravine as far as we could walk unseen by the enemy, and then to get down and crawl still further up until we were immediately in front of the fort, then to order the men to lie down on the ground until our artillery in our rear could draw the fire of the enemy's artillery, which was posted on a ridge beyond their main line and covering the fort.

When this was accomplished our artillery would cease firing, and then we should rise up and move forward in a stooping posture at "trail arms," with bayonets fixed, and should not yell or fire a gun until we drew the fire of the infantry in the fort, and the enemy's main lines, and then we should charge at a "double quick," so as to get under the walls of the fort before the enemy could fire their park of some fifty pieces of artillery, stationed on the hill beyond their works. He further informed us that he had ordered our men who then occupied the works on either side of the fort to fire at the enemy when they should show themselves above the top of the fort or along their main line, so as to shield us as much as possible from their fire. As we were leaving him, he said: "General Lee is watching the result of your charge."

The officers then returned to their places in line and ordered the men to load and fix bayonets. Immediately the brigade moved up the ravine as ordered. As we started, a soldier, worse disfigured by dirt, powder and smoke than any I had before seen, came up by my side and said: "Captain, can I go into this charge with you?" I replied: "Yes. Who are you?" He said: "I am —— (I have forgotten his name) and I belong to —— South Carolina Regiment —was blown up in that fort and I want to even up with them.

Please take my name and if I get killed inform my officers of it." I said: "I have no time now for writing. How high up did they blow you?" He said: "I don't know, but as I was going up I met the company commissary officer coming down, and he said: 'I will try to have breakfast ready by the time you get down.'"

I have often since wished I had taken his name and regiment, for he was truly a "rough diamond," a brave fellow. He went in the charge with us, but I do not know whether he survived it or not. I never saw him again.

The Alabama Brigade.

This brigade was composed of the 8th Alabama, Captain M. W. Mordecai, commanding; 9th Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. King, commanding; 10th Alabama, Captain W. L. Brewster, commanding; 11th Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel George P. Tayloe, commanding; 14th Alabama, Captain Elias Folk, commanding.

This (Wilcox's old brigade) was commanded and led in this battle by the gallant and intrepid Brigadier-General J. C. C. Saunders, with Captain George Clark, assistant adjutant-general, another brave officer.

The 9th Alabama being on the right of the brigade, was in front as we ascended the ravine or depression to form line of battle. I copy from the Petersburg *Express* the names of the officers who commanded the companies of this regiment, and would do the same for the other regiments but for the unfortunate fact that they were not given. They were as follows:

"Company A, Captain Hays, commanding; Company C, Sergeant T. Simmons, commanding; Company D. Captain J. W. Cannon, commanding; Company E, Lieutenant M. H. Todd, commanding; Company F, Captain John C. Featherston, commanding; Company H, Lieutenant R. Fuller, commanding; Company I, Lieutenant B. T. Taylor, commanding; Company K, Lieutenant T. B. Baugh, commanding."

By the report of Captain George Clark, assistant adjutant-general, Wilcox's Alabama brigade of five regiments carried into the battle of the "Crater" 628 men, and of this number it lost 89. The brigade early in the war numbered about 5,000.

It will be observed that such had been our losses in former battles that regiments were commanded by captains, and companies

by sergeants, some of the companies having been so depleted that they had been merged into other companies.

After we had crawled up in front of the fort, and about two hundred yards therefrom, we lay down flat on the ground, and our batteries in rear opened fire on the enemy's artillery in order to draw their fire. This was done that we might charge without being subjected to their artillery fire, in addition to that of the fort and the main line, which was only eighty yards beyond the fort.

But the enemy appeared to understand our object and declined to reply.

Our guns soon ceased firing, and we at once arose and moved forward, as directed, in quick time, at a trail arms, with bayonets fixed.

In a short distance we came in view of the enemy—both infantry and artillery—and then was presented one of the most awfully grand and cruel spectacles of that terrible war. One brigade of 628 men was charging a fort in an open field, filled with the enemy to the number of 5,000 and supported by a park of artillery said to number 50 pieces. The line of advance was in full view of the two armies, and in range of the guns of fully 20,000 men, including both sides. When we came within range we saw the flash of the sunlight on the enemy's guns, as they were leveled above the walls of the wrecked fort. Then came a stream of fire and the awful roar of battle. This volley seemed to awaken the demons of hell, and appeared to be the signal for everbody within range to commence firing. We raised a yell and made a dash in order to get under the walls of the fort before their artillery could open upon us, but in this we were unsuccessful. The air seemed literally filled with missiles.

The Virginians, Georgians and South Carolinians commenced firing from the flanks of the fort and at the enemy's main line, as did our artillery, and the enemy's infantry and artillery from all sides opened upon us.

"Into the Mouth of Hell Charged the Six Hundred."

On we went, as it seemed to us, literally "into the mouth of hell." When we got to the walls of the fort we dropped on the ground to get the men in order and let them get their breath. While waiting we could hear the Yankee officers in the fort trying to encourage their men, telling them among other things to "remember Fort

Pillow." (In that fort Forrest's men had found whites and negroes together. History tells what they did for them.) Then commenced a novel method of fighting. There was quite a number of abandoned muskets, with bayonets on them, lying on the ground around the fort. Our men began pitching them over the embankment, bayonets foremost, trying to harpoon the men inside, and both sides threw over cannon balls and fragments of shells and earth, which by the impact of the explosion had been pressed as hard as brick. Everybody seemed to be shooting at the fort, and doubtless many were killed by their friends. I know that some of the Yankees were so killed.

In almost less time than I can tell it we were in condition to go in. Colonel J. H. King ordered the men near him to put their hats on their bayonets and quickly raise them above the fort, which was done, and, as he anticipated, they were riddled with bullets. Then he ordered us over the embankment, and over we went, and were soon engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle of life and death. The enemy shrank back, and the death battle continued until most of the Yankees found in there were killed. This slaughter would not have been so great had not our men found negro soldiers in the fort with the whites. This was the first time we had met negro troops, and the men were enraged at them for being there and at the whites for having them there.

The explosion had divided the pit into two compartments. As soon as we had possession of the larger one, the Yankees in the smaller one cried out that they would surrender. We told them to come over the embankment. Two of them started over with their guns in their hands, and were shot and fell back. We heard those remaining, cry: "They are showing us no quarter; let us sell our our lives as dearly as possible." We then told them to come over without their guns, which they did, and all the remainder, about thirty in number, surrendered and were ordered to the rear. In their confusion and eagerness to get beyond that point, they went across the open field, along the same route over which we had charged them. Their cavalry seeing them going to the rear, as we told, under the flag of truce, thought that it was our men repulsed and retreating, and they at once opened fire upon them, killing and wounding a number of their own men. One poor fellow had his arm shot off just as he started to the rear, and returning, said: "I could bear it better if my own men had not done it."

This practically ended the fight inside the fort, but the two armies outside continued firing at this common centre and it seemed to us that the shot, shell and musket balls came from every point of the compass and the mortar shells rained down from above. They had previously attacked from below. So this unfortunate fort was one of the few points of the universe which had been assailed from literally ever quarter.

THE AFTERMATH AND INCIDENTS. GENERAL BARTLETT'S CORK LEG.

The slaughter was fearful. The dead were piled on each other. In one part of the fort I counted eight bodies deep. There were but few wounded compared with the killed.

There was an incident which occurred in the captured fort that made quite an impression on me. Among the wounded was the Yankee General Bartlett. He was lying down and could not rise. Assistance was offered him, but he informed those who were assisting him that his leg was broken and so it was, but it proved to be an artificial leg, made of cork.

One of our officers ordered a couple of negroes to move him, but he protested, and I believe he was given white assistance.

This general afterwards, so I have been informed, became an honored citizen of Virginia, though at that time, I must say, I never would have believed such a thing possible. One of our soldiers seeing the cork leg and springs knocked to pieces waggishly said, "General you are a fraud. I thought that was a good leg when I shot it."

As the dust and smoke cleared away the firing seemed to lull, but there was no cessation of firing that evening. Indeed, it was continued for months by the sharpshooters.

After dark tools were brought with which we reconstructed the wrecked fort. In doing this we buried the dead down in the fort by covering them with earth. The fire of the enemy was entirely too severe to carry them out. We were therefore forced to stand on them and defend our positions while we remained in the fort, which was until the following Monday night.

As we went over the embankment into the fort, one of my sergeants, Andrew McWilliams, a brave fellow, was shot in the mouth, the ball did not cut his lips. It came out of the top of his head. He was evidently yelling with his mouth wide open. He fell on top

of the embankment with his head hanging in the fort. We pulled him down in the fort, and that night carried him out and buried him.

During the night we strengthened the wrecked fort and in doing so unearthed numbers of Confederate soldiers who were killed and buried by the explosion. I remember in one place there were eight poor fellows lying side by side with their coats under their head. They seemed never to have moved after the explosion.

THE CONFEDERATE LINE RESTORED SHARPSHOOTING JULY 31ST.

The recapture of the fort restored our lines in *statu quo.*

That night we slept in the fort over those who slept "the sleep that knows no waking," and with the living that slept that sleep caused by exhaustion. The morning came as clear and the day as hot and dry as the preceding one. The sharpshooters were exceedingly alert, firing every moment, each side momentarily expecting active hostilities to be renewed. While the wounded in the fort and our trenches had been removed during the night and were being cared for, the ground between the main lines of the two armies was literally covered by wounded and dead Federals, who fell in advancing and retreating. We could hear them crying for relief, but the firing was so severe that none dared go to them either by day or night.

A FLAG OF TRUCE.

About noon or a little after, there went up a flag of truce immediately in our front. The flag was a white piece of cloth about a yard square on a new staff. General Saunders ordered the sharpshooters to cease firing. Then a Yankee soldier with a clean, white shirt and blue pants jumped on top of their works holding the flag and was promptly followed by two elegantly uniformed officers. General Saunders asked those of us near him if we had a white handkerchief. And all replied: "No." A private soldier near by said to the men around him: "Boys, some of you take off your shirt and hand it to the general," to which another replied: "Never do that; they will think we have hoisted a black flag."

The general finally got a handkerchief, which, though not altogether suitable for a drawing-room, he and Captain George Clark, A. A. General, tied to the ramrod of a musket, and Captain Clark, with one man carrying the improvised flag, went forward to meet

the Yankee flag. (I have frequently thought that the "get up" of these flags of truce illustrated the condition of the armies.) They met half way—about forty yards from each line. After a few minutes interview they handed to Captain Clark a paper. They then withdrew to their respective sides. In handing the communication to General Saunders, Captain Clark said:

"They are asking for a truce to bury their dead and remove their wounded."

The communication was forwarded to the proper authorities and proved to be from General Burnside, who commanded the Federal troops in front, but not being in accordance with the usages and civilities of war, it was promptly returned, with the information that whenever a like request came from the general commanding the Army of the Potomac to the general commanding the Army of Northern Virginia it would be entertained. Within a few hours the Federals sent another flag of truce, conveying a communication, which was properly signed and addressed, and the terms of the truce were agreed on. These terms were that they could remove their wounded and could bury their dead in a ditch or grave to be dug just half way between the two lines. They brought in their details, including many negroes, and the work was commenced and was continued for about four hours. In that ditch, about one hundred feet in length, were buried seven hundred white and negro Federal soldiers. The dead were thrown in indiscriminately, three bodies deep.

The Dragon's Teeth.

As soon as the work was commenced I witnessed one of the grandest sights I ever saw. Where not a man could be seen a few minutes before, the two armies arose up out of the ground, and the face of the earth seemed to be peopled with men. It seemed an illustration of Cadmus sowing the dragon's teeth. Both sides came over their works, and meeting in the centre, mingled, chatted and exchanged courtesies as though they had not sought in desperate effort to take each other's lives but an hour before.

During the truce I met General R. B. Potter, who commanded, as he informed me, a Michigan division in Burnside's corps. He was exceedingly polite and affable, and extended to me his canteen with an ivitation to sample the contents, which I did and found in it nothing objectionable. He then handed me a good cigar,

and for a time we smoked "the pipe of peace." In reply to a question from me as to their loss in the battle on Saturday he replied that they had lost five thousand men. While we were talking a remarkably handsome Yankee general in the crowd came near us. I asked General Potter who he was, and was informed that he was General Ferrero, who commanded the negro troops. I said: "I have some of his papers which I captured in the fort," and showed them to General Potter. He then said: "Let me call him up and introduce him, and we will show him the papers and guy him." I replied, however, that we down South were not in the habit of recognizing as our social equals those who associated with negroes.

He then asked me to give him some of Ferrero's papers. He wanted them for a purpose. I did so. The others I kept, and they are now lying before me as I write. He also asked me to point out to him some of our generals, several of whom were then standing on the embankment of the wrecked fort. (I noticed that none of our generals except Saunders, who had charge of affairs, came over and mingled with the crowd.) I pointed out to him Generals Harris, of Mississippi; A. P. Hill, and finally pointed out General Mahone, who was dressed in a suit made of tent cloth, with a roundabout jacket. Be it remembered that General Mahone was quite small, and did not weigh much, if any, over one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Potter laughingly said: "Not much man but a big general."

When the dead were buried each side returned to their entrenchments, and soon the sharpshooters were firing at each other when and wherever seen. Truly "War is hell."

I am not writing this alone from memory, but, in addition thereto, from letters contemporaneously written to my wife, whom I had but a short time before married, which letters, as well as extracts from Richmond papers of that date, as contemporary records, will probably prove of sufficient interest to publish in these columns.

Saunders' Alabama brigade continued to occupy the "Crater," which they had captured on Saturday about 2 o'clock, until Monday night, August 1st, when, under cover of darkness we were relieved by another brigade, as was also the gallant Virginia brigade, which had, by a superb charge, captured the entrenchments on the left of the "Crater."

The two brigades returned to their former positions at the Wilcox farm. I do not remember when the Georgia brigade was relieved.

I herewith submit, by request of comrades, two letters written by me to my wife, one as will be noticed by the heading and date was written on Confederate paper, while I was in the fort, to inform her that I survived the battle. The other was written on Yankee paper letter headed, "U. S. Christian Commission, 500 H street, Washington, D. C.," immediately after we had been withdrawn and returned to our former position, "where times were easier," in which I gave her an account of the battle.

I will also give some extracts from the Richmond *Dispatch*, giving an account of the part this brigade took in the capture of the "Crater."

The Petersburg correspondent of the Richmond *Dispatch* of July 30, 1864, after describing the charge made by the Virginia and Georgia brigades, says:

"About this time General Mahone having ordered up Saunders' Alabama brigade, sent it forward to recapture the rest of the works. Led by their gallant brigadier, they moved forward in splendid style, making one of the grandest charges of the war, and recapturing every vestige of our lost ground and our lost guns, and capturing thirty-five commissioned officers, including Brigadier-General Bartlett, commanding first brigade, first division, ninth corps, three hundred and twenty-white and one hundred and fifty negro privates, and two stands of colors.

* * * * * * * * *

"Sunday, 31st.

"All quiet to-day. Our wounded are being cared for, and the dead on both sides in our lines are being buried.

"Still they come. Saunders, of the Alabama Brigade, has just sent in another battle flag, thrown away by the enemy yesterday, and picked up by General S.'s men this morning.

"General Saunders reports that he has buried in the mine alone fifty-four negroes and seventy-eight Yankees, exclusive of men buried in trenches."

Extract from the Richmond *Dispatch* of August 3, 1864. In speaking of the burial of the dead under the flag of truce, it says:

"For five hours the work of burying the dead went vigorously forward. The Yankees brought details of negroes, and we carried their negro prisoners out under guard to help them in their work. Over 700 Yankee whites and negroes were buried. A. P. Hill was there with long gauntlets, slouch hat and round jacket. Mahone, dressed in little boy fashion, out of clothes made from old Yankee tent cloth, was beside him. The gallant Harris, of the Mississippi brigade, and the gallant and intrepid Saunders, who but forty-eight hours before had so successfully retaken those works, the best looking and best dressed Confederate officer present, was sauntering leisurely about, having a general superintendence over the whole affair.

* * * * * * * * *

"Whilst the truce lasted the Yankees and the 'Johnny Rebs,' in countless numbers flocked to the neutral grounds and spent the time in chatting and sight-seeing. The stench, however, was quite strong, and it required a good nose and a better stomach to carry one through the ordeal. About 9 o'clock the burial being completed, the officers sent the men back to the trenches on each side. The officers bade each other adieu and returned to their respective lines."

CAPTAIN FEATHERSTON'S LETTERS WRITTEN IN THE TRENCHES.

"*In the Trenches, Afterward Called the Crater,*
"*Near Petersburg, Aug. 1, 1864.*

"*My Dear Wife.*—We fought a desperate fight day before yesterday (Saturday). I, through the mercy and protection of an all-powerful God, escaped with, I may say, no injury.

"Wright's and Mahone's brigades charged and captured the works and failed to capture the fort. We were then ordered to charge the works through an open field, and the charge was the most successful one we ever made. The men clambered over the works as though there were no enemy there. The slaughter was terrible.

"Our brigade (Saunders') is highly complimented in the morning papers, both in Petersburg and Richmond.

"I will write you all the particulars as soon as I have time.

"General Grant mined our works and blew a fort up, and in the confusion captured it, but it was a dear business for him.

"Our entire loss, 800 men; their loss (5,000) five thousand. I have never seen such slaughter since the war commenced.

"I will write more.

"Your affectionate husband,

"J. C. Featherston."

United States Christian Commission,
500 H. Street, Washington, D. C.

Camp Ninth Alabama Regiment, near Petersburg, Aug. 2, 1864.

"*My Dear Wife.*—I wrote you a note yesterday while in our recaptured fortifications, informing you that I was not killed in our desperate fight on Saturday, the 30th ultimo, but gave you very little news otherwise. You must excuse its brevity, for considering the circumstances, I think I did well to write at all.

The enemy's line was only about seventy-five yards from ours, and we were shooting at each other at every opportunity, and the sand was flying over everything, and the general noise and confusion incident on such occasions will tender to keep me from writing more.

* * * * * * * *

On the morning of the 30th, about an hour before day, we received orders to leave our camp and move up to our place in the breastworks (which was about one hundred yards distant), and to be prepared for an attack. Nothing unusual occurred. The skirmishing was about as usual, and so was the cannonading, until just about 5 A. M. The earth seemed to tremble, and the next instant there came a report that seemed to deafen all nature. Everything for awhile remained quiet, as if in wonder and astonishment at such an explosion; but 'twas only for a moment; then the artillery from each side would have drowned the report of the loudest thunderbolt. Then could be seen horsemen dashing to and fro, bearing dispatches and orders. Every man was at his post and ready for anything.

Soon after this we received information that Grant had sprung a mine under one of our forts, and a portion of our breastworks, down on the lines, about a mile to our left, and opposite the city, which was held by some South Carolinians, Georgians and Virginians. This scene considerably demoralized the troops nearest the fort and caused them to give way, and before the smoke from the explosion cleared away, the enemy, having their infantry massed,

hurled brigade after brigade through the breach thus effected, until the entire place was alive with them.

Three brigades (Wright's Georgia, Mahone's Virginia and Saunders' Alabama [Wilcox's old], of our [Mahone's] division) were ordered to move down quickly and retake the works at all hazards. We moved down and took our position in a little ravine in front of the works held by the enemy. The artillery from both sides was being used most vigorously. Soon Mahone's brigade and Wright's were ordered to charge the breastworks on the left of the fort. These two brigades charged in gallant style, and after a severe fight succeeded in retaking the breastworks on the left of the fort. As soon as they were safely lodged in the works the prisoners commenced coming back, and to our great astonishment a large number of negroes, as black as the ace of spades, with cartridge boxes on and in every sense of the word equipped as soldiers.

After the works on the left of the fort were recaptured, we, of Wilcox's old brigade, were then ordered to storm the fort. Everything was fully explained to the officers and men. Desperate as it seemed, when the command "Forward" was given all moved up the hill as though we were on drill. As soon as we arose the hill we saw the fort, about two hundred yards distant. The ground was perfectly level.

The fort was literally covered with Yankees and bristled with bayonets as the quills of the "fretful porcupine." As soon as we became visible the infantry and the artillery opened on us a most destructive fire, then the command "Charge" rang out along the line, and on we went like a terrible avalanche and as fast as possible, no man being permitted to fire until he reached the fort. In the fort the enemy were crowded, but undaunted by numbers, our boys commenced scaling the sides of the fort. The enemy kept up such a fire that it seemed like a second Vesuvius belching forth its fire. Then came the "tug of war" The enemy have shouted: "No quarters!" We then gave them what they justly deserved. There we were on one side of the walls of the fort and the Yankees on the other. The fight was the bloodiest of the war considering the numbers engaged. We fought with muskets, with bayonets, with rocks, and even with clods of dirt. The fight lasted in this manner for near half an hour, when they called for quarters, and

we being sickened by the slaughter as well as awfully tired of the fight, granted them quarters. All that we had not killed surrendered, and I must say we took some of the negroes prisoners. But we will not be held culpable for this when it is considered the numbers we had already slain, and also the number of good men we were losing by the enemy's dreadful artillery fire. The shells were bursting in our midst all the time, killing men on both sides.

As soon as they surrendered we hoistered our flag upon the ramparts and took ten of their stands of colors down and sent them to the rear in triumph. Then a shout ran out along our lines from one end to the other. It is said that General Lee, who was looking on, when he saw we were successful pulled off his hat and waived it, and said: "Well done." I heard General Pendleton of the artillery say it was "one of the most brilliant successes of the campaign, for the enemy expected great results from it, and had been caught in their own trap."

Our loss is about 1,000 in all. That of the enemy about 4,000 or 5,000. One thousand being killed dead and about 1,200 or 1,500 being taken prisoners, and the remainder wounded. We captured ten stands of colors, and a large number of small arms.

The fighting was kept up until near night from the breastworks, which was only distant about seventy-yards, and the wounded (enemy's) had to lie out between the two lines all night. About two o'clock the next day (Sunday) they sent over a flag of truce, and one of our officers, Captain Clark, A. A. General, met the flag half way and demanded the nature of it. He was told that the Federal general wished to communicate with General Lee, which was granted, and the correspondence was kept up until Sunday night. The wounded had to lie out another night and day, but on Monday the flag of truce again appeared and the terms agreed on. Then and there was one of the grandest sights I ever saw. Both armies, within seventy-five yards of each other, though invisible now, arose up out of the ground as if by magic, and it seemed that the world was filled with people in a moment. A centre line was established, and our men would carry their dead and wounded to the line and their men would bury the dead, and both armies met between the lines and were in conversation with each other all the time (four hours). They acknowledged we had whipped them badly and caught them in their own trap.

We are all confident of our ability to whip them any way they may come. Since we whipped them so badly they have become as quiet as possible, more so than usual.

Our brigade is sent here where we will have little to do, and can rest and let the others handle the Yankees awhile.

My health is good. I got a terrible fall in the fight the other day, and think it occurred from the explosion of a shell near me. I have nearly recovered from it now.

Your affectionate husband,

J. C. Featherston.

P. S.—Here is the congratulatory order sent by General A. P. Hill a few days after the battle:

Headquarters Third Army Corps,
August 4, 1864.

General Order No. 17:

Anderson's division, commanded by Brigadier-General Mahone, so distinguished itself by its successes during the present campaign as to merit the special mention of the corps commander, and he tenders to the division, its officers and men, his thanks for the gallantry displayed by them, whether attacking or being attacked. Thirty-one stand of colors, fifteen pieces of artillery and 4,000 prisoners are the proud mementoes which signalize its valor and entitle it to the admiration and gratitude of our country.

A. P. Hill.

HOW GENERAL R. E. LEE SAVED THE LIFE OF A FEDERAL OFFICER.

As our army approached Amelia Courthouse on the morning of April 4, 1865, the Light Squadron of the Fourteenth Regiment of Virginia Cavalry was ordered to the front at trot. On reaching the courthouse, it went in a southerly direction on the Avery's Church road. The commanding officer had been informed that a flanking movement on that road was anticipated, and he was ordered to offer all possible resistance to the enemy's advance, until infantry could be brought up to prevent the penetration of our line of retreat.

The squadron had not proceeded more than three miles on that road, when it met a force of Federal cavalry. As our army had not then reached the courthouse, the critical significance of the presence of the enemy in that locality was understood by every member of the squadron. It was of the first importance to maintain a bold front, without disclosing our weakness. Accordingly, the men were dismounted behind the crest of a hill, and a vigorous fire was opened with carbines, causing the enemy to fall back behind a fence, which skirted a piece of woods, about three hundred yards distant.

While we were thus holding the enemy upon the defensive, Gen. W. P. Roberts, who commanded a brigade in our division, galloped up and ordered the squadron to mount and move out into the open field. We had advanced but a short distance when a Federal squadron charged us. We met them in a counter charge, using our pistols as we came within range of their line. Just before the two squadrons clashed in a hand-to-hand encounter, a Federal officer, riding in advance of his men, dashed into our ranks. Instantly three or four pistols were turned upon him and a command rang out, "Don't shoot!"

I thought I recognized in the command the voice of General Lee, and, turning, saw him at my horse's heels, with his hand raised, his countenance and posture indicating intense anxiety for the safety of the Federal officer.

One of our men seized his bridal, thus stopping his horse, and it was then discovered that he was wounded and unable to control the animal. In another instant, but for General Lee's quick outcry, he would have been riddled with bullets. The general had taken in the situation, when it had occurred to no one else on our side, and thus saved the life of the gallant Federal officer.

SAMUEL M. GAINES,
First Lieutenant Charlotte Cavalry, 14th Virginia Cavalry.

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